Winter, 1967 OW K

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OLD WEST

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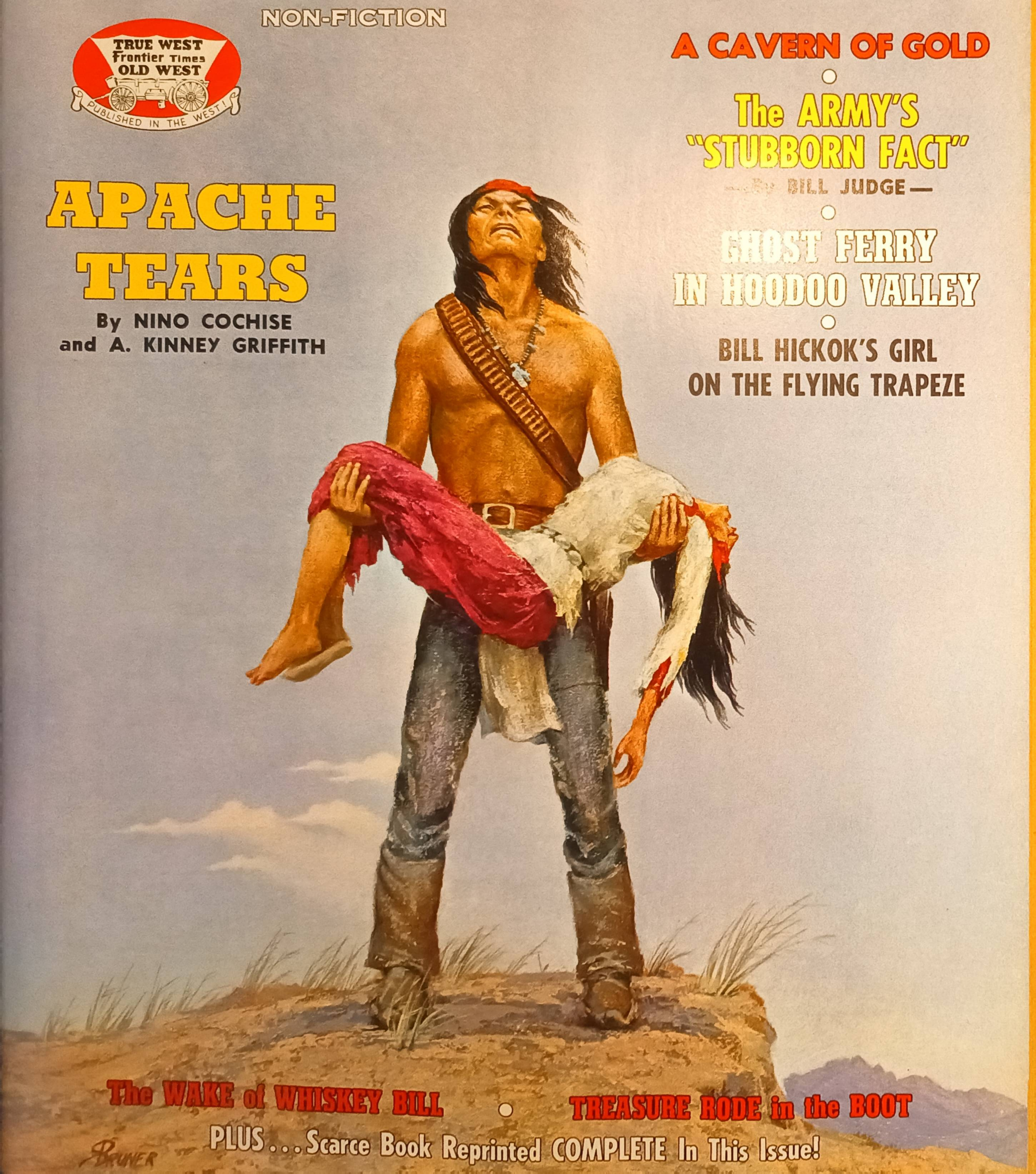


APACHE TEARS

By NINO COCHISE
and A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

A CAVERN OF GOLD

●

The ARMY'S "STUBBORN FACT"

— By BILL JUDGE —

●

GHOST FERRY IN HOODOO VALLEY

●

BILL HICKOK'S GIRL ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

The WAKE of WHISKEY BILL ● TREASURE RODE in the BOOT

PLUS . . . Scarce Book Reprinted COMPLETE In This Issue!

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

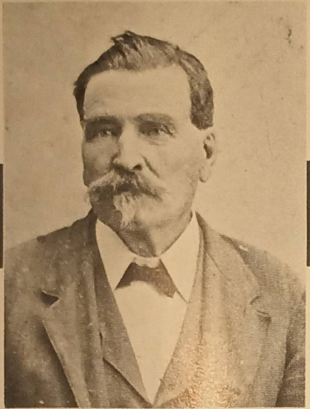
WINTER, 1967
VOL. 4, NO. 2
WHOLE NO. 14

BOOK BONUS!

SCARCE BOOK

Reprinted **COMPLETE** In This Issue!

INDIAN FIGHTING ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER...

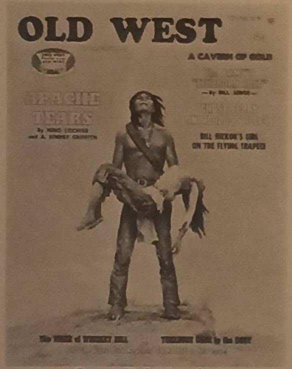


By Captain John M. Elkins
Begins on page 75

SPECIAL FEATURE!

APACHE TEARS

By NINO COCHISE and A. KINNEY GRIFFITH


OLD WEST
A CAVERN OF GOLD
APACHE TEARS
By NINO COCHISE and A. KINNEY GRIFFITH
BILL HICKOK'S GIRL ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Cover Painting by
RUTH BRUNER

BACK COVER
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

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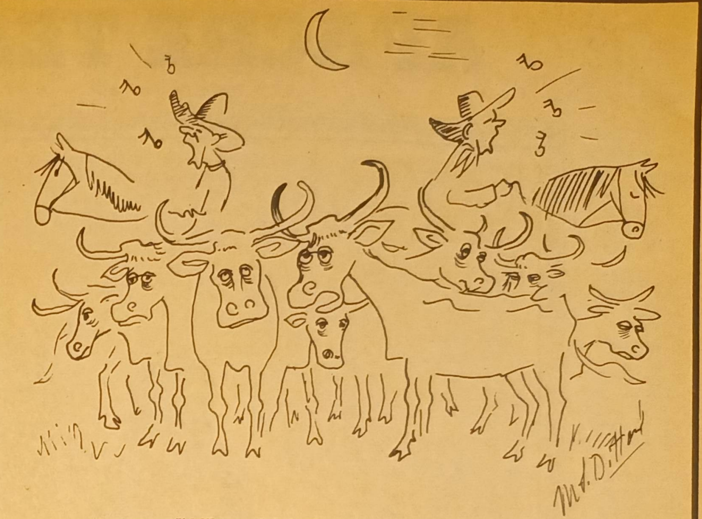
WHAT'S GOING ON?



"Just once, I'd like a night's sleep without those dang lullabies!"

BY GOLLY, I don't think anybody knows! There are wars going on all over the world, people hating each other for any number of different reasons, an overall restlessness that is about as comforting as the close-in buzz of a rattlesnake in a spread of sagebrush. You are standing in the middle of that sagebrush, it is nearly dark, and you can't for heckfiredurn tell from which direction that buzz is coming!

Maybe what the whole world needs is a few of the hardships the old pioneers weathered and came out either planted six feet under or hardy and *happy*. Instead of a few little irritating things happening in our daily life, what if we had our houses to cut out of the forest, "new ground" to clear and make ready for the plow (now I *know* everyone of you has plowed in stumpy, rooty, new ground!), Indians to fight, the elements to battle—and a few other little minor items like that.

Never will forget an old man who came through from Los Angeles on a bus—going on eleven years ago, now. He was in his nineties. One eye was practically out and constantly watering—yet he had never been to a doctor, and he had on —in August— woolen underwear and his regular winter clothes. When asked about this he remarked something to the effect that the same amount of clothes should be worn the year around so that your body could get used to what it had on! I was in a pair of shorts only, sitting in the back yard, sweating from head to foot, and he looked as cool and complacent as a boll weevil in a cotton patch.

When I finally got around to the inevitable question regarding the secret of his longevity he stared ahead in a reflective mood and said, "We just plodded on down the road, not worrying about anything we had done yesterday nor what would come up tomorrow and if trouble got in our way we tied into it like a biting sow, worked it out, and drug on down the road!"

The foregoing should completely clear up all of the world's troubles. If there is one little patch of trouble after these tremendous words of wisdom, I shall be disappointed almost to the point of running berserk myself!

MAYBE I don't know what's going on in the world today but I do know a little about what is in this issue of OLD WEST. Know something? Even my friends (or at least they pretend to be friends even after reading these four magazines!) tell me that they missed such and such a feature for one reason or another. I never figured it was really necessary to point out the best features in an issue because such an overwhelming per cent of our readers catch all of these stories "even including the ads"; but I'd better point out a few of the "unmissables" now and then.

For a starter, if you miss "Apache Tears" by Nino Cochise and A. Kinney Griffith in this issue you are not going to get your money's worth—even though somebody lent you the magazine! It is written from an Indian's viewpoint, and our book in this issue *Indian Fighting on the Texas Frontier*, is written from a white man's viewpoint which is a dadblamed interesting contrast.

"Apache Tears" is a good portrayal of the life led by the Apaches who fled the reservation to old Mexico. The account is told as remembered by a tribesman who has long had to walk the white man's road.

Back to the book, this gives the Rangers' side of the story during a time when defense was largely up to the settlers themselves. John Elkins, the author, signed up when he was just a boy and he doesn't make any claims to being heroic—especially on his first assignment, sentry duty! All kids get spooky in the dark. Later on, after a skirmish or two, he's not so troubled with goose bumps—even when he ought to be.

Walt Coburn's story in this issue proves that he can make anything seem comical—even sitting up with a corpse!

Our old FRONTIER TIMES story is a departure from the usual "newspaper" story. The press always saw plenty of action, but generally it was the editor getting shot at. This one is about how an early day reporter risked life and limb during the Mexican War.

Bill Judge is back in our pages after a long layoff. He's been so busy being curator he didn't have time to write. Bill is an authority on Indian troubles, and a blamed good man when it comes to knowing about mules—the "12th man" on the Frontier Army team.

And of course there are our old standbys from way back—Maurice Kildare, Bill Secrest, and others who not only thoroughly know about the Old West but have the ability to write it the way you readers enjoy those accounts—judging from your letters.

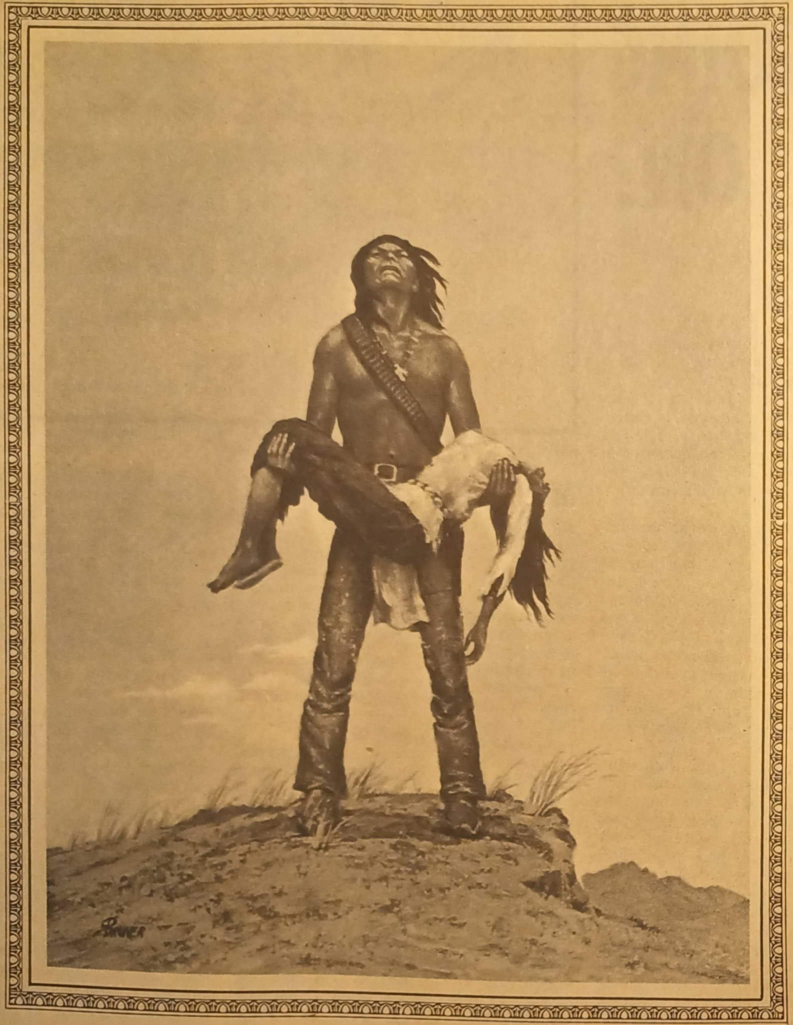
I keep saying I'm going to travel more and meet some of you gents and gentresses but things keep on happening to keep me over the desk. Anyhow, if you need something acted upon real soon, send it to one of the smart people in our group!

IMPORTANT! We sure need help with this newsstand situation. We keep getting in letters saying that they can't find the magazine at such and such a spot and, honestly, it would take a hundred people in this country alone, working constantly, to see that all newsstands are serviced and get their magazines on time. Again, the wholesalers are overworked and there are just simply too many magazines so any help would be greatly appreciated. In short, give us the name of the newsstand that doesn't carry TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, or OLD WEST *as well as the date you checked*. This latter information means more than you think but I won't go into a lengthy explanation since I have already beaten your eardrums raw!

See you later.—Hosstail.

APACHE TEARS

Photos Courtesy Author



"With her I buried my dreams of a land where what was left of The People could live the life they chose—and choose it for themselves—with, perhaps, a little help from Usen."

By NINO COCHISE and A. KINNEY GRIFFITH

Pa-Gotzin-Kay—1876-1886

MY recollections begin with the stronghold in the Sierra Madre. It was on a shelf about one kilometer wide and four kilometers long, curving north and south. The western side was a sheer drop-off into a deep canyon. The eastern side flanked an escarpment which rose to a formidable range, the backbone of the Mother Mountains which divides the mighty Bavispe Barranca and the headwaters of the awesome Yaqui River.

Only an eagle or a bighorn could safely enter the shelf from either side. Our horsemen had to creep through narrow ramparts at each end. Even this was a perpetual risk but well worth it, as the shelf was a natural fortress. We called it Pa-Gotzin-Kay (the English equivalent is Stronghold Mountain in Paradise).

None of our clan had been checked into a reservation other than our Dragoon Reservation, tagged nor tattooed, so our names were not on record. Most were not known even by sight to the white man, and only a few had names which were pronounceable to the white man. Safe in Mexico, our clanspeople laughingly referred to themselves as "The Nameless Ones."

Only Taglito, our beloved Agent, knew us all by our Apache names and he wouldn't tell. As Agent he did not bother to keep personnel records, or a genealogy, except in his head. He had resigned in protest over the high-handed abolishment of the reservation and he knew some of us had escaped, but not who or how many.

When Clum returned from his ill-fated trip to Washington he wrote a letter to his superior that about forty wild Apaches under the leadership of an old shaman and the wife of the late Chief Tahza, and their infant son, Nino, had escaped the military roundup and had fled to some mysterious place in Mexico. This was the first that the military knew of the escape, and they ignored the information. Only Captain John G. Bourke, adjutant to General George Crook, publicly recognized the fact that a clan of Apaches had made good their escape and were living in an inaccessible stronghold called Pa-Gotzin-Kay.

My memory of those first ten years is somewhat vague, but I do remember that many warriors, especially those of the *N-n-da-hi* (Netdahe)—true Wild Ones: warriors whose lives are sworn to raiding and killing—were always coming and going and keeping our rancheria in an uproar, until that fateful autumn in 1886.

A PEACE treaty was negotiated by Thomas J. Jeffords, General Oliver O. Howard and Chief Cochise of the Chiricahua Apaches in the summer of 1872. There were to be no more wars between the Apache and the white man.

On December 14, 1872, the Chiricahua Reservation was established: 3,100 square miles in the center of Apacheria. President Grant appointed Tom Jeffords the Agent of this wild domain with its 1,100 population.

In February, 1873, Tahza, the eldest son of Cochise, married Nod-Ah-Sti, a young woman popularly known by The People as Niome. A son was born of this union in February, 1874, in the Cochise Stronghold of the Dragoon Mountains, Territory of Arizona.

Life under Chief Cochise and his blood brother, Taglito, was tranquil when the aging chieftain died on June 7, 1874. Then in August, 1876, silver was discovered on the western border of the reservation. Soon white men swarmed in on the forbidden ground. Bloodshed followed and white men said the Apache had broken the treaty, and therefore should be removed.

Taglito, as Tom Jeffords was known to the Apache, did all he could to prevent more injustice. But the whites had votes in Washington and the Indians did not. The Department of Interior closed in and so did the military, both factions striving to get control of the Apaches' mineral-rich lands.

John P. Clum, Indian Agent at San Carlos, rode into the Chiricahua Reservation, escorted by a troop of cavalry; he announced to Chief Tahza that he had orders to vacate the reservation and to remove all the Apache inhabitants to San Carlos.

Taglito and Tahza remonstrated but to no avail. Clum prevailed; orders were orders to him. The reservation was restored to public domain on October 30, 1876.

Meanwhile, in August, 1876, Tahza accompanied Clum and others to Washington to see the Great White Father and enter their objections to this high-handed breaking of the treaty. Having a premonition, however, Tahza had made plans so that at least some of his people could escape from going to the hated San Carlos, were he unsuccessful in his parley.

His premonition was well grounded. While in Washington he died of pneumonia. In the meanwhile his wife, Niome, and their infant son, Nino, and thirty-six others, chose this escape route and fled to a stronghold in Mexico, known only to the far-roaming Apaches.

The thirty-eight were hardly settled in their hideout when a warrior named Zele rode in and announced to Niome that her husband, Chief Tahza, had been killed. Niome eventually came out of mourning a dissillusioned and bitter woman.

This was in November, 1876, and now I, Nino Cochise, pen these lines from memory and tales told to me by my mother and others who lived through those terrible days.

In the meanwhile Beduiat (Victorio) had been killed in a battle with the *Nakai-Ye* (Mexicans). Chieftains Nanay, Chihuahua, Benito, Juh, Loco, and Chatto—all had rancherias near us—had been in scores of battles on both sides of the border.

Golthlay, who was a brother of my mother, had become known as Geronimo. He and my father's younger brother, Naiche, were increasingly active and by far the most successful in eluding pursuit and conducting raids of revenge on both the *Pinda-Lick-O-Ye* (white men) and the *Nakai-Ye*.

At twelve I had become a man, according to Apache custom, along with my boyhood friends: Kasale, Eugene, Boa Juan and Hiokee, and two girls: Ealae and Sanseny. In the meanwhile, too, a handful of youngsters had come into the rancheria from the reservations as escapees brought by their Netdahe parents: Mangas-Chee, Kersus, Young Chihuahua, and a captive Mexican lad called Nakai who looked and acted like an Apache.

My principal instructor was our old shaman, Dee-O-Det, and of course my mother, who was the spirit holding the clan together. As boys we roamed the hills and hunted deer, cougar, bighorn, bear, rabbits, moles—and even had a brush with the cannibalistic Yamparicos. What food the roving warriors failed to provide for us, we boys managed to make up for in wild meat. We also worked in an abandoned Mexican gold mine which we called Sno-Ta-Hae. We would also slip in close to the council fires and listen to the warriors tell of their wild rides and raids on the hated *gusanos* (Mexican for worms) and *Losdammies* (our epithet for the white men).

Whenever the U. S. Military got close to our rancheria, we boys were the videttes who first met the out-riding scouts of the soldiers: Mickey Free, Peaches, Kaah-Tenny, Kay-i-tah, Martine, and Pa-Nays-Tishin. They never betrayed us.

The day came when there was a sudden exodus from Pa-Gotzin-Kay. Golthlay (Geronimo) had made a treaty with Crook and promised to surrender all of his people. The surrender took place at *Canyon de los Embudos* (Fraud Canyon). From a population of about two hundred we dropped back to our original number.

But it didn't last; one day Golthlay, Naiche and about 150 others were back with us. They had broken out of Fort Apache and San Carlos. Again they were the Netdahe, but it wasn't like it used to be. The old life didn't come easy any more. Again Golthlay surrendered—to Crook at San Bernardino Springs in March, 1886.

Something went wrong, some unexpected whiskey, I was told, and my uncles once more escaped to the wild with about forty of their closest followers. There was death on the border that summer, but the odds were against our warriors. Golthlay and Naiche surrendered for the last time—at Chihuahua's former rancheria—to scouts Mickey Free, Tom Horn, and Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood under General Nelson A. Miles. All the Chiricahua were promptly railroaded and imprisoned in Florida, never again to return to their native Arizona.

Transition—1887-1889

PEACE, we all felt, had definitely come to Pa-Gotzin-Kay, and a year slipped by to prove it. Everyone pitched in to clean up our rancheria, salvaging piles of useful items discarded by the departed Wild Ones. We also enlarged our gardens. We cared for our small herd of horses, mules and about thirty head of cattle.

While this was in progress a committee of three had been evaluating the behavior of us older boys. Before winter again gripped the vast and silent hills the annual harvest feast was held.

Three of us young men were told to dress in our finest garb and at the full tribal council a report on us was made. The council voted and I was elected Chief; Young Chihuahua and Nakai were elected my sub-chiefs.

My mother was very happy; I was bewildered. Old Dee-O-Det, the shaman, hung the Thunderbird badge of Chief of the Chiricahua around my neck. We celebrated on roast corn-on-the-cob and tulepa.

April, 1889, came and I was sixteen. We had been living off nature, but now I determined to make an effort at obtaining things which my uncles had told me were available for gold in Sasabe. We wanted, among other things, coffee, flour, salt. We also needed vegetable seeds for planting.

I organized a party of ten men and two women—Mother and Nadina—saddle mounts for all, plus three pack-mules, and a poke of gold. It was a six-day's ride over trails strange to us and when we got to the border town we had to buy four more mules to pack all the goods Mother had bargained for. We returned in twelve days from the time we'd left, all trail-worn but happy.

Words Of Wisdom—1889-1890

THE first white man ever to enter our rancheria turned out to be an escaped outlaw from America. His name was James Allen Ticer; our trail guards had captured him and brought him in.

I questioned him and for some reason took a liking to him. I made him feel at home. He soon showed his true nature—a friendly and forthright man—and reciprocated for his safekeeping by teaching us the English language, and how to add two and two.

We took Ticer along on our next trip to Sasabe and I learned some white man's tricks when making trade with them. En route home, we were ambushed by white gunmen but we outfought them, killing them without loss to ourselves. Ticer recognized one as a bounty-hunter.

"Gold," Ticer would say, "does strange things to men."

About a year later, while camped at night on a return trip, a strange Apache walked into our firelight, taking us all by surprise. He was a big man and besides being armed with a carbine, carried an ivory-white war club—the thigh-bone of a big man—looped to his wrist by a thong.

"I am Na-Ti-O-Tish," came his guttural voice. "I was a warrior with Beduiat. When he was slain I was badly wounded and a Mexican held me as slave. I saw my chance one day and killed him. I have been fleeing the *Rurales* ever since. I am traveling to Pa-Gotzin-Kay."

I asked him, "Where did you get the war club?"

"I cut it from a Mexican," he replied and would say no more.

I decided he would make a worthwhile addition to our defense if it were needed.

AS CHIEF of our holdout clan, and urged by youthful energy, I decided one day I needed a wife. I thought of Jedi. I told Mother of my decision and she snapped, "It will be you who marries her . . . not I! She is older than you are. You are not yet seventeen."

We discussed the matter—I, on the defensive—but my mind was made up. I talked it over with Dee-O-Det and he counseled against it. However, the next day I arranged with Nakai to be my go-between, and my courtship of Jedi began according to Apache rules.

Days followed and things went along smoothly between us—until our mothers got together—then there was a break in our relationship.

While fretting over it and suffering bad dreams at night, I'd fallen into the habit of walking off into the hills by myself. One early morning I came to the cave where, as a ten-year old, I and some other boys had slain a cougar.

As I gazed at the old cave entrance, a movement in the bushes nearby caught my eye.

There on the ledge near the cave's entrance was my Jedi and embracing her was a Mexican. Before my horrified eyes I saw myself betrayed.

I had not brought a rifle: the only weapon I had was the sheath-knife I always carried. Leaping the intervening arroyo, I confronted the lovers.

Jedi screamed. I slapped her face until the blood ran. When I bent to cut the Mexican's throat, she screamed again.

"I love him! He is of my race! You are an Apache devil!"

So saying, she spat in my face. I was stunned by her revelation and her action. I flashed my knife before her face—and the tip of her nose flew off.

"You merciless killer! Your people stole my mother and held her in slavery and forced her into marriage with your kind. Apache devils! Marry you? I would rather marry a dirty dog!" The blood from her shortened nose was choking her.

Her man was struggling to his feet so I whirled on him. Instead of cutting his throat, which I should have done as later events proved, I slashed off both his ears. Then I walked away from them.

Back at the shaman's wikiup I told him what had happened.

Sibley City, San Carlos Reservation

Military Camp - San Carlos - 1880

"Come in, Nino, my son," he nodded. "Now I will talk. I could not have told you what was to happen because you would not have believed me."

We talked for a while and he added: "Now, the next time you wish to take a wife, come to me first. That is what I am for—to advise you and help you with our people."

He then urged me to banish Klea, Jedi's mother, as she would become a troublemaker. I arranged for an escort for her to cross the canyon and to continue on to her old home at Corralitos in Chihuahua.

Bandits Of Basaranca—1890-1892

THE backlash of my misadventure with matrimony put me up a box-canyon and my mother advised me to head for the mountains. I went to Sno-Ta-Hae and worked there the next year and a half, alternating a week now and then with Mangas-Chee while I returned to the rancheria to attend my duties as chieftain.

One day Doctor Gutierrez of Basaranca rode into Pa-Gotzin-Kay with a lieutenant of the *Rurales*, José Lopez.

Their purpose was to inform me of the bad situation which had developed in their town, along the Bavispe about twenty kilometers to the north. A dozen American fugitives and a like number of Mexican outlaws had taken over the town. They pretended to be miners—rock-scratchers. The *Rurales* were too few to cope with the problem. The doctor and the lieutenant wanted help. They would be our everlasting friends if we Apaches would help drive out the unwanted visitors.

I called a council of war that night and the decision was—we would help. The next day I followed Gutierrez and Lopez with eleven of my best men, including Ticer and Na-Ti-O-Tish.

We got into prearranged positions and watched the outlaws until the signal came from the church tower. Then we rode into action in the old, time-proven Apache manner.

When the fighting was over I had two wounded and three dead men on my hands. They were Jim Ticer, No-Ti-O-Tish and No-Ha-Daya. I counted fifteen enemy dead, three wounded and dying and two prisoners, the foremost of whom was a man without ears—Jedi's lover. When my back was turned, Eugene and Boa Juan each fired a shot.

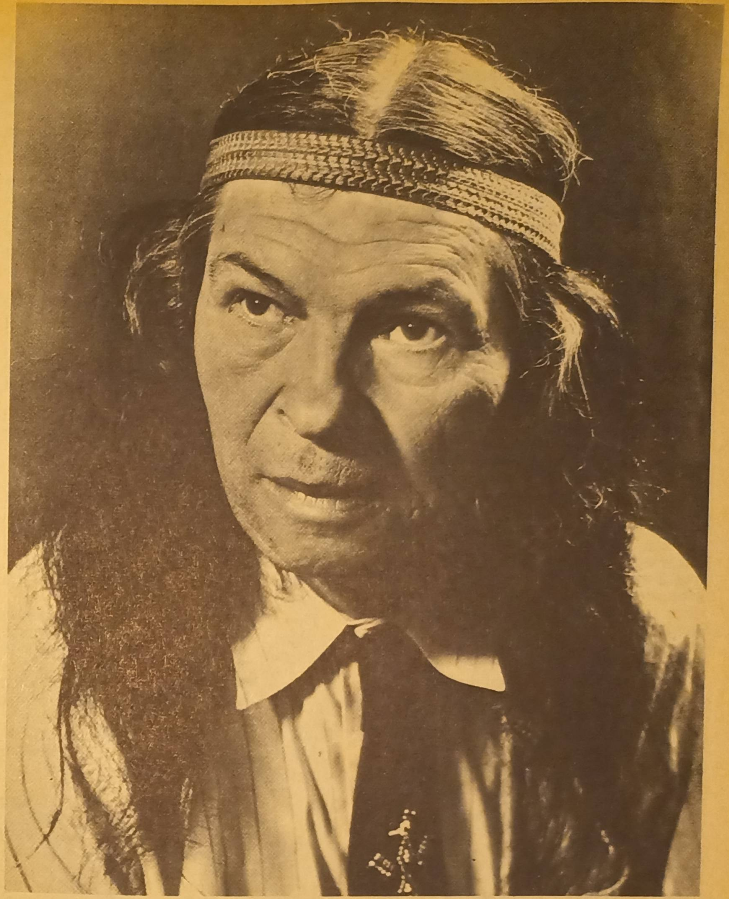
Back in our rancheria at the victory council, our people, led by Mother and Dee-O-Det, presented me with the most wonderful buckskin jacket as a token of our victory. We distributed the loot which we brought from the battle. Only the burial of our dead warriors put a cloud of gloom over the party.

The next evening our trail guards brought another stranger into the rancheria. He was a stalwart Apache warrior of middle age and my mother seemed to know him.

"Nino, this is Apla-Chi-Kit. He has been on the San Carlos but escaped. He wants to live with us."

We were used to having wayward tribespeople showing up unexpectedly. Even Massai and The Apache Kid paid us a visit now and then. We made them all welcome but this one I did not like. Obviously a Netdahe, he had the stamp of a *lobo* (wolf) on him. I merely nodded a welcome.

We had made arrangements to ride to Basaranca the following day as guests in a victory celebration. Early in the morning everyone able to ride was saddled up and ready.



Nino Cochise, from photo taken in September 1961

We made good time down to the Bavispe bend. Ever wary of Mexicans, even though the townspeople were now our avowed friends, I ordered camp made in the wooded sidewash while Nakai and I rode in to apprise Gutierrez of our arrival. Arrangements made, we then led our people in.

Wine flowed freely and a dance was in progress. I spotted a very pretty girl dancing with Apla-Chi-Kit. I nodded to her and she broke away from him and came to me.

Apla-Chi-Kit stood still for a moment, and his face became distorted with rage. He made several long strides in our direction and hit me in the face.

"Ha! You, a chief! You steal my woman! I will kill you and I will be chief!"

"You speak like a fool!" I replied.

He drew his belt knife and a crowd quickly formed a ring. "We will fight!"

I felt a burning sensation on the point of my chin, and blood flowed. Leaping aside, I jerked my knife from its sheath. Apla-Chi-Kit stabbed again, and the point of his knife slashed the inside of my right arm from elbow to wrist and ripped into my hand. My knife clattered to the floor.

I dropped to one knee and retrieved the weapon with my left hand. I had not struck a blow yet and I was half disabled. As I whirled and straightened up, he stabbed me in the neck. I could feel all my strength leaving my legs.

We circled each other, looking for an opening in which to deliver the fatal thrust. I slashed him across the chest; he stabbed at my stomach. My feet slipped in my own blood. I pretended loss of balance and he rushed in for the kill. I leaned to the right; he moved to intercept me and I thrust upward from the left. The knife was brought over in an upward thrust with all the strength I could muster. The point of my weapon entered under his chin and penetrated to what must have been the top of his skull. I twisted the blade and thrust again.

I became aware of the screeching crowd and in a daze I saw a Mexican man lean down and cut off my victim's head. I felt sick. I wanted to vomit. My knees shook. I started to fall but Eugene and Nakai held me. I saw Doctor Gutierrez approaching.

The next thing I knew I was in a bed in the town's small hospital. I lay there attended by my mother and friends for two months. Then they took me back to Pa-Gotzin-Kay.

Tesorabi—1892-1894

“THE evil spirits cannot beat you,” the shaman told me one day as I was recuperating. “No man can take your life, only Usen!”

Spring, 1893, arrived late. After two dry years this spring was a little too cool and wet but we finallv got the garden and fields planted. The rains increased and the year turned out to be the never-to-be-forgotten “Time of the Floods.”

The many river canyons, draining out of the mountains into the desert hills, were in constant flood stage. On the upland Pa-Gotzin-Kay shelf we were in no danger for we were surrounded by numerous deep canyons through which the relentless waters swept, but we could not cross them so for a year we were isolated.

To this day the researcher can find records of this disaster in the Sonora Archives, Hermosillo, when the state’s economy dropped to near zero due to the fact that people could not travel, yet hundreds died of drowning on the Sonora Desert!

Spring, 1894, came and Doctor Gutierrez, now Alcalde, sent Captain Lopez with word that Sonora and Chihuahua were again being overrun with American bandits and bands of local rascals. Mexico was too poor to furnish federal troops and the citizens did not have arms to defend themselves. Would we Apaches again come to their aid, if needed?

While Lopez and I talked we drank our potent tulepa and before long had decided the two of us alone could wipe out all the outlaws in Mexico!

During our lighthearted discussion Lopez drew an old *Leslie’s* magazine from his pocket and pointed to an article somebody in the United States had written. The article was about Tahza (my father) and others making a trip to Washington with John Clum, stating Tahza had died there of pneumonia—and that the young chieftain left a wife, Niome, and an infant son, Nino.

Lopez’s gesture seemed in the nature of a threat of exposure but, although my blood pressure shot up to the boiling point, I managed to say and do nothing. After Lopez left I sought out Dee-O-Det and had another talk with that wise Old One. About a week later word came that a band of *blanco* and *gusano banditos* were preparing to establish a fort in the old abandoned town of Tesorabi.

Tesorabi, at the fork of Juh’s Canyon, was the other point of a triangle from Pa-Gotzin-Kay and Basaranca. I sent word I’d be there with twenty men by midday.

We rode grouped in pairs. I rode with Nakai—Kasale and Chee next in line. As we galloped along, discussing tactics, we came within earshot of firing. After a quick scouting, I saw thirty *Rurales* surrounding the old adobe walls but stymied by heavy gunfire from within. I waved a signal to my warriors. We then fanned out. every man for himself, and soon added our firepower to that of the *Rurales*.

The bandits suddenly broke from cover and ran for their horses nearby. Our men charged, converging on them like a pack of wolves after fleeing sheep. They began to drop. The *Rurales* cut in from the flanks. Riderless horses added to the confusion, and I might say, panic. Five of the bandits surrendered to the *Rurales*—avoiding us Apaches.

While my men gathered up the weapons, Lopez counted the dead, and I went to see what our losses were. I had but one wounded—a minor wound at that. The *Rurales* had no losses. The bandits lost twenty who would pass for Americans, one who was a Pima Indian, one a Zambo, and thirteen of Mexican origin.

AGAIN Gutierrez arranged a victory party at Basaranca, and I was willing to take the chance, since my men were all for it. I sent word to our rancheria, and soon everyone strong enough to ride was en route to Basaranca, pleasure bent.

At the *baile* I again came upon the same young woman I had danced with so briefly before Apla-Chi-Kit objected with his flashing knife. I wound up dancing until nearly dawn, each dance with a different partner, as it seemed I was the hero of the whole affair.

After a few hours sleep, I was invited out to the military plaza to see a firing demonstration of Basaranca’s new cannon.

Dee-O-Det, in the meanwhile, in his cups, had been making friends with just about everyone in town. I saw him stroll down the main *avenida* and at the same time noticed the parish Padre walking toward him. The two stopped, turned, and began circling each other like two strange dogs.

Then the Padre headed my way. As he came near he spoke: “Good afternoon. Will your people be at the Benediction this evening?”

“We have brought our shaman with us,” I answered. “That was he you just passed.”

We exchanged a few more curt remarks and parted. By mid-afternoon something told me we had worn out our welcome, so I had my people saddle up and we took the shortcut back toward home.

At Juh’s old rancheria we paused to rest. As I gazed out over the choppy terrain and looked down the steep trail toward the fork of the Bavispe, I could not help but wonder what Crook must have thought when he first rode into this rancheria.

It was about two kilometers from the fork up this trail, so steep and narrow that nowhere could one turn a horse around to retreat either way. There were many switchbacks and overhangs where one’s stirrup swung out over the bottomless gorge. In most places it was thousands of feet straight down. The other side was a sheer cliff-face. If fighting had broken out while Crook was on the trail—oh, well, I will leave this bit of strategy to some expert—I am just an Apache Indian.

I lapsed into deeper reverie. I recalled when, as an eleven-year-old lad out with a deer hunting party, we looked down on one of Crook’s columns led by Captain Henry W. Lawton struggling down this same trail. I happened to have had a captured Mexican bugle with me, a present from my Uncle Golthlay. Mischievously, I had blown my version of “Boots and Saddles” as loud as I could. Even today I still chuckle at the confusion that tune caused on this narrow wilderness trail. Then I blew “Charge!” When the echoes died away, I blew “Recall.”

I have been told the incident was never mentioned in Lawton’s official report to Crook. But the news item in some magazine caused wry chuckles in the War Department.

Taglito—1894

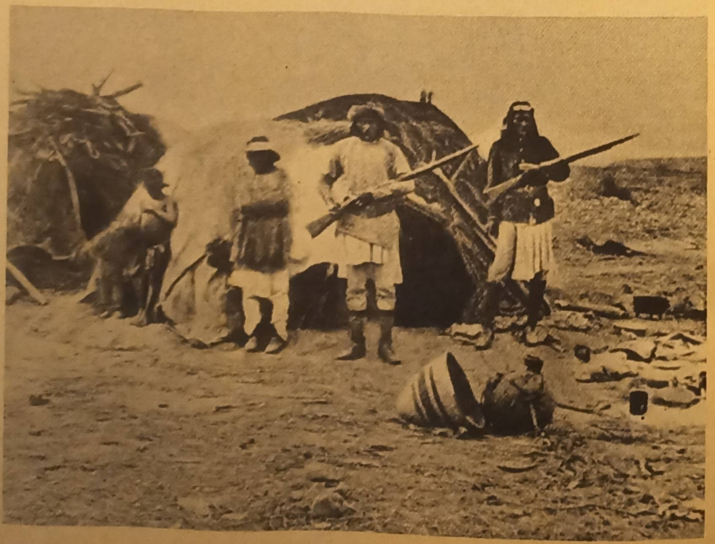
MOTHER told me our food supply was low and that the womenfolk needed cloth, so I ordered ten men to get a pack-train ready. It was good weather for traveling.

We were riding at daybreak. Midafternoon of the sixth day found us at Papago Springs, also known as Siscohnill, a half kilometer from the border which was straddled by Sasabe.

A clan of twenty Pimas had beat us to the best campsite so we took second best. They were a surly, dirty bunch, and they cast covetous eyes on our outfit. I left the men on guard, then took Mother and Nadina to town.

We had barely entered Miller’s Store when a tall white man suddenly approached us, grabbed my mother around the waist, lifted her and gave her a big hug and kiss.

Apache wikiup and family



“Nod-Ah-Sti!”

“Taglito!”

They made a fuss over each other, then Mother introduced me.

I put forth my hand, “So you are Tom Jeffords!”

“Nino!” He grabbed my hand and sized me up with sharp brown eyes. “You are the image of your father. You are as tall as he but not so heavy.”

“Where do you live, Taglito?” Mother asked, talking in Apache and using the Apache name given him by Chief Cochise.

“I have a silver mine at Owl Head Butte in the Tortilitas. You did not go to Florida?”

“Never!”

They rattled on and, like long-lost friends, were enjoying it. Jeffords was a well-built man with a short red beard and rusty hair which hung to his shoulders. Mother was quite small in size compared with him, but somehow one got the feeling that they were equal.

They walked back to our camp; I remained with Nadina and we began the trading. Mother in the meanwhile sent the men in with the mules and we loaded up. Six days later we were in Pa-Gotzin-Kay.

Dee-O-Det was out to greet us. “Taglito! Is it you or your spirit?”

“Dee-O-Det! I thought you had gone to the Spirit World!”

“I am not ready.” He held up both hands, fingers spread out, twice. “I still have so many teeth. I feel young again. The *thimmer* leaves are growing again after last year’s rains, and I have treated the Old Ones, too.”

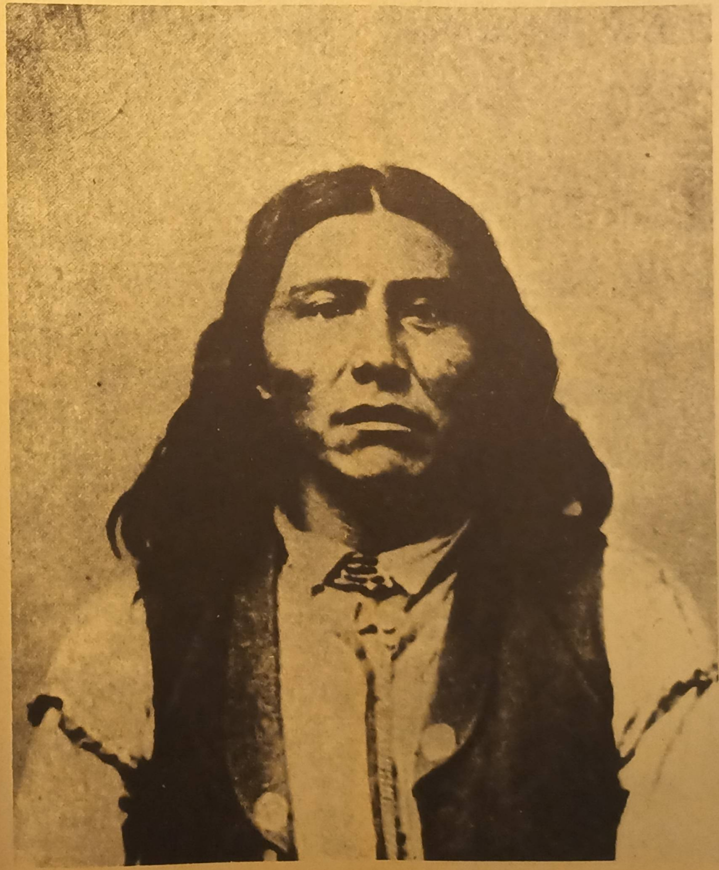
“You have the secret of longevity,” Tom smiled. “You are a great medicine man. I remember once when you wanted to give skunk oil to my blood brother when he had a toothache. It smelled so bad he would not let you come near.”

And so it went as Tom was greeted by other Old Ones. That night he addressed the tribal council. Afterward I told him of the cave where we hoarded our gold bars and the story behind them. He was the blood brother of my grandfather (Cochise) and as such was entitled to all the privileges of the Apache tribes.

After the meeting we tapped the whiskey keg we’d brought and before long there was not a sober man in the rancheria. The next day Mother nagged us, telling us we had acted like children.

“No, we are just Indians.” Taglito growled. “Just Indians, and they do not know how to handle whiskey.”

Tahzay, son of Cochise and Chief of the Chiricahuas



Yaqueria-Yori—1894-1895

TAGLITO came up with the idea that he and I should become rock-scratchers. He suggested a month or so in which to wander around the mountains and see what we could see.

I saddled Old Hammerhead and a packmule; Tom saddled his rangy sorrel. Our first stop was Son-Ta-Hae which he called Jewelry Rock.

We then headed south to El Tigre and Las Chipas—old Spanish gold mines—but found nothing during three days of rock-scratching. Our next objective was Tayopa which we discovered guarded by Mexican soldiers, and we avoided them.

We “crossed the canyon” (Bavispe Barranca), a feat considered to be the supreme test by soldiers under Crook, then rode on to Canyon de Cobre and the blood-red desert to Scalphunter’s Ledge. We found no trace of lost treasure and headed back north, following old Indian trails. After ten more days we were in Sasabe.

At the Short Branch Saloon we proceeded to get drunk. We loafed several days, then headed into Arizona and crossed lush cattle country. Tom was wearing his old trailworn leather outfit and I was wearing the Pa-Gotzin-Kay version of an Apache, my hair hanging down over my shoulders. Only a few of the white people we met paid much attention to us.

“People are not scared of Apaches anymore,” Taglito explained. “Besides, you’re with me. You’ll learn how to get along with them.”

We poked along, crossed back over the border beyond the Huachucas and neared the long deserted hacienda known as Burnt Ranch. We camped near the main waterhole. At dawn as I took my turn caring for our horses and mule, instinct drew my attention to something beyond the waterhole.

I found a white man lying face down under a madrona tree. His shirt was caked with blood; he was either dead or dying. I called Tom and he came running. Examination showed the man was still breathing, although badly wounded. We turned him face up and he groaned. Tom had a little whiskey in a copper flask and gave him some. He turned out to be John “Buck” Green, a rancher whom Tom had known in former years.

He revived somewhat and told us about being ambushed by Yaqui rustlers. I got some wild honey from a nearby tree stump and plastered his chest wound with it, an old Indian remedy.

We loaded him on our mule and took him to his ranch, the Rancho Verde, in the Sierra Media bordering the San Bernardino Ranch. I nearly rode Old Hammerhead off his hoofs fetching Dee-O-Det down from Pa-Gotzin-Kay, and Doctor Gutierrez from Basaranca.

Between them they pulled Buck Green through. Meanwhile, he gave us the whole story of the Yaqui-Yori marauders now in Apache country. I was quite concerned over this, as was my council. In my absence somebody had stirred up trouble and was laying the blame on us.

Our trail guards had already located the Yaqui hideout, and with eighteen men, including Taglito and myself, we raided their camp. We killed ten Yaquis, routed the others, and took one prisoner. His story was what I had suspected: Luis Torres, the new Governor-General of Sonora, was behind the plot.

The next part of the intrigue was revealed when the council informed me that

Eugene and Nakai, two of my best men, had been enrolled into Torres' revolutionary forces and were now serving as captains in his army at good pay.

Winter settled upon the high country and our hills got their first blanket of snow. Taglito took up residence in the old Ticer wikiup, contented to stay the winter. As the days passed I did all I could to gather information as to what Torres was up to. I found, among other disturbing things, that he was allied with Joaquin Terrazas, the Governor-General of Chihuahua, known along the border as "The Butcher" and whose enemy was Tennono Kelzel, the mission-trained chief of Yaqueria-Yori, a headhunter of the worst kind.

Pinda-Lick-O-Ye—1895-1896

SPRING found us fat and happy, and when the news came that Presidente Porfirio Diaz had forced Terrazas and Torres out of office, we were happy.

Taglito prepared to leave. Mother, Nadina and I decided to ride with him to Owl Head by way of Buck's ranch, Slaughter's ranch, then on to our old stronghold in the Dragoons. I left Chee in charge at the rancheria. We arrived at Rancho Verde and a feast was soon in progress to welcome us.

Buck had some business at the Ammon Tenney ranch, his next neighbor to the southeast, and he wanted to introduce me; and Tom wanted to renew an acquaintance. It was a trip of five hours of hard riding. We met Tenney, a genial Mormon rancher and his neighbor, Big Jim Grey, a hardboiled borderman and his henchman, Chief Kelzel, "the Mexican man" who had cut off Apla-Chi-Kit's head!

Our meeting and subsequent conference went off smoothly and Tom, Buck and I returned to Rancho Verde that night.

After breakfast Tom, Mother, Nadina and I took our leave and three days later the Old Dragoons loomed ahead. The vast Sulphur Springs Valley spread before us, the mighty Chiricahua Range to our right and Cochise Stronghold just ahead. We camped in the sylvan entrance to the hallowed land. The land of my forefathers! The land of my birth!

Apache Land . . . near "the sylvan entrance to the hallowed land . . . the land of my forefathers! The land of my birth!"

We spent a week there, exploring, dreaming. They showed me Treaty Rocks, Council Rocks, Signal Buttes, what was left of the once proud rancheria, the place where my grandfather died.

"Tomorrow you and I will ride over to Tombstone," Taglito said. "We must get you familiar with the Pinda-Lick-O-Ye, and give you a new name. 'Cochise' is no good anymore, except for a landmark and a county. So, we'll call you 'Ramon Rodriguez' from Tucson."

Our first stop in Tombstone was the Wells Fargo office where Tom cashed in a number of pokes of gold we had brought from Pa-Gotzin-Kay. We received paper money. He then took me to his old haunts, historic places and events now immortalized in history and legend; and the next day we returned to the stronghold where we had left our women in camp. We then rode on to Owl Head.

We had a pleasant visit there—until the weekly mailman brought a letter. It was from Buck, and read: "There may be trouble at Pa-Gotzin-Kay."

Red-Flaggers—1896

MOTHER, Nadina and I lost no time returning home. Chee headed the people as they turned out to greet us. He brought us up to date. Terrazas and Torres were again in the saddle and their troops were riding wild, waving the red flag, butchering and raping all who opposed them. Presidente Diaz did not have sufficient troops to protect the frontier states. Twice now I had made the mistake of absenting myself from my people, and twice now evil was riding the red earth.

Among other events, Doctor Gutierrez had been executed in Basaranca by the Torres men for his objection to their outrages; a family of twenty homeless Opatas had been admitted to Pa-Gotzin-Kay; Eugene and Nakai were still in the Torres army but had sent word that they were under pressure to lead a large force of redshirts up the secrets trails to Pa-Gotzin-Kay in an effort to wipe out all Apaches left in Mexico.

Dee-O-Det, Chee and I talked the matter over, then I rode alone to Basaranca. I gave a familiar old Apache bird call and Eugene met me outside the wall. He told me how they had a gunpowder factory there and the main armory for northern Sonora.

Several days later Buck Green sent word that cattle rustling from the American ranches was again on the increase. I sent Young Juh to Buck's to arrange a meeting. A week later ten ranchers and some Indian Chiefs, including Kelzel, showed up at Pa-Gotzin-Kay for a conference. We plotted against the red-flaggers, just as they plotted against us. After that we set up a telescope on Lookout Mountain; from there we could see a world of mountains and canyons in all directions.

Things rocked along and one day we had another visitor. He turned out to be Chief Jemez, the headman of a tribe of 300 Tarahumare who were starving, having been forced out of their ancestral homelands, after nearly a thousand of their people had been recently killed and/or enslaved by the red-flaggers.

I took the Tarahumares in, fed them and gave them a place to camp on our shelf—and thereby added to my people a grateful force of fighters.

To outfit them, the American ranchers pledged me 150 horses, also farm implements, seed and grain and other supplies. Grey sold me 100 Winchester carbines, shells and blankets. I bought saddles, scabbards and bandoliers from Pablo, the saddlemaker.

Luckily we had a bountiful harvest that fall. In the meanwhile I lent ten of my men and twenty Tarahumare men as scouts to the various ranches. We rigged up a signal system to warn all concerned in case of an attack.

An unexpected event came when Chief Jemez rode into our rancheria, leading a procession of the ten most marriageable maidens in his tribe. He presented them to me as a token of friendship and gratitude for all we had done for him.

My mother immediately took charge of them. I wanted nothing to do with this affair, but some of our young men perked up. There had been an imbalance between men and women in our clan.

That evening Mother arranged a meeting which took me by surprise. She privately introduced me to one of the girls: "Nino, meet Maria Jemez!"

Golden Bird—1896

I WAS caught. Here was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She was slim and lithe like a fawn. Her black head barely reached to my chin. Maria's color was golden instead of bronze like us Apaches: her eyes were sparkling. Maria Jemez made my heart turn over and I turned away—speechless.

Somehow I found myself entering the shaman's big wikiup. "Dee-O-Det," I said, "something has happened to me."

"Yes, son, I know," he said. "I will arrange the biggest wedding ceremony of all time for you. The other nine, I will give the regular ceremonies."

That old man and I proceeded to get on the biggest drunk I have ever been on. When it was over, three days later, and my mother got through telling me my conduct and that of the shaman was beneath the dignity of a pig and that we had ruined the wedding plans, I did not feel so good, and neither did the shaman.

To get out of the way and do some thinking, I rode over to Jim Grey's trading post, arranged for more heliograph outfits, and set up signal codes.

It was three days before I was back at the rancheria. By then, Mother and Maria were happy to see me.

Our courtship began. At my connivance Maria and I broke just about every Apache courtship rule and several of the Tarahumare's. After worrying my mother and everyone else during the ten days or more of courtship—depending on the full moon—we had a wedding that was all Dee-O-Det had promised. The ceremony had me shaking all over, but Maria was calm as a statue.

The crowd was chanting the White Painted Maiden hymn. Maria's face was radiant. Her glossy hair, brushed out over her shoulders, touched a cloak of black panther-kitten fur. The gold band of the Apache diety was around her left arm, and on her breast was the symbol of the Rising Sun: a hammered plaque of gold the size of her hand. It hung by a gold cord studded with agate, and rested on a shield, painted on her white bodice in four colors representing the earth, water, sky and sun. Her flowing dress—made of thousands of white moleskins—spread out far behind her, and she advanced with the majestic mien of a princess accepting the acclaim of her people.

Drums were beating and the people were cheering, and singing the Apache Wedding March.

After it was over we gripped hands and fled from the scene. As customary, two boys were holding two matching white horses saddled with the finest gear, and we mounted them amidst the cheers of The People and The Great Mountain Spirit song.

The horses wore the R/V brand. We rode to our wikiup in the hills about ten kilometers to the south. We had entered paradise, indeed!

The customary period of Seven Suns passed and we regretted the moment when we had to leave. My Golden Bird and I rode the white Barbs back toward the rancheria, passing the Lookout Mountain trail on which we met Hiokee coming down from the signal post. He had news: Buck Green had received a demand that if he did not pay his taxes in thirty days Torres would foreclose on his property

My friend Buck was in trouble. He needed help. Maria and I fairly flew the rest of the way to the rancheria.

Mountain Battery—1896-1899

DEE-O-DET greeted us and, as usual, fired answers before I could ask questions.

"Things are not good between the ranchers and the Mexicans. Buck Green has called a meeting. I sent Chee to represent you."

"Do you think there will be war?"

"After centuries of mistrust between us, what could one expect?"

While Maria moved into our quarters, I attended a council meeting. In the middle of it Chee arrived, just returned from Buck's ranch; he made his report of the plans made at the ranchers' meeting. Their decision was that Buck would pay the exorbitant taxes.

We decided there was no foreseeable urgency on me now, so I announced I'd make the trip to Sasabe I had promised Maria. Her father, Jemez, needed to go too and lay in supplies for the coming winter. Besides, the closer we got to winter the safer our people were from red-flaggers (the Mexican showed little desire for maneuvers in cold weather).

We took a packtrain of thirty mules and twenty-seven horses, twenty men, three women, and Dee-O-Det. The old shaman seemed as spry as a twenty-year-old. One of our legendary characters, he was thin, gray-maned and wiry, and was born about 1800 according to his own calculations.

We made Papago Springs in the evening and camped. The women made supper, then Jemez and I walked into town. We went first to the Short Branch. The saloonkeeper greeted me and set forth a bottle of Monongahela. While he gave us the local news, we took care of the bottle. We bought a second bottle and staggered back to camp.

Old Dee-O-Det joined us, Mother and Maria nagged us, and the next day we weren't worth much, but by sundown we had all the packmules loaded, and we moved on to Coyote Springs to spend the night. Our loads included four ten-gallon casks of that fine Monongahela. We arrived home in average time, all set for the winter.

Spring came and our web of heliograph stations began to flash news of red-flagger movements. Maria and I rode down to Buck's ranch, arriving just in time to sit down to supper. Buck and I got to plotting more battle tactics. We were worried about the gunpowder factory at Basaranca. As we had passed it on the down trail, I had noticed a second big smokestack, and both were producing black smoke.

Maria and I stopped by Basaranca the next day on our return trip. I hid the horses along the trail, then worked in close and signalled. Eugene climbed over the wall to meet me.

I put the question of blowing up the powder works to him. He argued the point for a while, before he could see it my way.

Mexican Stand-Off—1897

BACK at the rancheria the people were in the center of the compound and there was not a smile of welcome in the crowd.

"Dee-O-Det is gone," Mother informed me. "Disappeared. We feel he has gone to Big Sleep."

She gave me the details and I called for a search party. Suddenly, Maria, still mounted, called: "There the shaman is!"

I looked in the direction she was pointing, to where a dense copse of cedars hid the south rampart trail. There came Dee-O-Det, shuffling slowly toward us—*and he was leading a huge, graybeard old buck deer by the nose!*

We watched as our shaman continued his silent approach across the clearing, his eyes downcast—a pathetic old figure leading a docile old buck. This certainly was something supernatural.

At his wikiup, he released the buck's nose. The deer just stood there, motionless. Dee-O-Det then picked up a *mano* from one of his *metates* and raising the stone high, smashed it down on the buck's forehead. The animal dropped as if it too were a stone.

Dee-O-Det let out a weird yet triumphant yell.

"I will have good Shaman Soup tomorrow!"

That was too much. I ran as fast as I could over to him.

"What's going on here?" I demanded.

"I do not want to talk about it!" he snapped. He stared down at the buck, then looked up at me and cackled, "I will call the council for tonight. I will then have more to say."

And that evening he did call the council. Everyone, even the youngsters, attended. This was his report:

"This morning at dawn I took my customary walk. I went to Bubbling Springs. I sat down to rest and must have fallen asleep. When I awakened the world was still peaceful and quiet, only a jaybird was chirping. I looked around.

"There, not more than twenty paces from me, a large doe was drinking from the pool. Behind her, with equal calm, stood an old buck, the biggest these old eyes had ever beheld.

"Here was one of Usen's great manifestations. It was meant for me alone. Had I gone to Big Sleep? Was this the Spirit World?

"A good Apache is never without his knife and his *hodenten*. I drew my knife and silently, carefully, advanced. The deer as yet had not sensed me. The buck

Apache scouts. Note First Sergeant's stripes on leader, center.

Apache warriors, stripped for action

just stood there with his nose against the doe's rump.

"Here, I realized, was Usen's gift to me: the past-prime buck I needed to make my annual bowl of Shaman's Soup. I then saw the buck had the doe's tail in his mouth. With one stroke I cut her tail off right between her and the buck. The doe took one long leap across the pool and hit the other side, running. The buck did not move a muscle.

"This brought thoughts of Usen coming from the Spirit World to put a curse on me for my rash act. My mind began to whirl with thoughts of dire things about to descend upon me from out of the endless sky. Blood was dripping from the buck's mouth, so I blew *hodenten* on his head. Then I saw that the eye on my side was snow-white—just like a white ball.

"Reality came back in a rush. I now knew the buck was stone blind from old age. I also knew that the way he got around was to take the doe's tail into his mouth and thereby let her lead him.

"I grasped the bleeding tail-end between my thumb and forefingers and pulled gently. Sure enough, the blind buck, thinking the doe was still there and ready to go, responded to my pull.

"Keeping a firm hold on that stump, I turned and walked slowly back to my wikiup. You all saw me coming. I now have him boiling in the pot, hide, hoofs, horns, nothing is wasted, and I will have good Shaman's Soup tomorrow. *Enju!*"

The next week everybody worked from dawn to dusk, planting the crops. Then Dee-O-Det announced he was out of *hodenten* and could not complete sprinkling his miraculous powder over the new fields. That called for a trip to San Bernardino Springs, his favorite place to gather tule pollen. We had, I thought, more important things to do, but there was no use saying so at the time. I could not fight tradition or history—the future, yes.

Maria, Mother, the shaman and I took food for a week's stay, and made it to the south springs the next afternoon.

In the morning the shaman and the women got to work picking tules and I rode over to Buck's. He and I then rode over to Tenney's. There were about twenty saddled horses tied to the long hitchrail. Inside the ranch house were as many men as there were horses outside.

Ammon Tenney held the stage and the subject was Torres and Terrazas. Questions were fired at him and he had answers, or someone else in the crowd helped him. We settled down to making plans, and the meeting finally ended. There was no big meal or drinks served like at Pa-Gotzin-Kay or Rancho Verde. Kelzel and Doroteo Arango rode off together. The others took off, and Buck and I returned to Rancho Verde, tired, thirsty, hungry.

Surprisingly, half the summer passed without any more alarms. About noon one day a trail guard brought word that Buck, Tenney, Grey, Kelzel, and Kay-Pesh were coming up Juh's Canyon trail.

They arrived hungry and we fed them. They wanted men to help in the fall roundups and we supplied them. Grey brought an extra heliograph outfit and I bought it.

Soldier Chief—1897-1898

IT WAS the Season of Golden Leaves when Tom Jeffords rode in unexpectedly. After greetings were over he announced he had a friend he wanted me to meet. The friend was down at the Slaughter Ranch and we were to meet him there the next day. His friend was recruiting men to fight a war with Spain. I couldn't have cared less about any white man's war in some foreign place but I agreed to ride with Tom. Mother questioned him closely, and made him uncomfortable as he had always preached peace.

"So, now the white man fights himself! I thought it would come to that," she said.

Dee-O-Det called the council that evening and we discussed the war to come—in a place called Cuba. Taglito, Maria, Mother, Dee-O-Det and I and five armed men accompanied him to the San Bernardino Ranch. As we watered our horses at the lower springs we saw five riders approaching. Tom recognized them. The lead man was John Slaughter, his wife, Viola, at his side, followed by three soldiers. Everyone dismounted except my warriors. Tom introduced me.

"Nino, meet Theodore Roosevelt. Colonel Roosevelt, this is Cochise's grandson, Nino, and this is Niome, his mother; and Maria, his wife."

The colonel grinned, nodded, stretched out his hand to me, and asked of Tom, "Does he speak English?"

Mother answered him. "All we speak some little bit Eenglesh."

"We all speak some English," I repeated.

"So you are the grandson of the late Chief Cochise?"

"Yes, I am."

We talked on and I became interested in this man.

"How many people do you have, Nino?" he asked me.

"About sixty Apaches now. Also I have three hundred Tarahumares and twenty Opates who came to us when the Mexican Government confiscated their lands."

"Don't they want revenge on the government?"

"No. they are on their feet now and do not want war."

"How do you mean, 'on their feet'?"

"These people are all Mexican-born, you see. If they have land on which to grow food they are content to live in peace."

"Tom tells me you were born in Arizona just before your grandfather died."

"Yes. All of us older Apaches were born in Arizona."

"American citizenship is something worth having, Nino. Have you ever thought about returning to the United States?"

"To live on a reservation?"

"Yes."

"I am not a prisoner of war, sir, and I do not intend to be."

"I think you have the wrong impression of what a reservation really is. It is a piece of land set aside for displaced Indians to farm and make their own living."

"Colonel Roosevelt, many Apaches have escaped from those reservations. They have told me that 'piece of land set aside for displaced Indians' is a living hell—your white-man definition. Besides, there is a law in Arizona Territory which says no Chiricahua Apache can live there. In other parts of your country, if I am found, I run the risk of being an Apache off some reservation without a pass.

"White men are suspicious. They think I am a Wild One because I let my hair grow long. Only in the presence of a trusted white man, like Tom Jeffords, am I safe. Otherwise they may either shoot me, or arrest me and send me to Florida or Fort Sill, where they have imprisoned others of The People.

"Here I am free. I now have a herd of over a hundred cattle. I have over a hundred horses and mules. I have crops planted, enough to feed six hundred or more people for a year."

The colonel smiled. "You have not committed any crimes here or in the United States. If you came to America and were self-supporting you would be treated just as any other citizen.

"They don't just arrest people because they are Indian. They arrest people who commit crimes. If bandits stole your cattle, they would be hunted down, tried in the courts and sentenced."

"It is different here," I explained. "I am a member of the American Cattlemen's Association of Mexico. I furnish men to work and guard the ranches. If bandits steal cattle we trail them and when we capture them, they are shot. We are our own law."

"Food ready is!" came my mother's voice.

WE HAD fetched along our saddlebags stuffed with dried beef, vegetables and serving utensils, but knives, forks and spoons had been overlooked. Everyone had a tin plate and cup and we lined up by the fire. Viola and Mother were dishing up food; Maria was pouring the coffee.

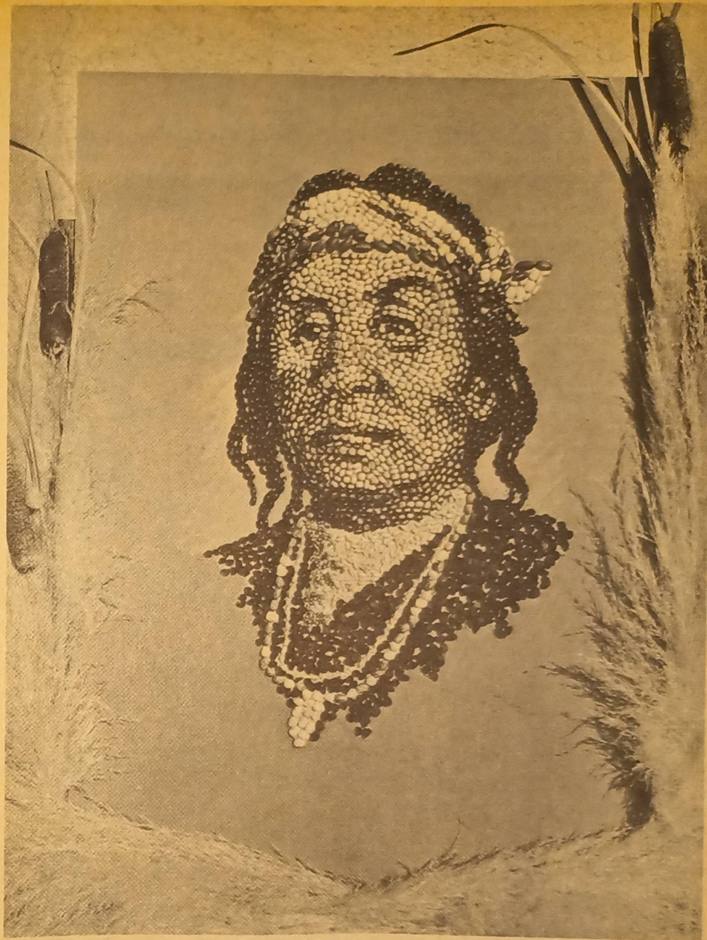
"A cup for you here is, *Coronel*, and for you one, my husband," said Maria.

"You have a very pretty wife," the colonel remarked. "Do you have any children?"

"Not yet," I answered. "We hope to have sons and daughters."

"I have six children, two girls and four sons," he said. He turned to Mother: "Niome, this smells good, what is it?"

"This is stew made of dry beef, tule roots, peppers and pinto beans," Mother replied in Apache. Taglito translated and



Apache Chief Cochise portrait of beads

explained: "This is cowboy coffee, Teddy. You drink it. If you want to eat the stew, use your fingers."

The colonel looked around. He saw others eating with their fingers, shrugged and said, "Well, we have a choice. Either be fastidious—or enjoy it!"

The colonel was licking his fingers when he came and sat beside me on a log.

"You know," he grinned, "this is the life! It's bully!"

"I know little about any other."

"Hang on to this way of life, Nino," he said after some reflection. "You have missed nothing."

We talked on for some time until John Slaughter called that they were ready to go. Colonel Roosevelt nodded, and asked: "You sure you can't spare me a few men, Nino? I have a feeling Apache tactics might come in very handy."

"No, Colonel. I have given my word that I will defend the cattlemen. They pay me with cattle—more than I think the army would pay me."

"Well, thanks, anyway. If you ever come to America to live, ask John Slaughter or Tom Jeffords to get in touch with me and we will have another visit. Possibly I can do something for you."

He swung up into his saddle with the confident ease of a born horseman. He reined his horse around and rode close to mine with out-stretched hand.

(The next time I heard of Colonel Roosevelt, he and his Rough Riders had charged up San Juan Hill in Cuba and won an important victory. That news brought on a twinge of regret that I hadn't ridden with him when he offered me the chance.)

Riding back up Juh's trail Taglito spotted six redshirts across the canyon leading two Yaqui prisoners. Then he pointed out ten Yaquis following the redshirts. The Yaquis outsmarted the redshirts, killed them and released the prisoners while we watched; then they headed toward one of Kelzel's rancherias. This gory incident had a backlash later on—Kelzel saw to that; he became a full-time headhunter. It it said the Apaches are cruel, but they are amateurs compared with the Yaquis.

Several mornings later Buck showed up in Pa-Gotzin-Kay. He showed me a letter from President Diaz saying he had allocated 2,500 *hectares* of rich land on the Rio Arres flats to Chief Kelzel tax free.

"Hum," said Tom, "trying to mollify the old headhunter, eh?"

"Yeah, but it won't work," snorted Buck, "according to Grey."

"I think the same as you do," I nodded. "They change their laws faster than you can say shoot."

"And Kelzel remembers the thousands of Yaqui ears nailed to the arch over Torres' gate."

We talked about the Basaranca powder factory and the days to come, hoping winter would bring its annual respite. Tom returned to Owl Head just before the first snowfall.

The following May, Buck sent a message asking me to ride to Chihuahua City with him where he had been summoned. En route we visited with Kelzel at his new rancheria on the Arros. He looked prosperous but was inwardly dissatisfied. He had been stabbed in the back by accepting Diaz' land offer.

We were almost jailed in Chihuahua City as Buck's summons was a ruse. Only his good standing with Colonel Greene of the American Cattlemen's Association saved us. On our return trip we were waylaid by a company of psuedo-*Rurales*, but we fought our way out of the ambush.

Back-Stabbers—1898-1899

MOTHER, Maria and I, along with Chee and Boa Juan, left for an urgent meeting at Rancho Verde. We had passed the vicinity of Basaranca when two shots rang out. The legs of my white stallion buckled and I went headlong into the trail ahead. There was a numbness in my left knee. The others dismounted and took cover. After a few more quick shots, the fight was over—and before I could do anything about it. Chee and Boa Juan had slain two bushwhackers. It turned out they were Torres' redshirts.

Maria and Mother helped me, and discovered the bullet which had killed my horse had first passed through my leg. With Maria and me riding double, we returned to the rancheria. Old Dee-O-Det patched me up and I was able to get around in a few days, but had pain in the leg for a month.

While I was laid up, however, Chief Jemez of our Tarahumare showed up at our camp with a complaint. He charged that Boa Juan had been a frequent visitor at his rancheria and now five of his maidens were pregnant. What was I going to do about that?

It was a serious charge against an Apache, and after calming Chief Jemez, I summoned Boa Juan. He denied nothing—his only excuse was that, being unmarried, he had become restless.

I gave him a tongue lashing, pointed out Apache laws about chastity to him—although he already knew them—and wound up giving him $400 in American paper currency and ordered him to take a month's residence at the redlight house in Sasabe and then to keep on going. I never saw that stalwart Apache again.

Following the fall roundup, Buck decided to throw a party regardless of all his many troubles. He sent a message, naming those of us who were invited: Mangas-Chee, Ealae, Kasale, Sanseny, Dee-O-Det, Mother, Maria and me. There was also to be a meeting of the ranchers.

The eight of us were welcomed by Buck and Anna and we joined the party of about fifty guests including Chief Kelzel and Colonel William Greene, Buck's uncle. Buck presented me with another white stallion to replace the one I had lost. Then Buck made an announcement:

Nino Cochise, 1952

"Ladies and gentlemen, join me in a toast to our guest of honor, Dee-O-Det, shaman of the Apaches who has helped many people to live. He is ninety-nine years old!"

The Burning Sky—1899-1900

BUCK GREEN gave another party and this time invited several hundred people. Buck felt expansive. He wanted to celebrate the coming of the new century. The party started the day before Christmas and broke up the day after New Year, 1900.

Tom Jeffords was there—one visitor who always thrilled my mother. Taglito accompanied us back to Pa-Gotzin-Kay, visited for a few days, said it was too cold, and returned to Owl Head.

The weather eventually warmed up and brought renewed rumblings of redflagger operations. Reliable sources said Terrazas and Torres had mobilized 1,500 men.

My call came and I took ten Apache and thirty Tarahumare warriors and rode hard for Rancho Verde. En route we passed the Basaranca powder works, and saw it was going full blast. The town was full of redshirt soldiers.

At Buck's I found Eugene. He had escaped from Basaranca and he reported the redshirts were preparing cannon to haul up the mountain trails to blast Pa-Gotzin-Kay off the earth. He also said he had shot Nakai for being a two-faced Mexican snake. Now he was leaving with his wife and small children to go to work in the Cananea copper mines.

Buck furnished him a wagon and a mounted escort for the trip to Cananea. They had been gone several hours when the escort galloped back. Eugene had left the wagon and fled into the hills, leaving his family to travel on.

Night came while we were organizing our forces and soon after dark the whole southern sky lighted up, followed by the rumble of thunder. The sky in the direction of Basaranca was burning.

The next morning, after leaving all but five of my men with Buck's forces, I returned home. En route, I saw without too much surprise that Basaranca was now just a black hole in the ground. And I suspected what later was confirmed, that Eugene had crept back in and had blown up the powder factory and himself with it.

Apache Anguish—1900-1902

AT THE rancheria I proceeded to make final disposition of my fighting force, including the hundred warriors of Chief Jemez, but another problem presented itself.

Maria was opposed to my going off to war without her. I finally talked her out of it—or so I thought—and rode off with fifteen of my Apaches, all that were not previously assigned to Buck's command.

After two hours of hard riding we dismounted at the designated position to protect the flanks of Kelzel's forces. We were just in time. A force of fifty redshirts were closing in on Kelzel's right, as he was engaged with a superior force to his front.

We managed to catch the fifty by surprise, but we soon had our hands full. Our deployment had brought redshirt reserves, who surrounded us on three sides. The battle roared, and out of the corner of my eye I saw a white horse with a rider coming full charge toward our rear.

A quick, direct look and I shouted, "Maria! Go back! Go back!"

Then before my horrified eyes Maria slid from her saddle. Her horse swerved, bolted and her foot was caught in the stirrup. I was off in an instant running toward her. Her foot pulled free and she collapsed face down on the rocky ground.

I dropped beside her, raised her head and shoulders. Blood was streaming from her breast. I heard the death rattle in her throat.

Everything seemed to go black. The anguish within me made me oblivious to all else.

I picked her up and held her in my arms. She was limp in death. What was I going to do? I did not know.

Then I felt something jerk my headband and I heard a gunshot close by, and the sound of a horse running. Through a blur I saw a redshirt on a fleeing horse.

I must have laid Maria down and grabbed up my rifle, for the next thing I was conscious of was the .44-40 bucked in my hands, and I saw the soldier tumble from his horse.

He was lying on his side, twisting, when I kicked him over on his back. I shoved the muzzle of the carbine under his chin and pulled the trigger. The gun exploded and so did his head.

One of my men brought my Barb and helped me mount and I carried the lifeless body of my Golden Bird back to Pa-Gotzin-Kay.

Mother and Dee-O-Det helped me bury her in the red earth of the sacred cave.

"O, Great Usen, keep her safe for all time to come."

I left with only one thought in mind—battle! I would get killed, and soon, but I would take a band of the hated redshirts with me to light the way out of this world of tears.

The ensuing war lasted nearly two weeks, and I got my fill of fighting. Our force of 500—mostly Indians—under the command of Buck Green, with Chief Kelzel, Doroteo Arango, Amman Tenney, and Chief Jemez as field commanders, completely routed 1,500 redshirts under Torres and Terrazas.

The news came that Porfirio Diaz had denounced all existing revolutionary forces as outlaws, and had appointed the dreaded Emilio Kosterlitzky to hunt them down.

Time dragged for me. One day in early winter of 1902, Colonel William C. Greene rode into our rancheria. I took him deer hunting and he talked me out of all the men I could spare to come work in his copper mine. He also wanted me—most of all!

He also informed Mother that Tom Jeffords was now working for him. I turned down his generous offer, but Mother was thrilled with thoughts of being near Taglito. As a diversion, Mother and I rode down to Rancho Verde for a visit. That was a mistake—it seemed—as Buck proceeded to talk me into going to Cananea and working for his uncle at the copper mine.

Cananea Copper—1903-1904

EVER SINCE the death of Maria, I had felt like a man lost, with people all around. This decision to go to Cananea could be a change for the better. Mother, Nadina and I loaded up three mules and saddled our horses. We rode into Cananea during a brilliant sunset.

Tom Jeffords and Bill Greene met us. They led us to a new six-room house. We were told to make ourselves to home and we did.

The next morning Colonel Greene took me to the company store and had me outfitted with a lot of fancy white man's clothes. But at the barbershop I balked. I refused to have my long hair cut—I settled for a bottle of perfumed hair oil and my first tub bath.

I went to work as the colonel's bodyguard. (Knowing his reputation, I realized he needed a guard.) I was his constant companion on twelve-hour shifts; the other twelve went to a man named Red Fox. I was supposed to be a gunman, a killer, and as an Apache, Greene said I gave him color and prestige.

One day he announced, "Get dolled up, Nino. You and I are going to New York."

We took the company train to Bisbee then caught the mainline train and stopped over at El Paso. Here the colonel had some mining stock certificates printed. Back on the train he told me he needed them to raise money to develop his copper mines.

We hit New York like a couple of wild mountain men blown in by a storm. But the colonel knew his way around, and I followed him.

He threw wild parties, and gay parties were thrown for him. I found out, among other things, how other people lived and about the weird foods they ate and the crazy liquors they drank.

Colonel Greene firmed up a group of prospective investors, hired a Pullman car, loaded it with everything including his investors, and we headed back west.

The mine and smelters were going full blast when we arrived and his guests departed leaving several million dollars in Bill Greene's bank account.

Months sped by and copper production boomed—and so did his spirit, and mine. It had to, just to keep up with him.

We made another successful trip to New York and when we returned I got a week off. Tom, Mother and I rode to Pa-Gotzin-Kay. Nadina did not come along as she had recently married a hoist operator named Frank Lavish.

We visited around the rancheria for a day, then packed up the old shaman and his *hodenten* and returned to Cananea. This was a new experience for him, but he took it in stride. I went back to work keeping an eye out around Colonel Greene.

One evening when I got home from work I found that old Dee-O-Det had disappeared.

The Red Earth—1905-1920

JANUARY, 1905, came and we had not heard from Dee-O-Det. We figured he had returned to Pa-Gotzin-Kay but I was getting worried. The old man sometimes did crazy things but I didn't think he was crazy enough, or strong enough, to ride that long trail in the dead of winter.

Colonel Greene gave me time off and I headed over the most obvious trail back to Pa-Gotzin-Kay. I wanted to find the shaman and see my people—I was fed up with white men!

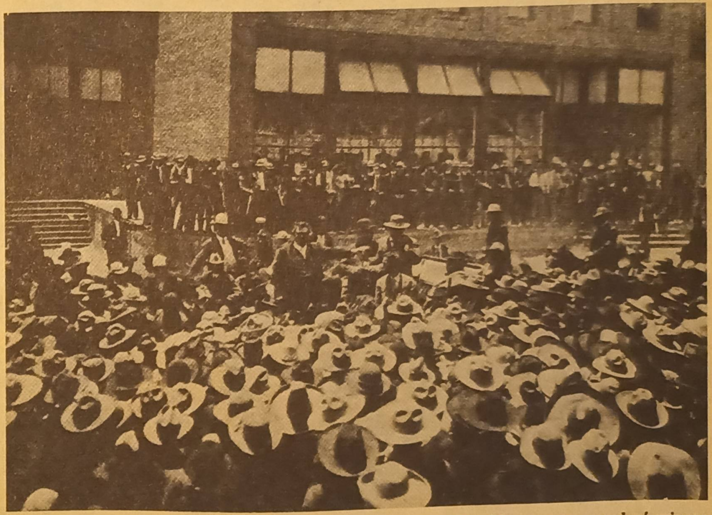
The first night out I camped in a madrona grove and sat by the fire, hungry, as I had forgotten to bring any food.

"Ha! So you came to think!" a voice said, and my old shaman, trail-worn and weary, came into the firelight.

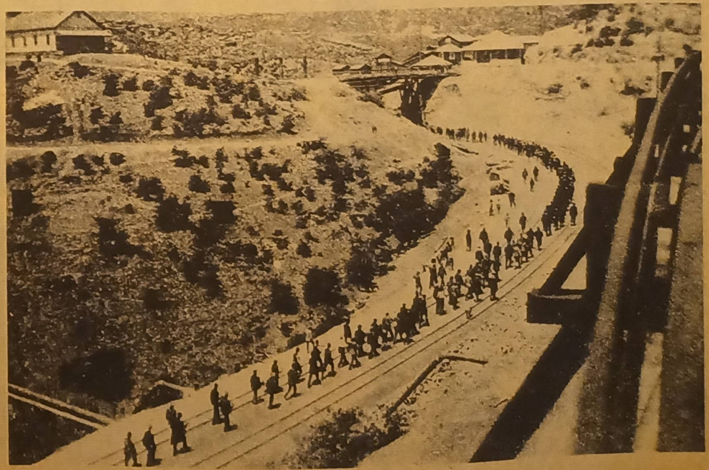
After I scolded him for going off like he did, we settled down to talk. He was on his return trip and had a camp nearby. He also had food and coffee, he said. He led the way to his camp.

The "food" was what was left over in an old oil can—Shaman's Soup! Knowing how he made his yearly "restorative" stew, my stomach rebelled, but I ate some. It was surprisingly good.

To make coffee we had first to empty the oil can. He had no other utensil, so it was a case of going hungry for breakfast, or spending the night without coffee. We chose the former, but the coffee turned out too vile to drink, so we lost out all around. We arrived back at Cananea the next evening tired and hungry.



Above, Colonel Greene, standing with outstretched hand, addresses a crowd of miners. Photo below shows miners marching up the railroad toward Cananea during the wage dispute.



One evening as I walked the colonel over to his house and was about to leave him, the train from Bisbee pulled in and eight strange men got off. We returned to the office and the colonel greeted them. They were a delegation of Wall Streeters who wanted to buy out my employer. He refused to sell, and they got violent. The only thing that prevented bloodshed was my presence—and my two sixguns. The callers left Cananea on the next train.

Things boomed along until August 15, 1907; it was a sultry day—in a full moon week. People were weary with the heat, and some were downright sick. It turned out we had a smallpox or "cowpox" epidemic on our hands.

Colonel Greene telegraphed to Bisbee and Douglas, and doctors and nurses hurried in. They got the epidemic stopped but not before several score of Indian miners died—they being the most susceptible. I took the disease, too; Nadina caught it and died; Mother and Dee-O-Det lived through it untouched.

One day in December an "inside" man told the colonel that many strangers were in town (Ronquillo) trying to talk the miners into striking for higher wages. This sounded like trouble.

And trouble came when a group of men marched on the headquarters building. Colonel Greene denounced them as "Wobblies" (I.W.W.) and refused to talk with them. The men left but returned armed. Somebody fired a shot and the ball started rolling.

"This is all part of a plot by those Wall Streeters to break me!" shouted the colonel. "Shoot the s—o—bs!"

That's what I was paid to do. A few shots into the air from me and Tom and Red Fox and the miners retreated.

A short time before, Bill Greene had bought a big automobile, a Locomobile touring car. The next morning he and I got into it for an inspection tour of the area. A newly formed crowd of strikers tried to stop us. The colonel barreled the big car right through them, knocking several down.

Naiche and wife

A man aimed a shotgun at the colonel, but I shot first. The man dropped dead and we kept on going. How we got out of that is still a bit hazy to me but we made it back to headquarters.

The colonel sent telegrams for help. About twenty of us were barricaded in headquarters and there we remained sixteen hours until a trainload of miners from Bisbee, led by Tom Rynning and his Arizona Rangers, came to our rescue.

At the height of the fighting Kosterlitzky and his *Rurales* arrived and charged in shooting. That was too much for the strikers. They dropped their weapons and fled. Over 400 men had been slain during two days and a night. Much property was destroyed. Everybody was a loser.

AFTER six months the colonel had things going again, partly because the world price of copper had risen. Then Tom Jeffords left to retire at his Owl Head ranch.

I saw my chance and took an extended leave to return to Pa-Gotzin-Kay. I took my family with me—Mother and Dee-O-Det. It was harvest time, 1908.

We were in no hurry riding home, and as we passed through the north barricade we saw that changes had been made in our absence. In the compound not many people were out to see us and only a few of them were Apaches. A family of Tarahumare had moved into Ticer's old wikiup. Mother's old wikiup was beginning to sag. My cabin was still the same, almost. Dee-O-Det's weird wikiup was untouched—the shaman's ceremonial ring of sacred stones were still there as no Indian dared cross them without permission.

Finally Mangas-Chee, now fat and dressed in white man's garb, came and cautiously greeted us. He did not offer to shake hands. He did, however, bring us up to date in a general way. And he was continuously stressing "me," "my," "I".

We stayed a month, then a message came through that Colonel Greene wanted me to come back to work. The shaman, Mother and I returned to Cananea. The colonel gave me Tom's old job at a raise in pay. He had set up a security police force. The mining operation was booming. The colonel had even got religion.

He kept pushing and pushing and even built a new railroad and experimented with open-pit mining. Again he was in the multi-millionaire class.

In the spring of 1911, Greene ordered his team of spirited Hambletonians (no more autos for him) to make a regular inspection tour. As he got into the surrey, something happened. The team suddenly bolted, and the colonel was thrown against a nearby powerpole and severely injured. We rushed him by train to the Bisbee hospital where he died three days later. Interment was in New York. His estate was estimated at $100,000,000.

His partners and big stockholders took over the mine, so I moved my family back to what was left of Pa-Gotzin-Kay. My old shaman, Dee-O-Det, had become very feeble and could no longer get around as he used to. One night he summoned me to his wikiup. He was in bed.

"My chief," he began, "it is time that I leave you and take my place with those who have gone to the Spirit World."

We talked for a while and I noticed his breath had become labored. He gasped again and died in my arms.

We buried him in the sacred cave and I called upon Usen to reserve a place of honor for this greatest of all council chiefs. My anguish was deep; Mother blackened her face and we went into a prolonged mourning period. We had lost one of our greatest men—to the best of my knowledge, he was 111 years old.

On February 14, 1912, Arizona became a state. Apaches were no longer considered savages, so Mother and I took an unescorted trip to Owl Head. We were visiting with Tom Jeffords—Mother's beloved Taglito—when he died on February 19, 1914. He was eighty-two.

After the funeral we returned to Pa-Gotzin-Kay. That was the year the big war broke out in Europe. I was forty years old then and had spanned the era from Cochise to Kaiser—and had little to show for it.

Mother and I moved down to Rancho Verde. Buck Green needed cattlemen; he made me range foreman. When America got into the war he needed me even more, besides the army wouldn't have me; they said I was too old and I'd have to have my hair cut the white man's way. (It still hangs down over my shoulders although it is no longer the Apache black that it used to be.)

One summer evening as we were sitting outside of the old wikiup in Pa-Gotzin-Kay, I noticed my mother's head droop forward.

"What is it, my mother?" I asked.

When she answered me in the faintest of voices, I moved over and put my arms around her shoulders—how thin they were!

"I see my old home back in the Dragoon Mountains—the Stronghold of the Great Chief—the Stronghold of The People."

Nod-Ah-Sti (Niome), my mother, went to Big Sleep there in Pa-Gotzin-Kay on August 22, 1920. She was seventy-two.

With her I buried my dreams of a land where what was left of The People could live the life they chose and choose it for themselves—with, perhaps, a little help from Usen.

Epilogue—1920-1965

I NEVER kept records although Tom Jeffords and Jim Ticer had often urged me to do so. They had also remarked that I had a good memory, so I relied on it.

I had never been recorded on a reservation so in the white man's view I was a "nameless one" and did not belong in history.

Shortly after mother's passing, Mangas-Chee, Kasale, Hiokee and I got together and held council. We were the last of the "Old Ones." We removed the balance of gold bars from the caves and carefully resealed it with rocks and earth. We then divided the gold into four equal parts and went our seperate ways.

Down through the years my mother and I and our shaman had accumulated many things and these things now presented a problem.

I got to thinking of Big Jim Grey; he was an old hand at moving trade goods both ways across the border. I looked him up; he was getting old but still in business. He said he could put an elephant through a chain-link fence if the price were right. With his motley crew of brush-apes we packed all my belongings at Pa-Gotzin-Kay and eventually unpacked and stored them in his old warehouse in the Camisillacabo Basin district of El Paso.

I mention here some of the many items we packed out of Pa-Gotzin-Kay: eleven bars of gold, the raw silver bowl made by Tom Jeffords, the oil portrait of my grandfather Chief Cochise, made posthumously under the supervision of Taglito, the Nakai-Ye thighbone used as a warclub by Ta-Ti-O-Tish and held sacred by Dee-O-Det, the Mexican silver-inlaid saddle given me by Uncle Naiche when I was twelve, the heavy silver saddle I had won as a prize at the turn-of-the-century party at Buck Green's Rancho Verde; hair of the mane and tail of my white stallion which had been shot out from under me near Chihuahua's old rancheria; two very rare white moleskin ceremonial robes, my two fancy buckskin ceremonial outfits, one complete heliograph outfit, two telescopes, a Sibley stove made of copper, an Apache-made basket full of jewelry; numerous cougar skins, puma skins, bear skins, deer skins, serapes and blankets; the sheath-knife I had used to kill Apla-Chi-Kit at Basaranca, the set of twin Colt .44-40 six-guns I carried while guarding Colonel Greene—plus an assortment of weapons accumulated by the clan at Pa-Gotzin-Kay—not to mention three mule-loads of weird objects pack-ratted by our old shaman during his long life.

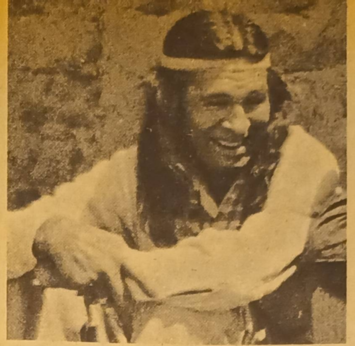


Photo by Mike Griffith

Late portrait of Nino Cochise

It was through my arrangement with Grey that I was easily able to dispose of my share of the gold bars. I received exactly $12,000 in U.S. paper currency for them; this along with the money Mother and I had already saved, gave me a net cash worth of slightly over $17,000.

The shifting climates of mood and age play their part in the lives of men. Big Jim Grey was accidently shot and killed by a sentry on duty in Chihuahua City. Buck Green got fed up with the constant strife and sold his Rancho Verde, and moved to Texas. Ammon Tenney had also given up in disgust, disposed of his property, and moved to Arizona. This was also the year, 1922, when John H. Slaughter died in his new home in Douglas.

Doroteo Arango, who had become famous as Pancho Villa, was shot and killed from ambush in Parral, Chihuahua, July 20, 1923.

Meanwhile, I'd roamed around Tombstone and Tucson, made a few friends, including Robert H. Forbes, who gave me much good advice. Not being gifted with foresight like Uncle Golthlay and my shaman, Dee-O-Det, I figured I should make a move. I proceeded to remove all my properties from the old warehouse and under my *nomdeguerre* of Ramon Rodriguez, stored them in Tucson.

With my money I journeyed to Hollywood, where I fell in with Leo Carrillo, the California-Mexican motion picture star. Then I shifted to Cherokee Monte Blue. This was in the Prohibition era—a law I delighted in breaking—and in a few years I found myself getting short on cash but long on experience. I decided to become an actor.

It seemed that I was always making mistakes. Sometimes I made the same mistake two, three, even four times before I caught on to the white man's ways.

AFTER several years of this I got restless, so I moved on. I got into divers misadventures—became a lumberjack, a cowboy, even an auto mechanic. I rode in parades. I got nowhere. I reclaimed my hoard of relics from my Pa-Gotzin-Kay past. I opened a museum in Phoenix and it failed; so I tried San Diego. Another failure. I bought a truck and operated in the northern states in the summers, the southern states in the winters. I broke even.

By the time the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor I had less than half my original horde of relics left, plus some things I'd traded for and about $300 in money. I put the relics into storage and went to work in defense plants in California. When the war ended I was laid off, but I had put on weight and had over $1,000 saved.

I had formed a friendship with Forrest Taylor, an ex-fighter pilot, and we bought four Stearman biplanes (war surplus). We went into the crop-dusting business in the state of Washington and we went broke. We had one plane left, however, so we hired another pilot, Bob Peters, and tried a new stunt to recoup.

This was in 1947 and I was seventy-three, but felt like thirty-three, when they persuaded me to learn to fly! A wild Apache of the old days would attract a lot of people and dollars! You live only once, they told me.

I learned to like flying. We made money, but had a break-up in partnership—too much liquor. With my share I bought a Swift monoplane and wrecked it on my first flight. I woke up in the Beacon Hill hospital minus my left leg and half my left hand.

After I recovered, I took a bus to Eureka and looked up an old museum operator named Carl Mathiesen. I got my relics out of storage and we went into business together. We eventually became dissatisfied and I offered to sell out to him for $50,000. He agreed and went to raise the money. It was during northern California's rainy season and while he was gone and I was taking a nap, a dam burst upriver. The Eel and the Mad flooded the area below. My hoard of relics was carried away in the waters, never to be recovered.

I returned to Hollywood, and tried to get the part of my grandfather in the movie entitled "Broken Arrow," but was turned down because I wasn't the type! As soon as I could, I took a bus to Tucson, back to the land of my birth—Arizona—where the skies are always blue. By then I was willing to settle for any piece of land near the Old Dragoons, with any old wikiup on it. What is the saying about a young man's fancies and an old man's memories?

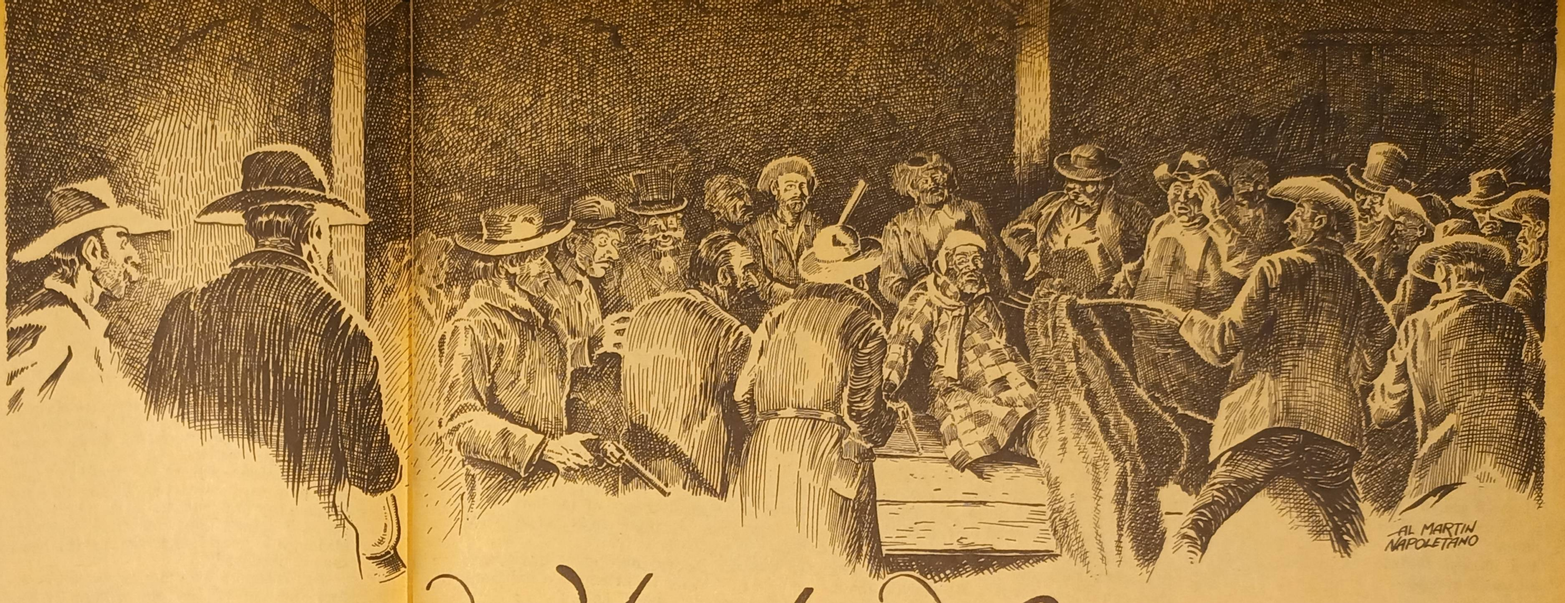
Recently my old friend, A Kinney Griffith, began urging me to write my life story. He said he'd help me, for if I didn't undertake it soon, I'd never make it. He was always, like Taglito, a *sympatico*, so I sat down to writing it. Now the Apache Moon is sinking beyond the Old Dragoons and I feel my age . . . *Enju!*

The WAKE of Whiskey Bill

Things weren't going good, but neither were they going bad, until an uninvited stranger showed up!

By WALT COBURN

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano



IF WHISKEY BILL had a last name he never told anybody, and nobody in Malta, Montana, ever took the trouble to ask him. After all, who cared about an old stumble-bum saloon swamper who did odd jobs, like shoveling snow off the sidewalks in winter or running errands for the girls at Big Casino's dance hall?

Most cowtowns all over the country had a town drunk, and for a number of years Whiskey Bill was the town drunk of Malta. He was a white-maned, white-whiskered, harmless character who mopped the saloon floors and sprinkled them with fresh sawdust and cleaned the big brass cuspidors, fetched in scuttles of coal to feed the pot-bellied stoves and carried out the ashes.

Whenever some cow outfit shipped beef from the Malta stockyards and rode into town to blow their hard-earned wages buying drinks for the house, the bartender on shift would give Whiskey Bill the nod to belly up to the mahogany.

Besides the dozen or more saloons where Whiskey Bill swamped out for free booze, he washed dishes at the Chinaman's Restaurant for free meals. He also swamped out Shorty's barber shop and the two back rooms, each furnished with a large bathtub. When cowpunchers came to town they bought new levis, shirts, underwear and sox at the Malta Mercantile, leaving their soiled clothing in a corner of the rooms where they had taken baths after getting a haircut and shave. Few cowpunchers ever took time to launder their dirty clothes, and save for natural hard use the discarded clothes left behind were almost as good as new after the dirt was scrubbed out. Thus Whiskey Bill, when he cleaned out the tubs and gathered up the discarded clothing, had a plentiful supply of work clothes.

Whiskey Bill lived in a one-room cabin constructed of old railway ties, in the alley behind the Last Chance Saloon, for free. Thus he was wont to brag that he lived the life of Riley. Free booze, free grub, free clothing, and no rent to pay on the abandoned cabin he had whitewashed inside and out, besides the tips he got from running errands for Big Casino and her girls. It beat herding sheep all to hell.

Time had been when Whiskey Bill had herded for every big sheep outfit in the country, until he got to boozing and no sheep outfit would hire him, and he was on the blacklist. Years of the solitary life as a sheepherder had a tendency to form peculiar habits. By nature a mild, quiet man, he had long since taken on the habits of a recluse. Let a camp tender drive up in his buckboard to get a list of needed supplies, the old fellow would avoid him by walking the other way around his band of grazing sheep, leaving a penciled grub list at his wagon or cabin. The camp tender, wise in the ways of sheepherders, would mark Whiskey Bill off as just another locoed sheepherder. So it was only natural that Whiskey Bill's added stigma of being a little weedy, as well as a drunkard, should follow the old man to town. Not that it mattered a tinker's dam one way or the other to the citizenry of Malta, and it is doubtful if the grizzled old swamper was aware of any range rumors or town gossip.

IT WAS during the Christmas holidays one winter when Whiskey Bill failed to show up to swamp the saloons. After the second day, the bartender at the Last Chance waded through the snow and found the old man dead in his bunk in the cold cabin. It was −25° outside.

Back at the saloon the bartender announced the death of Whiskey Bill to the customers lined up at the bar, and they drank a silent toast to the passing of the old swamper.

Ringbone Sam suggested they hold a wake. Ringbone was a bronc stomper, cowpuncher, tinhorn gambler, a rugged individualist, a natural-born leader, something of an opportunist, and quick on the uptake when happenstance offered.

Ringbone, so called because of a broken ankle that had resulted in a permanent slight limp, had come into Malta the day before with a check for three months' wages in his pocket, with the full intention of wintering his saddle. By hanging onto his bushy tail and not squandering his money buying drinks for the house or blowing it in Big Casino's dance hall, Ringbone told himself that he could hang and rattle till spring, living easy in town while the other cowhands of his acquaintance were holed up in a winter line camp shoveling hay to pore cattle, bucking snowdrifts in forty-below weather.

But when Ringbone had cashed his check he bought drinks for the house, then sat in a stud game in the back room of the Last Chance, dropped a month's pay in the shank of the evening, and wound up at Big Casino's. It wasn't the first time Ringbone had squandered his wages, so to hell with it. His credit was good in every saloon in town and after New Years he told himself he would head for the home ranch and spend the rest of the winter in a line camp.

The earthly remains of Whiskey Bill were gently placed in a pineboard box and lay in state in the back card room at Puck Powell's Last Chance Saloon. Through the afternoon and long past supper time the wake continued, with the citizens of Malta, cowpunchers and ranchers, sheepherders, railroaders and tinhorn gamblers, lined up at the bar for free drinks.

Whiskey Bill was dressed in a black broadcloth suit someone had given him long ago, with an old white linen shirt and black tie. With his snowy beard and hair, weathered waxen face, a faint smile on his lips and eyes closed in peaceful slumber, death had given the old codger a certain dignity that he had never possessed in life.

Puck Powell filled empty shot glasses and poured one for himself. "Ol' Bill had his faults," he said, "but he also had his good points. He was a kind, harmless, quiet man, and honest by nature. If he was inclined to drink too much at times, who amongst us has not over-indulged?"

"Too bad Bill ain't here to enjoy his own wake," Rock Tucker, the undertaker, said.

All drinks were on the house at the Last Chance Saloon during the hours of the cowboy wake. By tacit agreement among the other saloon keepers they were all to share the cost of the free booze. Aged-in-the-wood barrel whiskey in unlabeled bar bottles. Draft beer from kegs. Free lunches of pretzels and sliced cheese on the ends of each bar.

The drinking men drifted in and out of the Last Chance, and made the rounds of the others—Phil Castleberg's Annex Saloon, Cavanaugh's, Wash Lampkin's and Long Henry's.

THE COLD white sun ball was setting on Montana's rolling prairie by the time the roaming cowpunchers returned to Puck Powell's Last Chance Saloon where the wake was in full swing.

The pot-bellied stove that sat in a sandbox in the middle of the barroom was a dull cherry red. By the shank of the evening the temperature in the room was over-warm and layers of tobacco smoke wisped in the still air. The odor of stale whiskey and beer blended with the smoke, and from the open door of the back card room came the faint but unmistakable odor of death.

"Ol' Whiskey Bill's gettin' kinda ripe," Powell announced in a tone of mild complaint.

A short time later Rock Tucker made arrangements for the delivery wagon from the Malta Mercantile to transport the casket to a cooler place. He had chosen Ebaugh's empty wool house near the depot. The pineboard box was placed on two carpenter sawhorses, with a lighted lantern on the closed lid. Two men would "sit on the corpse." Actually they would sit in a couple of barroom chairs near the pot-bellied stove, the undertaker furnishing a couple of buffalo-hide laprobes.

When Rock Tucker asked for two volunteers for the lonely night's vigil, offering to pay ten dollars apiece, tall, gangling Ringbone, who had squandered all his money, promptly accepted, providing he was given a bottle of whiskey to keep the chill off.

"I'm your huckleberry, Rock," Ringbone said. "I got me a side-pardner lined up. Ol' Hambone. That big buck's busted flat and ten dollars will look like a million to him right now. So decorate the mahogany to the tune of twenty bucks, Rock."

"Get the job done," the undertaker replied amiably, "and I'll guarantee you and Hambone ten dollars each at sunrise tomorrow morning."

"I'll hold you to your word," Ringbone grinned at the bartender. "Hand over a quart of brave maker, and I'll be on my way to pick up Hambone."

Ringbone took his old racoon overcoat from the coat rack, shrugged into it and shoved the bottle into one of his pockets. He stomped out the door, his unbuckled overshoes making a faint metallic sound in the still cold night. The thermometer outside Cavanaugh's Saloon registered -25° when Ringbone shoved open the door and went in. He had no trouble spotting Hambone seated at a poker table playing a half-hearted game of solitaire.

A SOMEWHAT unique bond of comradeship had formed between Ringbone Sam and the good-natured Negro roundup cook, Hambone, dating back a dozen years or more when Hambone had hired out as cook to Ben Phillips' sheep and cattle ranch.

"I just made us ten bucks a piece," Ringbone said in a hearty voice. "Put on your coat and overshoes. Get set to pick up the easiest ten simoleons you ever earned in your life, just settin' on your tailbone."

"Doin' what?" Hambone asked with an edge of suspicion.

"Doin' nothin' but settin' in a chair workin' on this quart of likker I got in my pocket. You an' me are gonna set up with the corpse of Whiskey Bill, holdin' a two-man wake. Rattle your dewclaws, Hambone."

Reluctantly Hambone pulled on his coat and overshoes, and the two men headed for Ebaugh's wool shed about a quarter mile from the depot on a railway siding used by freight trains. Rock Tucker was there with the buffalo-hide laprobes and told them to go easy on the booze and stay there till sunrise. Then he took his departure, sliding the large door closed, leaving the two hired mourners to their lonely death watch.

When the fire was built in the stove, they pulled up two chairs, wrapped themselves in the robes, and pulled the cork on the bottle.

"We'll just set here," Ringbone said, "wrapped up like a couple of buck Injuns, smokin' and drinkin'. Bellied up to a hot stove, smokin' seegars and drinkin' good likker, gettin' paid ten bucks a piece, we never had it better in our misspent lives, feller."

When Hambone threw more coal in the stove, Ringbone warned him not to build no hell-roarin' fire, explaining they had to keep the corpse froze. "Rock Tucker said he wanted to keep the present state of rigor mortis of the corpus delicti," Sam elucidated. "That's undertaker's lingo."

When both men had taken long pulls at the bottle, lowering the contents considerably, Ringbone took two long cigars from the breast pocket of his coat and handed one to Hambone, with instructions to skin off the fancy wrapper. Then he related a humorous story about a drunk cowpuncher named Pecos, who worked for the Long X and was sort of ignorant and raised on handmade Bull Durham cigarettes. When he was given a tinfoil-wrapped cigar, Pecos smoked it halfway down without removing the foil and made the remark that the cigar was hell for looks but hard on a man's system.

As a rule any comical yarn was good for a hearty laugh from Hambone, but now the only result was a sickly, tight-lipped grin. Hambone kept darting wall-eyed, furtive glances at the pineboard box.

"You look kinda green around the gills," Ringbone said, looking at his death-watch pardner with mild concern.

"I ain't accustomed to settin' up with no dead people, Ringbone."

"What you need is a big shot of brave maker." Ringbone uncorked the bottle and shoved it into his pardner's red-mittened hand.

IT WAS some time and several drinks later when Ringbone Sam lifted the quart bottle against the glow of the lantern. With one eye squinted, he gauged what remained of the whiskey.

"About four good drinks left," he announced. "We shore need another quart to set on this corpse on a cold winter night. I'll tell you what, Hambone. You kin work on what's left in this bottle while I go get us another. I'll hit a lope goin' and comin' and you hold the fort till I get back."

Before any argument could be projected, Ringbone was gone.

Hambone took a couple of swallows from the bottle he clutched in both hands. He was experiencing an almost panicky sensation, known among drinking men as that dread bottom-of-the-barrel feeling. And a gradual awareness of the empty silence left by the garrulous Ringbone's departure seeped into his being like a sudden chill.

Beyond the edge of the lantern light, dark shadows lurked in far corners of the big empty wool shed. Sounds of gnawing and scampering pack rats were not reassuring. Swift-moving black streaks zigzagged in crazy darting maneuvers through the dim light before Hambone's bleared vision, close enough for him to hear the faint whispering noise.

"Bats!" Hambone was on his feet in a swift movement that kicked over the chair and cast off the buffalo robe. The empty bottle slid from his hand and crashed into splinters. Hambone made it to the closed door in nothing flat and ran out into the night, convinced that he was being attacked by a jillion creatures with needle-sharp teeth and hooked wings. He crossed the platform in flying leaps and dived head first into the deep-piled snowdrift.

A long freight train rounded the bend at the stockyards siding. The eerie wail of the locomotive whistle shattered the stillness of the winter night, sending its echoes across the snow-covered prairie. The white glare of the headlight shocked Hambone back to reality and he got slowly to his feet, brushing the snow off his face with mittened hands.

He quickly remembered the undertaker's warning that it was his and Ringbone Sam's job to night guard the remains of Whiskey Bill, and failure to do so would forfeit their ten dollars pay. Hambone told himself to get to hell back on the job before his pardner got back with more whiskey. But it was with great reluctance that he followed his floundering tracks back to Ebaugh's wool shed.

The line of boxcars of the long freight train barred his way, to give him a few minutes' reprieve before he entered that dread place with its atmosphere of death and haunts.

IT GAVE Hambone time to gather his scattered wits, get a tailhold on his superstitious fears and screw up his courage to the last notch. He'd wait outside the fearsome shed on the wide plank platform until he sighted Ringbone coming, then he'd duck inside. He nursed that consoling thought. He wasn't about to attempt to crawl over the couplings that held the long string of boxcars together. More than one man had been killed thataway, when the freight train unexpectedly started moving without a hint of warning. No sir, man. He had no notion at all of having both legs cut off by the grinding wheels on steel tracks. He was content to wait if it took all night.

After a while the long freight, with a loud metallic clanging of couplings, got slowly underway, and Hambone stood tracked until the red and green taillights of the caboose had gone by. Back at the shed he could see a ray of lantern light showing through the three-foot-wide opening of the sliding door.

"Leave us stay for a while," Hambone told himself, "here on the outside lookin' in."

Sober now, he squinted his eyes to peek inside the shed to see if all was well. It took him a moment to become aware that something was wrong. Splintered glass from the broken bottle glinted in the sandbox and he had no recollection of having dropped the bottle. The lantern, that had formerly rested on the pineboard casket, was now on the floor, and the buffalo laprobes were piled high on the lid of the coffin. Furthermore, protruding from underneath the laprobes, were the leather soles of a pair of shoes.

Hambone turned and fled, again plunging in headlong terror in a flying leap that landed him in the snowdrifts. Scampering to his feet, he ran down the railroad tracks in long-legged strides, headed straight for the welcome lighted windows of Phil Castleberg's Annex Saloon. Inside the saloon he stumbled to the bar and downed a quick drink of bar whiskey.

Ringbone Sam, who was standing at one end of the bar, stared in startled wonderment.

"What in hell's wrong with you, Hambone? You hurt or sick or somethin'?"

"Whiskey Bill!" Hambone blurted out, pale as ashes. "That locoed corpse thawed out and come alive."

"Give him another big shot of booze, Baldy," Ringbone told the night bartender. "My side pardner's seein' ghosts that ain't there."

It took a couple more drinks before Hambone was able to talk with any measure of coherence. Then his talk was disjointed. He said that a flock of bats had come at him, so he tore out of the shed and headed for town. Then he told about the freight train and how he decided to go back to the shed and wait for Ringbone. It was then that he discovered that Whiskey Bill, during his short absence, had come alive and crawled out of his box, wrapped himself in the laprobes and had gone to sleep on top of the coffin, putting the lighted lantern on the floor.

"Somethin's gone haywire," Ringbone Sam told the bartender. "Better get hold of Rock Tucker and the sheriff and round up a gatherment of men. If what this pardner of mine says is so, we'd better investigate."

"Sheriff Cosner and Judge Brockway's gone to Chinook to attend a Christmas lodge meetin'," Baldy said.

"Then I'll take charge," Ringbone announced a little pompously, "till Rock Tucker shows up. Shake a leg, Baldy. Send a man to get ol' Rock outa bed an' on the job."

IN LESS than no time a motley crowd was gathered in the Annex Saloon, including a few cowhands in various stages of intoxication, packing six-shooters. A couple of bewildered sheepherders, and two or three tinhorn gamblers; Whitey, day bartender at the Last Chance; Fatty Jones, camptender from the Phillips sheep outfit; the barnman from the livery stable; the blacksmith; Hard Luck Smith, jerkline freighter, and a couple of Cousin Jack miners from the Little Rockies made up the party. Some of them carried guns that ranged in caliber from small .22 target rifles to 12-gauge shotguns. The barnman was armed with a three-tined pitchfork, and one cowhand carried a ketch rope. The messenger, sent to Rock Tucker's place on the outskirts of town, had not yet returned and the undertaker had as yet failed to put in an appearance.

"Hell, we can't wait all night for ol' Rock," Ringbone announced to the crowd. "Let's be on our way, men." Then turning to Hambone, "The undertaker will be showin' up, and you better be on hand if you aim to collect that ten bucks. After all, it was you who started this eight ball rollin'. You better be there to tell it scary to ol' Rock when he starts askin' questions."

"Providin'," Hambone reluctantly agreed, "that you back me up."

"Hell, yes. We're pardners ain't we? I never let a friend down yet in a tight." Ringbone raised his voice. "Let's go, men! No tellin' what we'll find at Ebaugh's wool house. Ghosts and bats and what not. Foller me!"

Ringbone led the way along the railway tracks with Hambone at his heels and the rest of the crowd following. As

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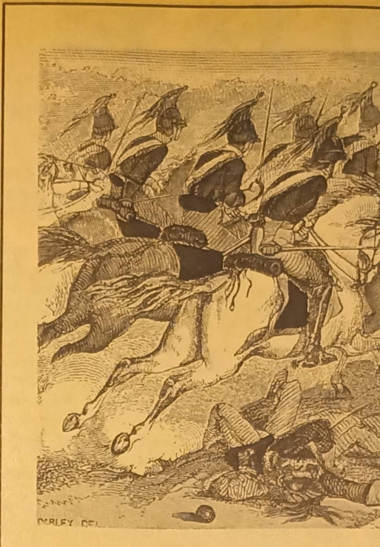
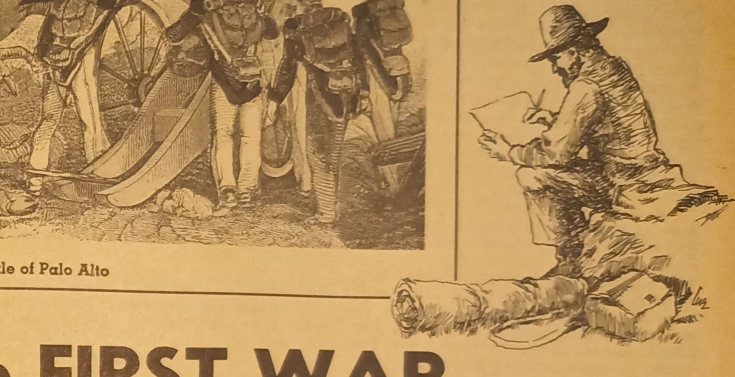


Battle of Palo Alto



The FIRST WAR CORRESPONDENT-1846

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier Times

ON THE memorial to Sir William Howard Russell in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral in London appears this inscription: "The First and Greatest of War Correspondents."

Like many other inscriptions in equally holy places, it is inaccurate historically, despite its almost universal acceptance by historians of journalistic enterprise. Though the courageous Englishman has valid claim to being the greatest of modern war correspondents, he was not the first of his profession.

The first war correspondent in the accepted sense of the phrase was George Wilkins Kendall, an American. His history is little known to the present generation of newspapermen. He was born in New Hampshire, attained fame as a New Orleans publisher and passed his last years on a Texas ranch in a county which now bears his name.

Kendall chronicled the events of the war of the United States with Mexico in 1846, fully eight years before Russell won fame as the correspondent for the *Times* in the Crimea. Except for a brief cable on the fall of Sebastopol, Russell sent his dispatches by the leisurely mails. Kendall, however, rushed his stories from the interior of Mexico to New Orleans and New York by the fastest horses, special boats and all of the wires that existed in the United States at the time.

Samuel Morse perfected the telegraph only a year and a half before Kendall went to Mexico with the first United States troops. When the commands of Gen. Zachary Taylor and Gen. Mariano Arista began the war with a clash at the Rio Grande, less than 1,200 miles of telegraph lines were in operation in the United States. These were almost entirely from Washington to the north and east.

Kendall was interested primarily in getting his dispatches to the New Orleans *Picayune*, of which he was co-founder. He also had to see that they reached the New York *Herald*, an allied paper, in record time. Achieving the latter was a race to the "end of the wire," the goal of every correspondent since. For Kendall, this was Washington. Tireless messengers raced his dispatches up the Mississippi and across the Allegheny Mountains to the capital. There they were telegraphed to New York and Boston.

WHEN the Mexican War began, Kendall already had thirty-seven years of unusual experience behind him. He was born at Mount Vernon, New Hampshire, in 1809. He learned the printing business at Burlington, Vermont, and then moved to Washington where he worked on both the *National Intelligencer* and the *National Telegraph*. He then turned to New York and worked on Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* until the epidemic of cholera in 1832.

When Kendall departed for the South, he went first to Mobile, where he worked for a year on the *Register*, and then went to New Orleans. In 1837, with Francis Lumsden, he founded the *Picayune*, so called because it sold for a picayune, the smallest coin in circulation in New Orleans at the time. The little paper was a success almost from the start and by 1841 its position was so secure that Kendall had the time and means to join a daring expedition of Texans going to New Mexico, then a Mexican province.

This expedition was the personal idea of Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, then president of the Republic of Texas. Outwardly, it was a goodwill trade excursion de-

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TREASURE RODE IN THE BOOT

By GEORGE THOMPSON

THE VALLEY of the Great Salt Lake lay blanketed with snow that December day in 1870 as the Salt Lake and Fort Benton Stage rounded the point of the mountain at Hot Springs. Although he was only twenty-two, George Witherill was considered one of the toughest drivers the Holladay Company had. But tough or not, Witherill was worried: the four men he had picked up at Ogden looked like trouble—bad trouble—and he was anxious to leave them at the end of his run in Corinne. It wasn't that he was afraid of a holdup—the stage wasn't carrying a strongbox this trip—but just the appearance of his passengers bothered him. They were well-dressed but didn't appear to be gamblers, and he noticed all four wore six-shooters under their coats.

It was nearly dark when the stage was hailed by a stranger in a wagon. Witherill stopped and one of the passengers got out; the newcomer stated he was a law officer and one of the passengers was his deputy. At gunpoint they forced the other passengers from the stage, ordered them onto the wagon, and drove off into the night.

Witherill continued to Brigham City, where he made a mail delivery, then went on to Corinne with the empty stage. After his arrival at the company barn, he remembered the passengers had left their baggage in the boot of the stage. The three arrested passengers had been particularly careful to load their belongings themselves just before the arrival of the fourth passenger, who hadn't carried any baggage. Due partly to the odd circumstances surrounding the passengers' arrest—and since Witherill wasn't above a little larceny himself—he went to examine the boot. He found a small locked trunk and a tightly rolled feedsack. As he unrolled the sack he was startled to find a fortune in paper money jammed tightly inside. Then he pried the trunk open and discovered it was filled with gold coin!

WITHERILL had carried many money shipments on the stage but this was more than he had ever seen before at one time. While his friend, Edward Neal, stock tender for the stage line, was still unhitching the team, Witherill hurriedly loaded the baggage into another wagon and drove off. Neal later recalled that Witherill drove eastward out of town, over the old pontoon bridge towards Calls Fort. The fort was no longer in use and Neal thought it odd that his friend had gone that way. Neal remembered that Witherill was away from the stable for almost two hours and had returned with an empty wagon. He also said that it had snowed during the entire time Witherill was gone.

On his return and while Neal and Witherill were unhitching the team, the two "lawmen" arrived and demanded the missing baggage. When Witherill denied having seen it, they threatened him. Only Neal's presence—both he and Witherill were armed—seemed to keep them from their guns. They told Witherill their victims had been desperados who had accumulated enough loot to travel east, where they had intended to buy farms and settle down. Witherill guessed the lawmen were probably outlaws themselves and continued to deny that he had seen any baggage. The two strangers began to argue and stomped out of the barn, warning Witherill not to try to leave town.

Although Witherill could take care of himself in a fight, he didn't want anything to do with men like these. He told Neal he was going to slip away before morning and promised to return and repay Neal for backing him against the toughs. Witherill rode east into Wyoming, then turned south toward Denver and got a job herding sheep. Before long he became friendly with E. E. Wright, who had a flock near his. Soon the two were stealing sheep from other outfits and selling them in Denver. Wright told Witherill about an old herder named S. K. Wall, who was something of a hermit. He never went to town and—according to stories—kept a large sum of money on his person. They decided to rob Wall and steal his sheep.

Hotel, restaurant and other buildings alongside U. P. track at Promontory, Utah, May 10, 1869.

Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad

SODA WATER
BAKERY
ECHO RESTAURANT
SUNNY SIDE

For fifteen years the driver of the stage knew where this fortune was buried—actually, fifteen years and a day. For the day after he was released from prison, a mob swung him high . . .

On September 18, 1871, they met Wall on the Dry Fork of Cherry Creek, about fifteen miles from Denver; while trying to take his money, Witherill shot and killed the old herder. He and Wright divided the money, a paltry $70.00, and Witherill pocketed a gold watch. Then they drove Wall's band of several hundred sheep to Denver and sold them. The two men spent some of the money on an all-night party, after which they rode eastward into Nebraska.

Several days later other herders who knew Wall began to search for him and eventually found his body hidden under some brush in a gully. Denver police located the missing sheep and the buyer identified Witherill and Wright as the sellers.

In late October, 1871, Witherill was arrested in Sidney, Nebraska, by Deputy Sheriff H. H. Tygart and was taken to the Evans City jail in Weld County, Colorado. His trial began in December, just one year after he had buried the mysterious loot near Corinne. Witherill had been carrying Wall's gold watch when he was captured, so the jury lost no time in finding him guilty. He began serving a life sentence in the Colorado penitentiary at Canon City on January 3, 1872.

WRIGHT was captured on November 18, at North Platte, Nebraska, by the same deputy, H. H. Tygart, and was returned to Colorado for trial. He denied taking part in Wall's murder and was charged only with the theft and sale of his sheep. While awaiting trial, Wright attempted to escape but was recaptured. He was tried in June, 1872, found guilty as charged, and sent to the Canon City penitentiary on June 18. Together in prison, Wright and Witherill began making plans to escape and after several attempts, Wright was successful. On September 19, 1873, he broke out—and managed to elude his pursuers for eight years. Finally captured in Maine, he was returned to Canon City in August, 1881. He completed his sentence and was released on July 21, 1884.

Witherill made an escape in May of 1874 and hid in the foothills for two weeks before being apprehended on June 10. On February 19, 1875, he attacked a guard but was caught before he could get over the walls. From that time on he was carefully watched and never was given another chance to break out. Year after year he paced the narrow confines of his cell, knowing where a fortune lay but doubting he could ever get to it. The thought of the buried loot must have eaten into his mind on many a sleepless night.

I. F. EVENS.
GROCERIES

Corrine, shortly after townsite was laid out in 1869

Photo Courtesy Author

Despairing at last of ever being released, Witherill wrote to Neal at Corinne, begging his old friend to help him get out of prison. In return, Witherill promised to share the hidden loot with him. Neal, married and with a family now, had neither the financial means to help Witherill legally nor the desire to take part in a prison break. He never answered the letter.

In the fall of 1884, as soon as he was released from Canon City, Wright made tracks for Corinne. Apparently Witherill had told him about the treasure, for he spent all his time trying to locate people who had known Witherill and who were familiar with the countryside when Witherill had been there. Day after day he was seen walking between Corinne and Calls Fort but what had once been open rangeland was now criss-crossed with fences. It seemed from the questions Wright asked that his search depended upon finding the old pontoon bridge Witherill had crossed as he'd left town that winter night. But no such bridge remained.

It had been the custom when Corinne was booming to build floating bridges of cottonwood logs chained together. Several of these bridges had once stretched across Bear River but they had been replaced by modern bridges or had rotted and washed away. After several months of trying to locate landmarks and directions, and with the first snow of winter falling, Wright left Corinne. He never returned; some old-timers claim he was killed in a fight over a card game in Nevada.

WITHERILL never had a chance to recover his treasure. Colorado prison records show that he received a pardon and was released in 1887. He went to the first gunshop he could find in Canon City and bought a six-shooter, then spent what little money he had left on whiskey in a back-street saloon. On his first day of freedom, after fifteen years in prison, he became involved in a drunken fight and killed two men. Before the city marshal could rescue him, he was seized by friends of the slain men and lynched from a porch rafter. The secret of the buried loot died with him.

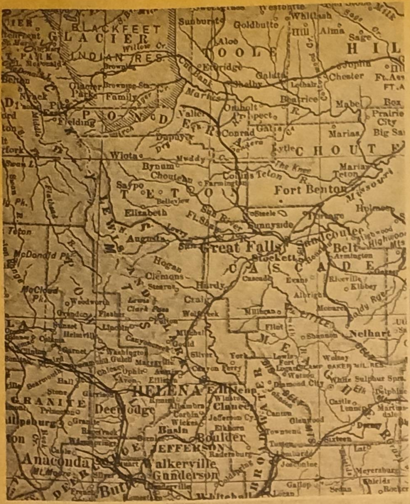
Meanwhile Corinne's boom was fading. Freighting—which was the town's reason for being—was dying. By the late 1880s, only 500 people remained. Recently, however, it has grown as a farming community and has become famous for the Golden Spike Monument, erected where the rails of East and West were joined.

Somewhere, only about an hour's drive by wagon from Corinne, Utah, a treasure waits to be found. Witherill was only out of town a couple of hours; he must have spent most of that time burying the money. He probably cached it near a prominent landmark—a large rock or tree—but the trees are gone now and farming has changed many of the natural formations. The pontoon bridges are gone and only a monument marks the site of Calls Fort. The old wagon road from Corinne to the fort lies beneath hay fields, crossed by barbed-wire fences.

As far as I can discern, this lost treasure has received little mention. Several old-timers recall hearing of Wright's search, however. There is no doubt about Witherill's employment in Corinne or of his involvements with the law afterward. Newspaper accounts and prison records verify the places, times, and dates I have given. But as far as I know, no attempt has been made to locate the treasure since Wright's unsuccessful try.

It might be a hard task but fortunes are being found—and with today's metal detectors, who knows? Consider what this treasure, in old currency and gold coin, would be worth on today's market. You'd better hurry, though, for you will probably find someone else there, patiently searching with a "doodlebug." If so, go on over and say hello anyway.

It might be me!



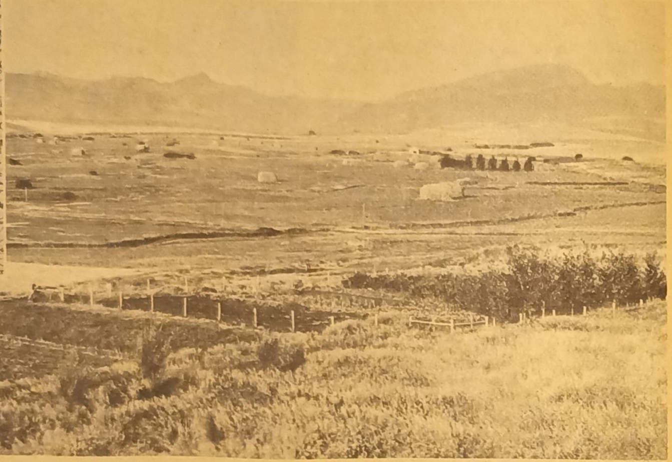
Coyotes, wolves and bushwhackers—no matter how wily—met their match in

MYSTERIOUS TRAPPER Billy Nay

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Sketch by BILL WITTLIFF



Courtesy Mrs. Florence Carmichael Patrick

J. H. Carmichael sheep ranch on Willow Creek against Lewis and Clark Range of the Rockies. No longer in existence, this was the largest one-owner sheep spread in north-central Montana.

BILLY NAY reached Sun River country between suns—and later departed between suns. A reputed outlaw wanted in several states, especially Idaho, he was the best coyote and wolf trapper ever to work in Montana. It may be he was the greatest of all who ever specialized in hunting those two predatory animals. He was their human counterpart, sly, cunning and prone to prey ruthlessly on his fellowmen.

Nay arrived in a spring wagon hooked to a team of fine horses. He brought with him a thirty-year-old woman, short of stature but handsome in an outdoorish-type way. He said she was his niece. For that lie he would pay later. Henry Cottle, who knew him well on Sun River watersheds, was convinced no blood relationship whatever existed between them.

A medium-sized man of fifty, Nay had black eyes, dark brown hair and came originally from old Mexico. Scarred by many gunshot wounds, he had received all but one in western states. He was a quarter or half-breed Mexican.

Before leaving his native country he had survived a bad gunfight in a town never named. In a *cantina* poker game one player had suddenly leaped to his feet, pulling his gun on Nay. The first bullet missed but a second had entered the left side of his face and come out through the right jaw, taking five teeth with it.

Despite the bloody wound, Nay had shot back. His antagonist had fallen dead from three chunks of lead. The deceased's relatives and friends had forced Nay to flee in a hurry, almost before receiving first aid.

He once showed Cottle a bullet scar through his left thigh, saying offhandedly that he'd gotten it from another poker player in Idaho not long after reaching the United States. At times he revealed other bullet wounds but never told how they came about.

Cottle, who first met Nay in the summer of 1916, had a cow camp near him from which he herded cattle in a two-mile radius. He said recently that Nay never talked of his past but readily discussed his current business and personal affairs. The woman with him seldom spoke more than two words when strangers were around. To Nay's friends she chattered away. Often helping to run the trap lines, she would stop to talk with Cottle.

When Nay arrived in the early summer of 1915, he built a two-story cabin of lumber, sixteen by eighteen feet. It occupied a spot on what is now called the "old Stoner place" and was well hidden in the remote wilderness some seventeen miles inside the Lewis and Clark Range of the towering Rocky Mountains.

The cabin's rear wall stood against a thickly timbered slope. Its upper story appears to have been more like a "half-story" or attic, in which food supplies were stored. A heavy front and rear door of rough boards offered instant escape from lawmen or strangers from either direction, nor was Nay there long before making good use of the rear exit.

COWTOWN Augusta pioneers even today relate awesome stories about the effectiveness of Nay's amazing animal bait scent. Only two men, Cottle and Charley Gottfried, ever saw him prepare it. It was from Gottfried, who with his brother operated a sawmill on Beaver Creek, that Nay obtained the rough lumber to build his makeshift cabin.

Nay chopped glands from male and female coyotes into small pieces as a starter of his fabulous bait scent. Tossed into a five-gallon can containing water, the mixture was set out in the hot sun to ferment. The putrefying mess drew no wild animals but did entice swarms of big black flies. It stank so bad that, according to those who got a whiff, it almost instantly gave a man a severe headache. When "ripe," Nay added an unknown ingredient to the contents of the stinking cans, after which the bait was allowed to simmer another couple of days. During this period not even flies were drawn to it. Indeed, for some curious reason, not one could then be found anywhere on the premises. Even more curiously, flies never touched it when it was used on trap sets.

Nay's bait was poured into jars, tightly sealed and stored upstairs. His method of use, when an abandoned badger hole wasn't handy, was to scrape a small hole in the ground and drop in one small piece of rotten gland tissue. Placing his set trap over the bait, Nay would sprinkle a few drops of liquid over it. His traps were covered lightly for concealment and ground-fastened with an iron picket pin attached to a short length of chain. The real attraction to coyotes and wolves was believed to come from the secret additive to his formula. It never failed to entice those animals from long distances, depending on the force of the wind.

Cottle saw it work often and recalls two specific instances. He and Nay were together on McCarthy Ridge near Hidden Valley one afternoon. Nay made an experimental set, and the men withdrew a hundred yards and sat down to await results. A strong wind blew.

A dog coyote appeared within fifteen minutes. Looking not at all alert for possible danger, the animal followed its twitching nose. The unwary coyote, which is unusual for that animal, rushed directly to the bait, pawed at the hidden trap, and got caught. Killing it with a club, Nay tossed the carcass aside, making no effort to conceal it. He then reset the trap. Half an hour later the trap claimed another coyote. Nay always used the same scented bait set for several catches at each spot.

In the second case, they were on Willow Creek, Cottle going along to watch one trap while Nay covered another. Within half an hour he caught a coyote. Two more were taken before noon.

While herding cattle on horseback Cottle often found one of Nay's traps with an animal in it. After killing the varmint, Cottle would reset the trap. By the time Nay came along running his line, invariably there would be another catch.

MYSTERIOUS NAY trapped coyotes and wolves only during the summer months. He did not sell furs but turned skins in for bounty, which was paid jointly by state and county. Nay caught so many during his first summer that Lewis and Clark County, in which his cabin was located, dropped its price to $2.50 for coyotes and $20.00 for wolves. The wolf bounty in the adjoining county of Cascade remained at $200. Naturally Nay took his wolf hides over there to collect, alleging they had actually been trapped in that county.

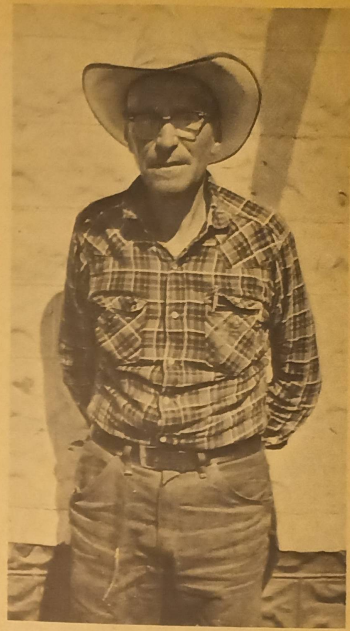
The sly man employed many tricks in his business. A most important one couldn't be proved until it was too late to grab him. He had an old partner in Idaho in a region where coyotes were very numerous. No bounty was paid in that almost unpopulated area. His partner, using Nay's bait, caught them by the hundreds. The hides were brought north to Nay who turned them in for bounty money.

But that wasn't how he handled all coyote skins by far. Under his cunning skill certain dark and hairy types were transformed into imitation wolf skins. They were then worth $200 instead of a measly $2.50.

Quite a number of men knew Nay as mere acquaintances, but there were five whom he considered friends—Cottle, Gottfried, R. B. (Bing) Wellman, Blondy Slater and Axel Swanson. Wellman, then a mere youth, is believed to be the only man who actually saw him at work creating wolf skins out of coyote hides.

Encountering Nay in a camp east of his main abode, Wellman found him blithely working on skins and says about it, "He was in an old log cabin near where Scoutana is now, on Buddy Cobb's Lazy AC Charolais ranch, probably staying there solely to change those hides."

He used animal brains to whiten the skins while stretching them to the average size of wolves. With some kind of dark liquid Nay brushed the long hairs above the thick short fur until they were black like a wolf's. For Montana timber wolves he grayed the hair with a paste made from coyote brains. When Nay finished reshaping the head scalp and ears, nobody could pick a phony from a



R. B. (Bing) Wellman, one of five men Billy Nay considered a friend. He saw the matchless trapper change coyote hides worth only $2.50 in bounty money, to wolf hides worth $200 in an adjoining county.

Site of Billy Nay's long vanished rough board cabin on the "Old Stoner" place from which he operated during the summers of 1915-1917. Heavy stand of timber permitted him to vanish when "required."

stack of real wolf hides. No wonder officials paying bounties were fooled for so long. They did get suspicious just before Nay fled the country, but had no actual proof until later.

"It was to this hidden cabin his Idaho partner delivered pack-horse loads of coyote skins," Wellman said. "I saw him only twice. He was a sinewy, slender man with long hair and a thick gray beard hanging below his chin. Indian-type moccasins on his feet, he walked like a cat. I would judge, he was past sixty years of age in 1916. If he spoke at all he limited himself to only necessary words spoken in a low voice.

"Billy never mentioned his name to me, but one day while we stood before the cabin watching him ride off he said, 'There goes an old codger wanted for the past thirty years. Lawmen were after him even before he rode with Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid. But he's smart. They got caught and he didn't!' "

Cottle believed Nay's consort was a foreigner, but not Spanish, for it wasn't in that language he sometimes heard them talking at length. When speaking English she had a decided accent, which was probably the reason she seldom spoke when strangers were present. Otherwise she talked unrestrainedly, and proved friendly to Nay's few cronies.

On one occasion she fried beefsteak from a fresh quarter presented them by Cottle, when Wellman dropped by late at night on his way out of the higher Rockies. She would also darn torn clothing, and once doctored Cottle's leg which was skinned in heavy brush while he was chasing a cranky cow critter.

Oddly, in light of his other illegal activities, Nay did not butcher or "slow elk" any cowman's beef. Indeed, he avoided approaching ranches when setting quick-catch traps. Staple food supplies were bought in Augusta at Mannix's general store. He hauled grub in by wagon twice a year, spring and fall.

ONLY ONCE during his stay in 1916, did he leave for a few months. Perhaps he was avoiding the harsh winter that year, or simply went visiting. He and his woman returned the next March by wagon, as they had departed. Nay never referred to his trip or where they had gone.

Wolfer and outfit

Huffman Photo

Nay rarely made more than ten sets of one trap each. He claimed that it was impossible to clear varmints from more than that number and stretch their skins each night. Even with that few traps he spent all the daylight hours hurrying from one to the other.

Unless trapping in an area being rapidly thinned, he did not let his sets remain overnight. He used something to kill the scent remaining on the ground. Cottle didn't know for certain what he used, but thought it asafetida.

Nay sometimes went to Augusta for relaxation but never took his woman along. In that cowtown people held to a self-imposed rule not to talk about other people. On each occasion he invariably got drunk. Late at night he would fork his horse for home in a run.

On open range or in mountain country, the approach of strangers sent him into instant hiding until he could discover their business. In town he also revealed evidence of ingrained caution. He first inspected everyone in a saloon or store before entering. His odd wariness attracted curiosity even where many people wore a name different to one they were born with.

Public interest in Nay increased after a forest ranger made an unexpected cabin call. The ranger led a packed horse and emerged from the timber almost on Nay's cabin. He observed a man streak inside, and having heard tales of this astoundingly successful trapper who was rapidly ridding the ranges of predatory animals, the ranger proposed looking him over. He wasn't suspicious; he merely wanted to see him.

On hailing the cabin, the woman appeared briefly. When Nay was asked for she replied that he "wasn't around." Thereafter she stood silent, listening politely to a one-sided conversation. Finally the ranger inveigled himself inside the cabin, on some excuse. She neither objected nor volunteered any information. In the ground-floor room there was no man and no place among the piled gear for one to hide. The ranger did discover the rear door, which, like the front one, could be barred with two heavy timbers which only a ram might break down.

Outside again he maneuvered his grazing pack horse around to the cabin's rear. From that position the ranger could examine a few feet of open ground from the back door to the timber. Impressed in the soft soil were widely spaced shoe tracks of a running man.

At that time the ranger considered the odd incident simply humorous. Maybe Nay, having spent his life in the wilderness, desired no human contacts. A good many men were that way.

Gradually, however, certainty developed that Nay, under aliases, was wanted in other states. This could have leaked out only through the man himself. But what lawman wanted him for, or where, has never been learned.

Stockmen in Lewis and Clark and Cascade Counties were very happy to get rid of dangerous varmints. When the first rumors were raised about Nay, they collectively hoped nothing would happen to the trapper before he completely cleaned the ranges. They bragged far and wide of his phenomenal bait which never failed.

Other trappers contacted Nay, after considerable difficulty, trying to buy his secret. A very eager one offered him $3,000. Repeated refusals did him little good with the profession, and lesser trappers grew more and more envious of his amazing methods.

NAY took a deep interest in Cottle who was born in Sun River country. He told the rancher much about his past yet always stopped short of revealing anything really damaging. For instance, he had six bank accounts in that many names. This he mentioned readily but never revealed where they were. Nay carried large sums of currency in a money belt at all times as though expecting to have need for it at any moment.

One fall day in 1916 Nay and Cottle went to Augusta together. The trapper got pretty well loaded and decided against going home. This was unusual for him.

The two men rented a hotel room, and before going to bed Nay removed a bulging money belt, deposited it on a chair next to his bed, and placed a .30 caliber Luger on top.

"I'd sure like to see somebody try taking that away from me," he announced to Cottle.

"That's a fine looking gun," the younger man replied amusedly. "Maybe I'll sneak out with it—and your money—while you're sleeping."

"That would be all right if you did," Nay answered seriously. "You can have either or both, or anything else I've got that you want." When Cottle awoke at daylight Nay had silently decamped.

Nay might seem quite generous but it was not a virtue he practiced. Soon after reaching Sun River country he mortgaged his wagon, team and harness for all he could get—and he never paid off. In fact, the horses and wagon were already "papered" to the hilt. Thereafter he bought saddles and good riding stock, and mortgaged them in turn. Shortly he would sell that property and rebuy for cash. Each embezzled purchase quickly went under a mortgage.

Soon after the hotel incident, Nay proposed that Cottle should trap near Cascade, and they would split the take. Wolves were particularly thick there. By then Cottle knew Nay to be very crooked in his dealings. Of course, Nay would have played square with Cottle because he liked him, but his huge number of bounty collections created considerable suspicion. Sooner or later the authorities were certain to catch on to his tricks, and the thought of himself behind steel bars didn't appeal to Cottle at all. Regretfully he declined to engage in a joint venture knowing the sure-fire bait scent would pay big dividends.

Nay then acquired a more gullible partner. This man cleared $4,000 as his share during the first eight weeks of their operation.

Almost unbelievable stories about Nay began to spread. This notoriety nearly got him caught by men who were likely seeking personal revenge. Augusta citizens were satisfied that they were not lawmen or private detectives. There were three of them, appearing weeks and months apart. Each was packing a six-gun and each was a gent of dubious character. They listened with big ears to talk about trapper Nay. His description caused their eyes to freeze into glacial ice. Each in his turn bought a few supplies and rode out after dark.

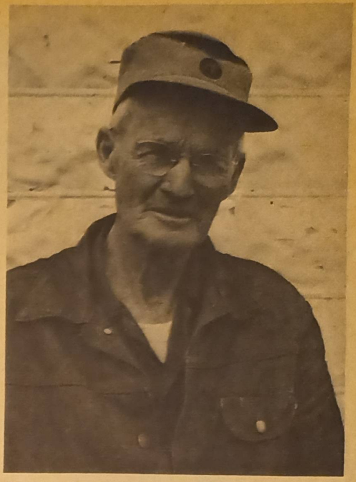
None of them was ever seen again. Nay could be a very hard man to catch up with when he didn't want to be. People supposed each manhunter finally tired of trying, and perhaps rode on south for the Dearborn River Crossing en route to Helena. Nor was it believed they were over-anxious to risk coming up with Nay face to face, preferring to do a bushwhacking job. Nay was credited with the ability to drive nails with bullets from his Luger. Even over considerable yardage he could smash a target each time.

It was supposed each man departed alive until the discovery of a large male skeleton a few years ago. Maybe the manhunters did come up with Nay, or were spotted from hiding by him. It could be that they never got a chance to ride on, finding eternal sleep in secret places. A few rangemen think it was one of their bony remains found on Beaver Creek. Nothing was found in the hole from which the body washed to establish identification, but no local man had been missing long enough to be the one found.

THAT NAY was more wily than the varmints he sought, local law officers learned by experience. When other trappers claimed that Sun River and all its forks were completely trapped out, questions were raised as to where Nay was finding such a plentiful supply. Too, some doubts arose concerning "doctored wolf" hides, but again no proof was available. At various times skilled trackers and trailers attempted to follow Nay in an effort to learn just what went on. None of their attempts ever succeeded. Obviously he knew when men lay in hiding near his cabin to follow him. Less seen than a ghost, he simply vanished. Locating his tracks elsewhere proved equally fruitless. Nay appeared to realize it by extra-sensory perception, and immediately disappeared. Finally in helpless disgust, would-be shadowers gave up.

During three summers Nay collected an estimated $50,000 in bounty money. He still produced when there weren't supposed to be any coyotes or wolves left. His efficiency deprived the common variety of local trappers of their winter grubstakes. This had been a meager source of income for them for years, although they did little to keep down the increase of stock-killing animals.

Stockmen continued to applaud his spectacular catches, but others, biding their time, proposed getting rid of Nay one way or another.



Henry Cottle, as a youthful cow herder, knew mysterious Billy Nay better than any man in Augusta country. He relates several instances of how quickly Nay's marvelous animal scent could trap predators.

Meanwhile he continued bringing in skins. It was true there did remain a passel of shrewd old varmints only an expert like Nay could capture. Ranchers knew a pack of wolves still infested Cutrock country against the mighty Rockies' escarpment. Nay moved in there for only three days. During that brief period he caught twenty-two, erasing the wild pack completely. Range riders saw him skinning them out and swore to it.

There were also coyotes left on timber-lined Ford, Elk, Straight and Blubber Creeks. When his sawmill business slacked off, Gottfried helped Nay trap them. They went onto those brushy streams and took 128 coyotes. How many hides in this batch were changed into wolf skins is unknown, but at least those two last catches were difinitely *bona fide*.

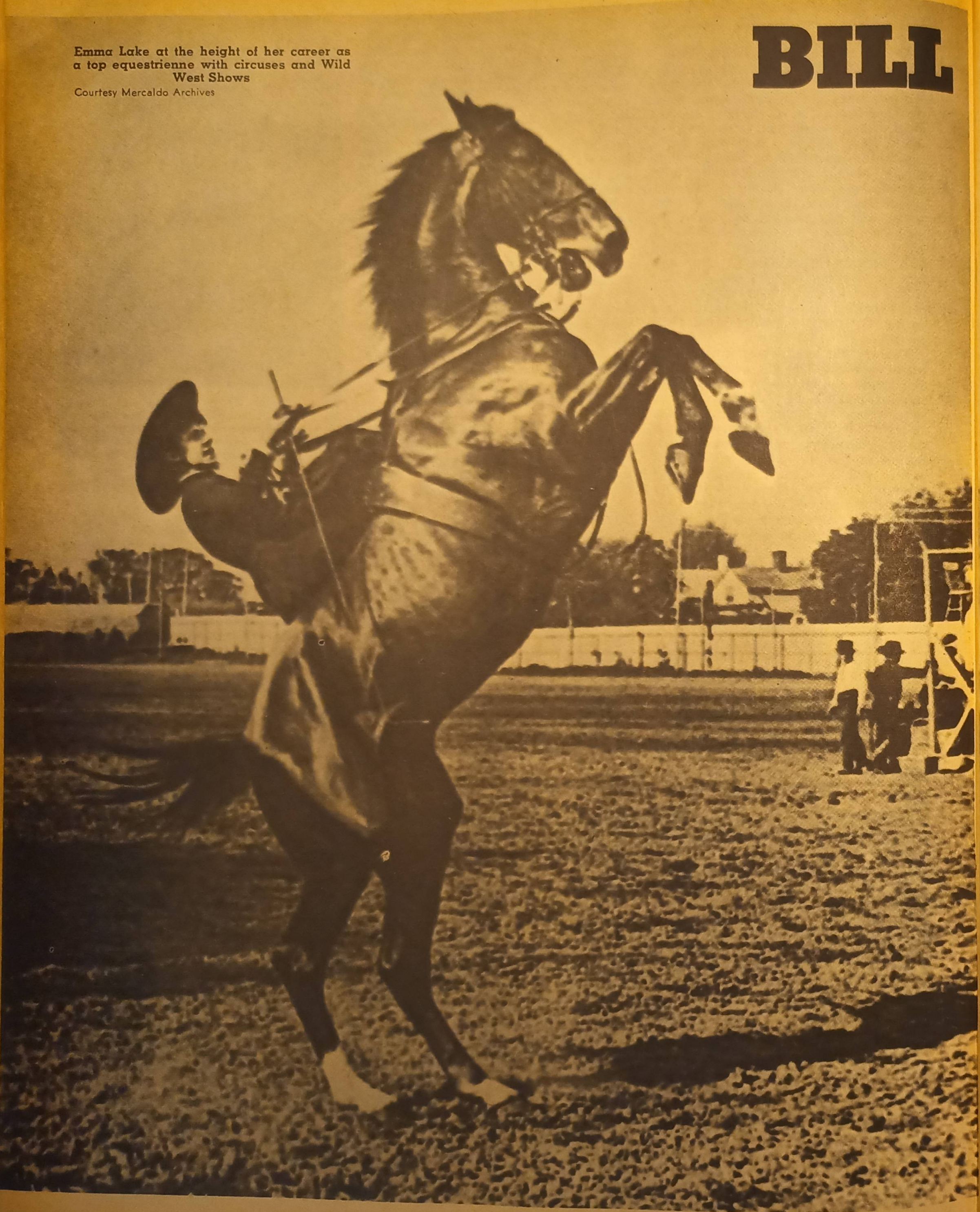
BANKS holding delinquent mortgages on property already disposed of began swearing out warrants for Nay. It was time the mysterious trapper should be moving on, but apparently he didn't realize it soon enough.

Men other than officers snooped around his cabin, too. Maybe they were bent on trying to steal his matchless bait scent. During one of his absences two skulkers appeared in the dusk. They began furtively inspecting Nay's cans of simmering bait. This batch was then at its most stinking stage. They didn't get far in whatever monkey business was planned before the front door opened wide. On the threshold stood Nay's woman holding a Winchester rifle at ready. As they started running away, she demonstrated her expert markmanship by putting a few bullets near their feet to hurry them on.

That Nay could get his Luger out in

(Continued on page 62)

Cutrock Mountain, where Billy Nay caught twenty-two wolves in three days with his magic bait scent. Lewis and Clark County paid only $20 bounty so he bootlegged his catches into Cascade County where the bounty paid was $200.

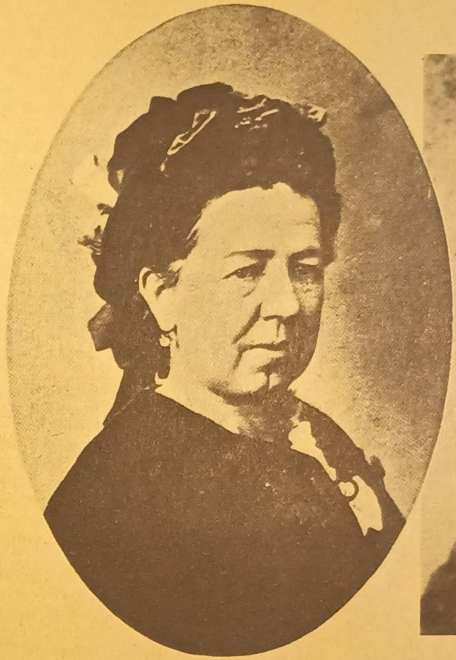


Emma Lake at the height of her career as a top equestrienne with circuses and Wild West Shows

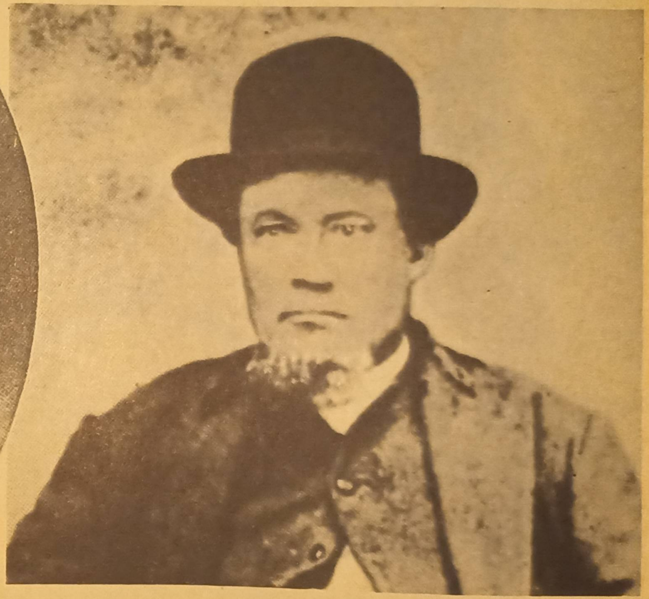
Courtesy Mercaldo Archives

BILL HICKOK'S GIRL on the *FLYING TRAPEZE*

By WILLIAM B. SECREST



Courtesy New York Public Library



Author's Collection

Left, Mrs. Agnes Lake Thatcher Hickok, wife of Wild Bill. William Lake, above, was her first husband.

"HEY, RUBE!" The fabled battle cry of the old-time circus shows rang out over the din of hundreds of stampeding people that summer night in Jacksonville, Texas, in 1873.

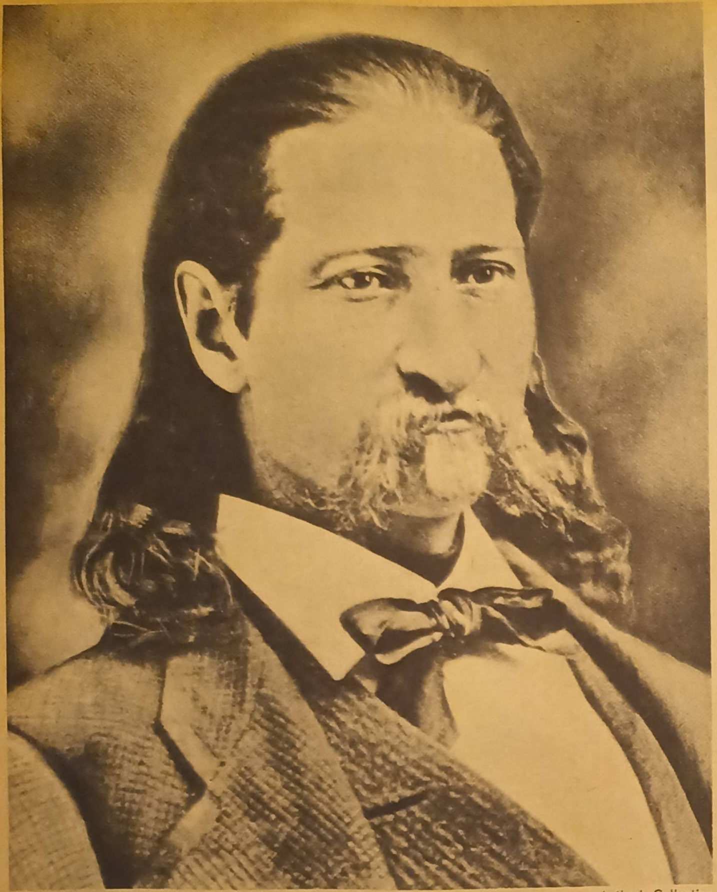
Spectators cleared the main tent and scampered wildly toward town or the safety of their buggies, as the circus roustabouts and performers appeared at the tent's main entrance. Angered at the breaking up of their acts by a brawl inside, the show people spilled out of the canvas arena, rifles, pistols and tent stakes clutched in their hands. A group of about forty local bullies and troublemakers, who had been trying all day to break up the show, stood between the tent and the railroad tracks with pistols ready.

The troublemakers charged the tent and its defenders, but the first volley of the circus men stopped them in their tracks. When the performers sent another volley at them, the toughs broke and ran, leaving the field littered with a dozen dead and wounded. Furious acrobats, equestrians, clowns and hostlers pursued the cowed badmen, dragging them from the barns and alleys in which they sought refuge. When no more opponents could be found, circus men were picketed around town until the show could be safely loaded on the train. At the last moment the pickets were removed and the circus moved out of town under the cover of darkness. Some toughs tried to saw the braces on a railroad trestle just out of town but they started too late and the train passed safely. (A week later, however, a freight wasn't quite so lucky.)

Such occurrances were not infrequent in those wild, early days of the circus; performers often were picked for their abilities with a gun or tent stake as well as their skill in the arena. The old John Robinson show used to stack rifles in front of the tent entrance and had their performers and hostlers carry holstered pistols to impress a town's tough element. The era just after the Civil War encompassed the brawling, pioneer days of the circus in America. In the 1870's such towering figures as Robinson, Forepaugh, Barnum, Sells and Bailey emerged—names which left an indelible impression on the history and literature of America.

That a woman could own and manage a circus in the mid-nineteenth century is something of a marvel in itself. Yet a woman did. She was a shadowy figure;

Her life was studded with high adventure and deep tragedy—history would settle for nothing less



Author's Collection

One of the last photos made of Wild Bill Hickok, Agnes Lake's second husband. It was in old Cheyenne, shown below, at the time of the Black Hills gold rush, that Madame Lake and Hickok met again and decided to start a new life together.

Photo Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

you won't find chapters devoted to her in the circus books. In fact, you would be hard pressed to find references to her at all. Her story must be pieced together from brittle old newspapers and time-yellowed posters and from the stories passed down by her contemporaries. But despite the gaps and question marks, hers is a story that deserves to be told.

AGNES MERSMAN was born in Alsatia and brought to this country in 1829 when she was three years old. Reared by strict, religious parents and given a parochial education, there was little about this young woman to indicate she would reach the heights of success in a profession shunned by most ladies.

Then one afternoon: "Hi there, little lady. You mind you don't fall out of that swing."

The young man spoke with an infectuous smile, the sort of smile that demands a pleasant answer. But the young girl swinging in the white-picketed yard of her parents' home merely smiled, too startled at his boldness and too embarrassed to reply.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue? Or are you afraid your daddy will catch you talking to a stranger?" He was still smiling broadly and the creases at his eyes showed that he laughed easily and often.

"I'm not afraid of anything," she replied and a trace of smile revealed itself as she asked, "Been to see the show?"

"Why, little lady," rejoined the stranger, "I am the show. I'm Bill Lake, star clown of the Robinson and Eldred Circus, and I just happen to have some passes here for you and your family."

That was summer, 1842, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Though it was their first meeting, the young couple's eyes met in interest and understanding. Somehow they knew they were destined to go through life together.

The traveling life of the circus left Bill Lake little time for a proper courtship, however. Of necessity he swept sixteen-year-old Agnes off her feet in a whirlwind romance and she agreed to marry him. The main obstacle was her age; since they could find no one in Cincinnati to marry them, Agnes finally consented to elope to St. Louis and be married there. She would not go on the same boat with Lake, but a week after the show had left town she booked passage on the *White Cloud*, an Ohio River boat.

To their great disappointment, they found they couldn't legally be married in Missouri either. In New Orleans they ran into the same problem again, but a sympathetic judge told them to ride to nearby Lafayette, where a certain Judge Raynell would undoubtedly marry them. The next day the happy couple were pronounced man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Lake Thatcher. (Lake had dropped the use of his last name for show purposes some years before.)

Agnes Mersman was an excellent equestrienne even before her marriage and in a very short time she was taking an active part in every performance. Not satisfied with bareback riding, she began practicing wire-walking and it was on the wire that she gained her reputation as a performer.

Later that year, Bill Lake and his partner, Nick Saunders, joined the Rich Circus for a tour of Mexico, leaving their wives in New Orleans.

Hearing nothing from her husband after his departure for Mexico, Agnes soon found herself in dire financial straits. Finally she met a Mrs. Kent, who secured a position for her with the Wallack Company which was staging "Hamlet" in the city.

Rich's Circus was confiscated by the Mexicans and Lake and his partner barely escaped with their lives. The two men finally made it back home with little more than the shirts on their backs. Lake returned from Mexico just as Agnes was closing her engagement, and together they looked for circus employment. When nothing presented itself, they decided to return to Cincinnati in spite of the bitterness of Agnes' parents. Lake's personality soon won them over and he left Agnes at home while he toured with the Sam Stickney Circus as a clown.

The following year the Lakes joined the reorganized Rich Circus, Agnes performing on the slack wire and Lake working as a clown with a troup of performing dogs. After two seasons with the Rich show, they joined the Spalding and Rodgers Circus for eleven of the most colorful years of their lives.

SPALDING AND RODGERS had built a magnificent "Floating Palace" in Cincinnati to house their circus. Besides a stage, the Palace had a 42-foot-circus ring and a seating capacity of over 2,500. Beautiful chandeliers and rich decorations accented its glamor. A pit was provided for the orchestra, and the animals and horses were kept on the deck of the two tow steamers. The fact that the Palace was a towed barge was a safety feature, as boiler explosions on riverboats were fairly common in those days.

Agnes and Bill Lake were featured performers at the opening of the Palace at Pittsburgh in March, 1852. Afterward the show played up and down the Mississippi and its tributaries all year 'round.

On the Palace Agnes gained her reputation as a great wire performer. Her principal act involved pushing a wheelbarrow up a tight wire stretched between the ground and a forty-foot vertical pole. Agnes also developed an animal act and was one of the first women in the world to enter a cage with wild animals. Her acts were so startling that in the latter part of her career with Spalding and Rodgers she appeared in the ring six times a day.

In 1853 the Floating Palace ventured out into the Gulf of Mexico, showing at various ports in Alabama. On its return from the tour, it was caught in the historic Gulf storm, and only heroic efforts by the tow-boat captains kept her from swamping. The Palace continued to show along the Mississippi until traffic was halted by the Civil War.

The Lakes left the Spalding and Rodgers show in 1860 and the next year Bill Lake formed a partnership with the great John Robinson Show. Robinson was the premier showman of them all; and if there was anything Lake didn't know about the circus business he soon learned it. In 1863 he formed his own show, the William Lake Circus, and from that time until his death he was one of the best known circus owners in the country.

During her last season with the Robinson and Lake Show, Madam Lake, as she was now known, adapted Lord Byron's character of "Mazeppa" to the circus ring. This was one of the first dramatic productions ever seen in a circus and it was hailed everywhere as one of the most difficult to perform. As Mazeppa, Agnes Lake was seized and strapped on a "wild horse's" back, giving a very realistic interpretation of the famous scene.

During the winter of 1863, she toured Europe in her Mazeppa role, appearing before the King of Prussia. She returned in the spring in time to open with her husband's new show.

Despite the war, the 1860s were happy years for the Lake family and their circus was very successful. Agnes had given birth to a daughter, Emma, in 1855, and the joys of raising a young daughter and guiding a successful show were all the two performers could have asked from life. Emma could almost claim she was born on horseback, so it was only natural that she, too, should become a skilled equestrienne at an early age. Later she would also perform before kings and queens and become a world-noted entertainer.

In Granby, Missouri, in August of 1869, Bill Lake was standing in his customary spot at the front entrance during the performance. As his eyes wandered over the audience, he noticed an ugly, one-eyed fellow whose boorish behavior prophesied trouble. Making his way over to the man, Lake faced him squarely and said, "Hey you! The show is over and if you want to stay for the concert, you'll have to get another ticket."

"Ef I want to stay fer yer stinkin' concert, I'll stay." The bully spat a wad of tobacco at Lake's feet.

Lake dug his heels into the ground. "You can walk out," he said, "or be carried out—take your choice."

The one-eyed fellow took another pull on his bottle, glared at several bystanders and then stalked out. Lake returned to his place at the front entrance. You could expect a few tough nuts in these frontier communities, he mused, but if you let one rube put something over on you, you could expect all his friends to follow suit.

He remained there for awhile, talking to some acquaintances, none of whom noticed the savage-looking, one-eyed man returning to the tent. Before anyone spied him, the tough placed a pistol muzzle against Lake's heart and fired. Bystanders were too shocked to grab the fleeing murderer.

When Lake was buried the next day by the local Odd Fellows Lodge, the killer still had not been apprehended. It wasn't until after the circus had left town that he surrendered to authorities.

These were hard times and a bad element was in control in Newton County. Witnesses for the prosecution were scattered far and wide, while defense witnesses were readily available. The killer's friends testified that he had a good local reputation despite his missing eye, which

When Hickok rode into the wild gold camp of Deadwood, he somehow knew that he would never leave the town alive.

Author's Collection

DENVER GROCERY STORE

Author's Collection

Four generations of the Lake Family: Emma Robinson; Daisy Robinson; Baby Emma and Agnes Lake.

had been shot out by a thief during the War.

Although it was cold-blooded murder, the killer was sentenced to three years and ten months in the state prison, a sad commentary on Missouri justice at that time.

AGNES LAKE, overcome with grief, pulled herself together. After the funeral, she told the assistant manager to gather all of the employees in front of the main tent and at the appointed time she climbed on the high seat of the bandwagon.

"Mr. Lake is dead," she told them, "and in the future I intend to run the Lake Circus. If any of you think me incapable, all I ask of you is that you give me two weeks' notice before quitting so that I can try to fill your place. I am determined to keep this show on the road—and I shall succeed."

Not one of the performers gave notice and Mrs. Lake broke down and wept at this indication of their loyalty.

Agnes Lake finished out the season, apparently with success, and continued managing the show in 1870. For her 1871 tour, the widow chose Kansas and points west. Lake's Hippo-Olympiad and Mammoth Circus was a premier attraction in the mushrooming frontier towns and enthusiastic crowds flocked to every performance. Besides featuring a grand street parade, the Lake circus initiated a balloon ascent every afternoon preceeding the show. Kansas editors, responding to Mrs. Lake's large ads, gave her circus generous write-ups in their newspapers.

By the early 1870s, railroads were criss-crossing the western landscape, so Madam Lake chartered a special train for her tour of 1871, cutting travel time and making life easier for her employees. This new method of travel also made possible increased numbers of appearances in one season.

On July 31, 1871, the Lake circus was in Abilene, Kansas, for a one-day showing, and was scheduled to appear in Topeka the following day. The marshal of Abilene was one of the most famous men in the country, Wild Bill Hickok. Abilene was the principal market for Texas cattle and July was the height of the cattle-shipping season. Hickok and his deputies had their hands full keeping the Texas trail drivers under control.

It was inevitable that the marshal should show up on the circus grounds, where he was introduced to Mrs. Lake. It was just as inevitable that the widow should be strongly attracted to the famous frontiersman. It isn't clear how much time they spent together, since the circus was in town for just one day and Agnes was kept busy running the show. Maybe the marshal found a trip to Topeka necessary—in the line of duty, of course. It is clear, however, that their acquaintance was something more than platonic.

Perhaps if Mrs. Lake had spent more time in town, she would have been a little more restrained in her acceptance of the marshal's interest. Bill Hickok was neither gun- nor girl-shy and in Abilene women were practically standing in line for his attentions. During part of his stint as marshal he lived with a woman in a cottage on the outskirts and there is enough evidence to suggest that he also had an affair with a waitress. Mattie Silks, one of the local madams, claimed to have been on friendly terms with Hickok, and according to rumor he had excellent credit among the demimonde. A friend of Bill, Charles Gross, claimed that he was present when Hickok paid a redhead to get on the train and leave him alone. Evidently women had no more chance against Bill's charm than badmen had against his guns; Agnes Lake left Abilene with a familiar light in her eyes.

JUST HOW seriously Hickok took his new liaison is not known. The widow was infatuated with the handsome marshal but whether it was love or merely the desire to have a man to lean on is pure speculation. She was strong-willed and was used to having her way and she didn't give up on Hickok because she had to leave town with her show. Gross, who clerked at an Abilene hotel, said in later years that Mrs. Lake wrote a great many letters to Hickok and that the marshal finally had to tell her he was already married to get her to leave him alone.

At the end of the 1872 season, Madam Lake decided to give up her show and take life a little easier. She was now forty-four years old and strenuous circus performances no longer brought her the thrills and exhilaration they once had. She disposed of her show at a private sale in 1873, having amassed a considerable fortune.

She continued to guide her daughter's career, however. Agnes and Emma traveled with the John Robinson Circus during the season of 1874 and 1875 and Agnes was no doubt pleased when the girl eloped with Gil Robinson, son of her husband's old partner.

After her daughter's marriage, Agnes decided to travel and visit friends. She was in Chicago for a time and from there went to San Francisco. While on the train returning to the East, Agnes decided to stop at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, to visit another old friend of her circus days, Mrs. S. L. Moyer. Mrs. Moyer, as Minnie Wells, had been a celebrated trapeze performer with both the John Robinson show and the Lake Circus. It was February, 1876, and Cheyenne was wrapped in a mantle of snow as Mrs. Lake got off the train and took a hack to the Moyer home.

In another part of town a man sat passing the time away in one of the local saloons, drinking, playing cards and talking with friends. Wild Bill Hickok looked much the same as he had in Abilene and yet there was something different about his manner which only his closest friends noticed. He still flaunted shoulder-length hair but it seemed somewhat duller; his goatee was wiry and coarse, as was his drooping mustache. He had grown tired of being pointed out as a western curiosity. His gunfighting days were behind him now; all he wanted was to be left alone to find a strike somewhere.

He planned to go into the Black Hills in the spring but the past died hard. His name appeared on a list of undesirables warned to get out of town; when a deputy marshal tried to enforce the vagrancy ordinance, Hickok quietly told him to go to hell. That ended the matter, but it must have seemed to Wild Bill Hickok that spring would never come.

A few days later, while Hickok was reminiscing with a friend, he happened to mention his brief romance with Mrs. Lake. To Bill's surprise, the friend told him that she was in town. Bill decided to find her.

He blinked his eyes as he tried to pick out the Moyer home. His eyes were very bad now—beyond a certain distance everything was a hazy blur. Later an army doctor would give him the dreaded news that he was suffering from advanced glaucoma, that he would be stone blind in a very short time. The ex-marshal found the Moyer home on the

(Continued on page 68)

ALIAS "SHOOTING STAR"

When a drifter covets a horse, and his pockets are empty, trouble is bound to brew

By RUSSELL V. GUNTER

Author mounted on pinto "Patches"

HE WAS somebody's son, but whose, we never did find out. A fairly handsome young chap about eighteen years of age, he was neither real short nor very tall. His manners were not of the best, but he was not afraid of work if the work was riding a horse.

It was in the spring of 1919 that he drifted into Aneroid, Saskatchewan, Canada, looking for a job. His pockets did not jingle a great deal, for he was without funds. Shortly after his arrival, he made himself known to the young men of the town. He impressed his listeners with his tales about travels through Western Canada and all the big shows where he had won prizes in the rodeos. He told so many stories and contradicted himself so many times that the town lads christened him "Slippery."

Slippery could sleep nearly anyplace, eat once a day if necessary, and chew snoose like a veteran.

One afternoon, while Slippery was entertaining his crowd at a cafe, he saw my brother-in-law, George Sparling, put up a sale-bill in the window. At once he made it known that he wanted to go out to our ranch and give a hand before the sale-date, which was in April. The sale-bill was advertising an auction of sixty some horses.

It was my job to gather the sale horses on the open range, and where they were badly scattered I was supposed to bring them home to the plank-corral and halter-break as many of them as possible. There were very few fences then, and many prairie trails.

The winter snow was melting, and spring was in the air. Slippery was sent with me to help on the last part of the roundup. Since he was a stranger in the country and did not know the horses or brands, I was obliged to keep him within sight. I found him to be fairly good help and he seemed to love a good horse.

Most of the EK horses were of Clyde breeding. Some had quite a lot of age and had never been handled. Broodmares about ten years old can be plenty salty when a rope is put on their necks for the first time. A few light horses were in the bunch, and one six-year-old sorrel gelding with a small white star on his forehead. This horse really took Slippery's eye, as well as my own. He said, "Curly, that sorrel will be mine on sale-day, no matter what he costs me."

I THOUGHT the sorrel horse should be halter-broke and perhaps ridden a few times before sale-day. He was as fleet as a deer and as wild as a rabbit and very nervous to boot, but a picture to behold. When I worked with him, training him to lead, I grew very much attached to him. I had made up my mind that if Slippery did not buy him at the sale I would like to have him. The grandsire of this sorrel had been a Regina racehorse and this colt had been named "Dan-patch" after some famous sire.

Sometimes, when corralling a bunch of horses, Dan-patch would suddenly jump a five-wire fence and get away. I knew calibre and what to look for in a horse. With his muscle, brains, and age he could either be a real good one or, if not properly handled, a real bad one, perhaps an outlaw.

The EK was owned by Joseph Sparling. We called the old fellow "Grandad." Every day Grandad would walk around where I was working and with both hands behind his back he would watch me and occasionally grunt a couple of times, saying to himself, "The kid knows what he is doing."

Grandad admired the horses, especially the saddle-bred stock. He was not easily fooled by man or beast. I could tell that he didn't trust my companion too much. He asked me to keep an eye on Slippery so he wouldn't ride off with one of our mounts.

About a week before the sale, Slippery asked my brother-in-law if he would mind letting him break the sorrel to saddle as he intended to buy him anyhow and he would rather no one else touched him. George told him to go ahead but he also told me not to let Slippery ride the horse away alone.

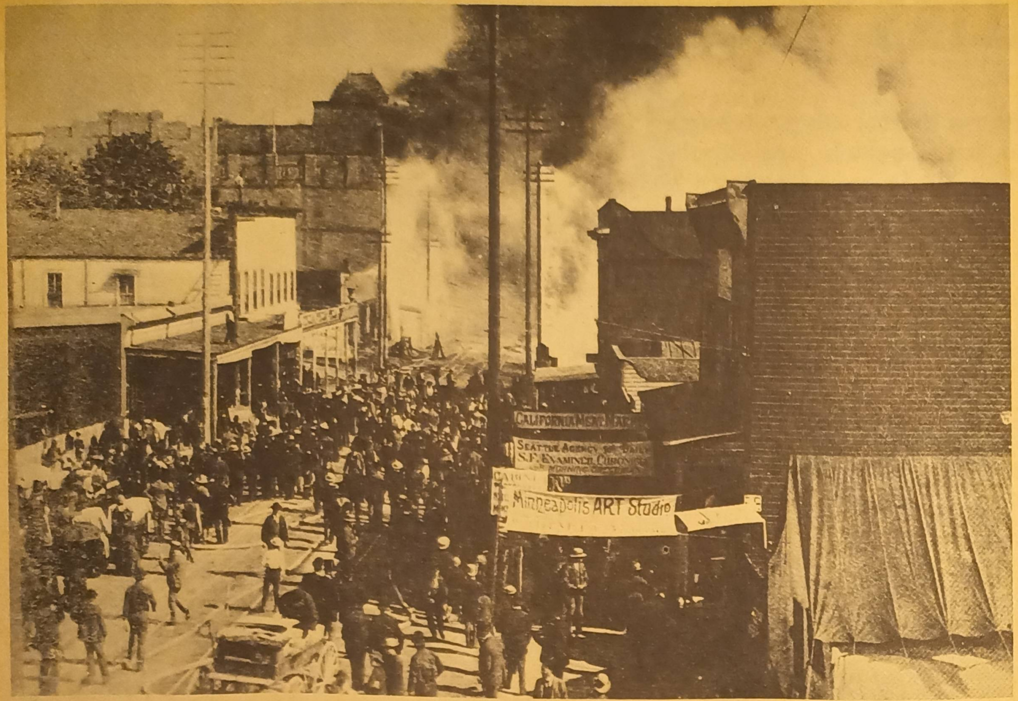
One day, as I was working in the barn, I heard a big commotion in the leanto which adjoined the plank corral. I peeked through a crack and saw Slippery trying to saddle the sorrel. I knew he wanted to be alone with him so I did not go near. I could see some vicious kicks by the horse and then I saw the saddle fly away from Slippery and roll beneath the horse. The sorrel jumped all over it, blowing his nose and whistling with fear. Then I heard Slippery calling, "Curly!"

I knew what had happened; Slippery had lost his saddle. I took a long-handled rake from inside the barn door and went around to the leanto. With the rake I fished the saddle from under the stomping horse. Then Slippery asked me to help him.

He said, "You know, Curly, I don't want this horse to ever buck. If I can break him gentle, I'll have a horse that can clean up every race at every rodeo in the country."

BY THE TIME we got Dan-patch saddled we were called to dinner by my sister. We left the horse tied to a

(Continued on page 59)



Start of the fire at Front Street and Madison on June 6, 1889

One little splinter of fire consumed Seattle . . .

The DAY A GLUE POT BECAME A CAULDRON!

By WILLIAM J. BETTS

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS almost as though the fire were something alive—some infernal being endowed with cunning and intelligence as it flailed its arms against the weakening battle lines. All of the strength which Seattle could muster was aligned on University and Front Streets—hoses, dynamite, buckets, dampened sacks. The main business district was already smouldering ruins and the rest of the city—30,000 frame and brick, wood-roofed homes—would be devastated if the attempt to stop it weren't successful.

The heart of the defense was the large Moore Land Company building. Every few minutes new sections of the structure would suddenly ignite, but the firemen fought back—grim, desperate, hand-to-hand combat that was no sooner successful than had to be begun anew. Then finally, slowly, the devouring flames ceased leaping to the building top and settled into a steady but no longer explosive burning.

Reports from other parts of the city were equally encouraging. The fire, already seven hours old, had made its way to the waterfront and was dwindling. At another point, a deep excavation at Second and Madison had forced the flames to turn. On some of the eastern fringes, nothing remained which was combustible. Gradually the city began to pull itself back together, although it was almost midnight. June 6, 1889 had been a day of horror.

The fire had begun in mid-afternoon in a furniture repair shop. Apparently a workman, deciding it was too hot to fire up the stove, had improvised a miniature furnace on his workbench to heat some glue. When a flaming shaving dropped to the floor, igniting others, the workman and his companion had rushed to the fire buckets and almost had everything under control when their supply of water had run out. Quickly the fire spread to the dry lumber stacked about.

By the time Seattle's volunteer fire department arrived on the scene, thick smoke was rolling from the basement repair shop. The volunteer firemen quickly coupled a hose to the nearest hydrant. In a matter of minutes they had a stream of water pouring into the furniture shop.

But the fire had reached large quantities of oils and varnishes. The whole building, of frame construction, seemed to burst into flame. The firemen were compelled to fall back. Despite all the water being poured onto the fire, they could not make any headway against the spreading flames.

Adjoining the burning building was a wholesale liquor store, Dietz & Meyer. In an unbelievably short time this establishment, too, was blazing out of control. When the fire reached the barrels of whiskey, the intense heat caused them to explode. Bursting whiskey kegs, as forceful as cases of dynamite, scattered burning debris far and wide.

New fires sprang up everywhere these torches fell. Structure after structure began to burn. The fire company once more retreated to form new lines.

The Denny Block, with a wholesale confectionery, a real estate office and professional offices and apartments, stood directly in the path of the holocaust. Soon the entire block was engulfed.

In desperation the firemen rushed to the recently completed Coleman Building on Front Street, to the south of the fire. The new structure was flooded in an attempt to save it, but the attempt proved useless. The fire leaped across Marion Street with alarming speed. The Palace Saloon and the Opera Saloon were soon burning as well. In thirty minutes the whole block was reduced to blackened ashes and gaunt brick walls.

ADRIAN SMITH'S GROCERY and J. Graham's Shop were the next to go. When Alger Bryan's Pawnshop went up, the unredeemed treasures of hundreds of Seattle's citizens were lost forever.

The flames raced to the Palace restaurant, the Simon Bros. Shoe Store, Gier & O'Donnell's Jewelry Store, Lews' Clothing Store—and another whole square block was burning.

One block east of Front Street, Faye's Opera House between Madison and Marion became a fresh torch despite the efforts of firefighters stationed on the roof and in the building. After the Opera House was gutted, flames enveloped the Cross and Company undertaking parlour. Luckily, there were no bodies awaiting burial. Then the building housing Boardman's Paints and Oils Co. went up, its volatile contents adding more intensity to the conflagration.

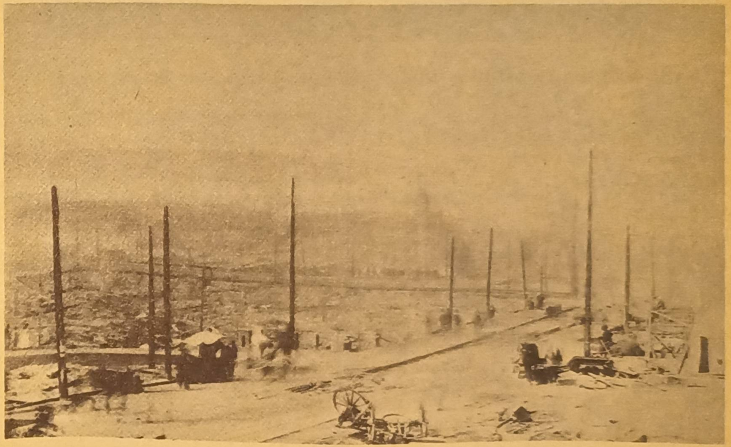
The fire had created a huge draft, sucking air into its heart like some monstrous furnace raging out of control. The low, two-story frame buildings to the south of the Opera House burned with such ferocity they seemed to disappear before the eyes of the firefighters.

It was now obvious that the entire city was going to be devastated. Workmen fleeing to their homes collided with volunteers rushing toward the fire; families poured into the streets, their furniture and valuables loaded into every type of conveyance imaginable. Anything on wheels was pressed into service to evacuate household effects and store furnishings from the doomed buildings. Teamsters demanded—and got—$25 a wagonload for short-distance hauling. Many goods, once carried to safety, had to be moved again and again as the fire spread. The cries of men and children were drowned out by the crackling roar and the explosive rumble of collapsing buildings. Firemen fought obstructions as well as flames.

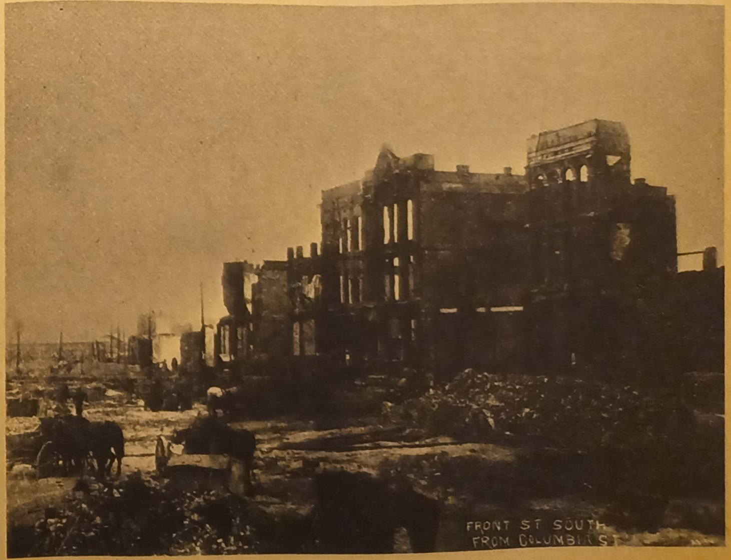
The buildings, the docks, and the mills along the waterfront caught fire. The Walton & Company's sail factory fell victim to the spreading holocaust. Burning fragments of shingles and lumber cascaded into the air, new fires beginning where they landed. The huge Tolka, Signerman & Company sawmill, one of the largest on the Coast, was reduced to a mass of smouldering debris.

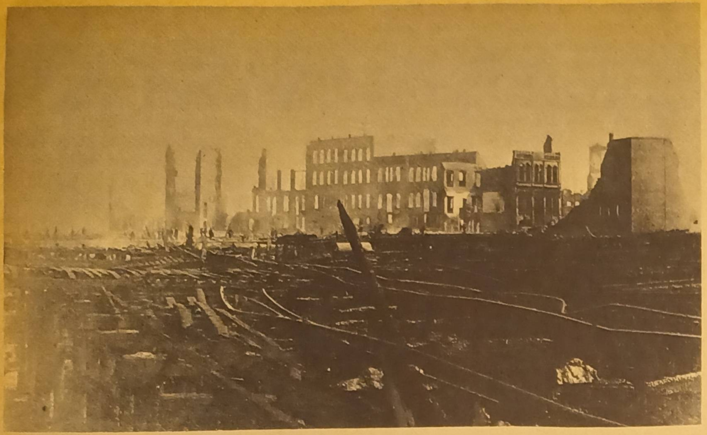
Seattle had been built on the tide flats. In many low places, sawdust and lumber waste was used as fill. This began to ignite. Underneath the fill, water mains, made of wood, burst and caused the hoses to become utterly useless.

The mayor telegraphed an appeal to neighboring cities for help. Tacoma's fire department answered immediately, leaving behind only enough men and equipment to protect their own city. Luckily, the Puget Sound Shore Railroad,



After the Seattle fire, looking toward the bay from 3rd and Yessler. Smoke is still rising from the ruins in the distance. Below, ruins after the fire; Front Street looking south from Columbia Street.





Looking toward the ruined city from ocean docks shortly after the disastrous fire

an interurban, recently had been opened. The trip from Tacoma to Seattle, after equipment had been loaded, set a record sixty-three minutes.

Other firemen came from as far away as Olympia and Everett.

The fire raged, unabated, until 8:30 p.m., when the firefighters drew up their lines on University and Front Streets. The Union Block was dynamited and other buildings in the path of the flames were blasted to create a fireguard. The big Occidental Hotel, the Puget Sound National Bank, the Dextor Horton National Bank, and the Pacific Postal Telegraph Office had been gutted. But the desperate stand at the Moore Land Company edifice was successful and the worst was over.

AS THE FIRE began to burn itself out, a relief committee was set up at the armory. Meals were served to 3,000 homeless people. Five hundred tents were procured and set up to shelter the burned-out families. Mayor Moran pledged the city's full cooperation in finding new homes for the victims.

The light company sent its repair crew into the desolated city. Overhead electric wires were tangled with telegraph and telephone lines. Workmen began clearing the wreckage, although resumption of service would have to wait until a new power plant could be constructed.

On the streets, every kind of furniture, plus boxes, crates and cartons, were piled together. A grand piano lay in the cinders, its legs broken, lying just as it had landed after falling from a speeding wagon.

All of the city newspapers were burned out. *The Post Intelligencer* took over the Ingraham, Congell & Company's printing shop in the rear of the post office and went back into business, getting out an issue the day after the fire.

Even before the fire was controlled, thieves had broken into stores on the perimeter of the fire, stealing everything they could carry. The sheriff swore in 200 special deputies and armed them with rifles. "Shoot anyone who resists arrest!" was the command of the day.

The Washington National Guard, under Colonel Haines, was called into active duty and began patrolling the area, but the devastation was so vast and the criminal element so active, additional Guard help from Tacoma had to be requested. A curfew was established; to get within the burned area, a person had to give a countersign to the sentry on duty. Anyone who couldn't give a good reason for being near the restricted area was arrested.

The Seattle fire, like Boston's in 1871 and Chicago's in 1872, destroyed the warehouses containing food supplies and the oil (kerosene) needed to give light to the city. Appeals were sent to cities along the coast. Within a few hours, the steamer *Quickstep*, skippered by Captain Thomas, left the Tacoma docks loaded with flour, butter, bacon, eggs, meat and vegetables donated by local merchants for the relief of stricken Seattle. Other cities responded with equal generosity.

An area of 260 acres lay in ruins. The loss, partly covered by insurance, totaled $20,000,000. All of the business district was leveled.

But there was some cheering news to go with the bad. Oddly—and fortunately—only five lives were lost. Had the fire occurred at night, when people were at home sleeping, the death toll might have been in the hundreds or thousands. Fortunately, also, there was at least $10,000,000 safe in various bank vaults throughout the city. Most of the businessmen had had time to empty their tills before abandoning their property.

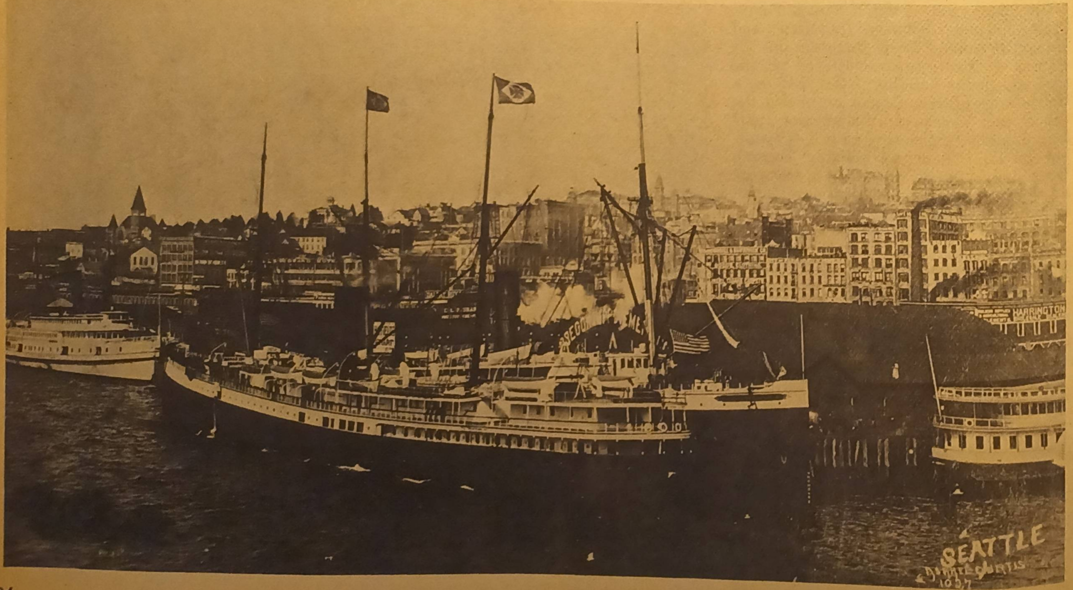
Mayor Moran called a meeting of city fathers to make plans for rebuilding the burned-out city. No wooden buildings were to be allowed. Business streets were to be ninety feet wide and alleys thirty feet wide. Reconstruction would begin at once.

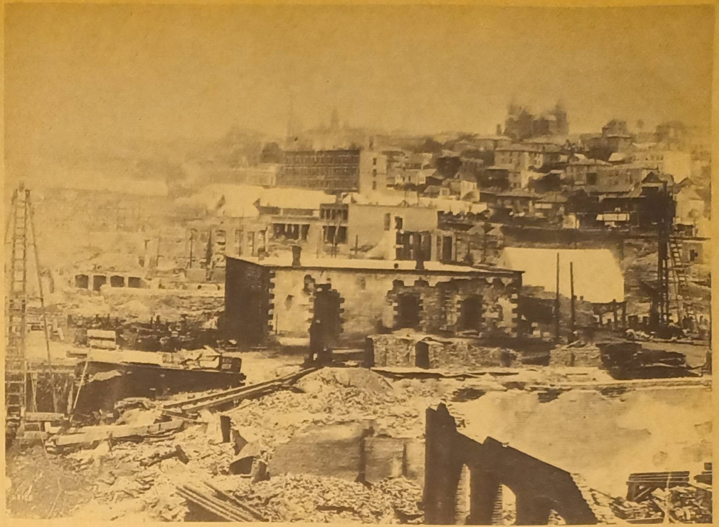
Street levels were raised past the first story of the old buildings, leaving the brick masonry structures which had survived the fire. Many old buildings in Seattle today have basements dating before the fire. Relics which go back to those early days can still be found there.

The task of rebuilding Seattle provided work for many men thrown idle by the destruction of mills and factories.

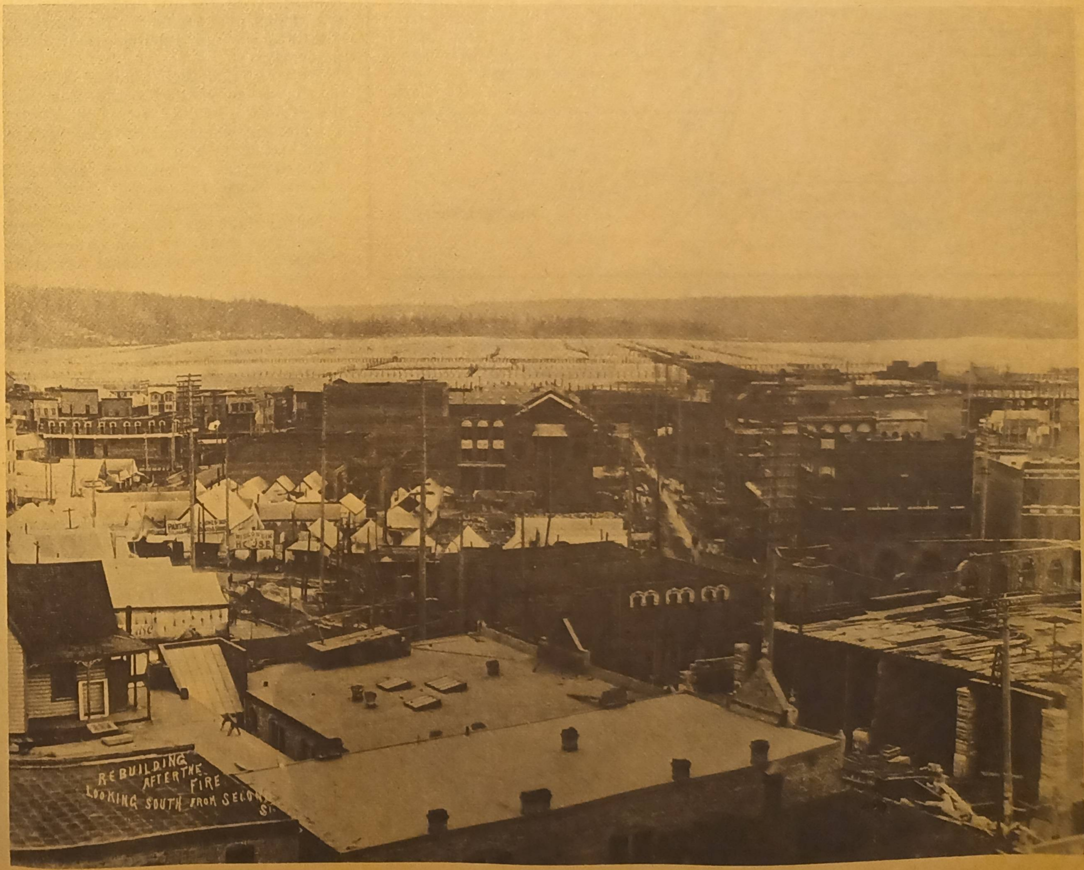
When the Alaska gold rush erupted on the world a few years later, Seattle was ready to become the Gateway to the Golden North. Today she is the largest city in the Pacific Northwest, the scars of her baptism by fire completely erased.

Seattle waterfront rebuilt. Picture taken about a decade after the fire.





Above, rubble of the Dextor Horton Bank after the fire. Here they have started to rebuild. Below, rebuilding of Seattle after the fire, looking toward the bay from Second Avenue.

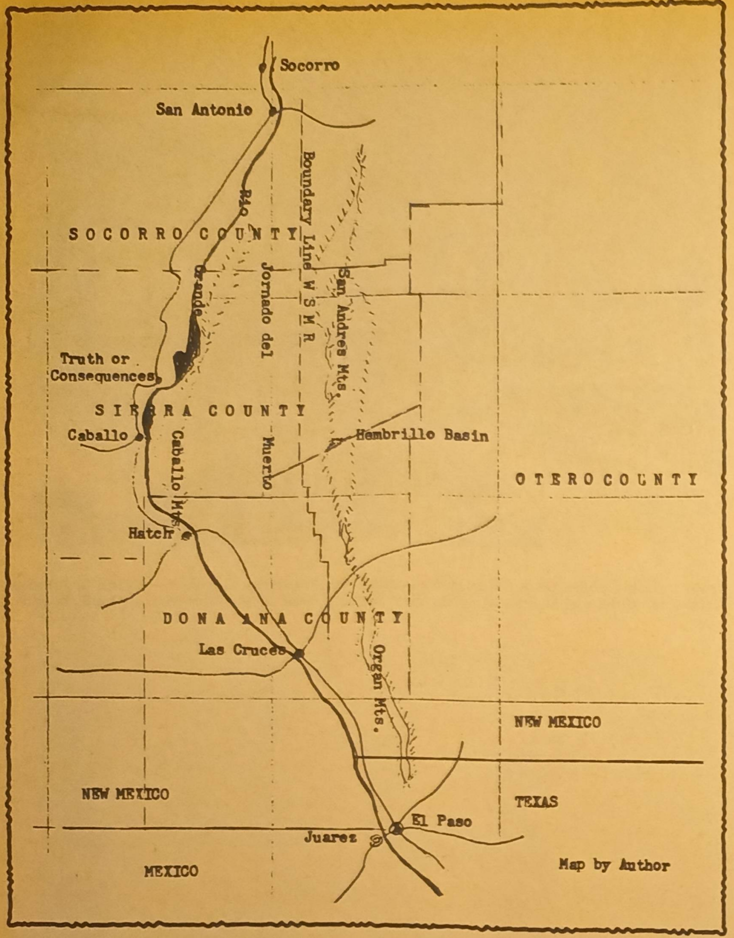


Cavern of GOLD

Did it ever exist? Is it being stripped? Have rumors grown until the truth is buried as deep as legendary bars of gold?

By HENRY JAMES

Photos Courtesy Author



FAR DOWN in the bowels of the San Andres Mountains of south-central New Mexico, lies a huge cavern with a dark history of blood, torture and death. Within its depths, a vast treasure has allegedly rested for 200 years under a curse laid upon it with the last words of a dying priest.

This region of southern New Mexico, from the Carlsbad Caverns to the Rio Grande, has many underground caves and passageways in a limestone formation left by ancient seas which advanced and receded from three hundred to one hundred million years ago.

When the last of these marine waters withdrew, they left thick beds of limestone over the pre-Cambrian rock which crusted the earth. Upheavals of that crust formed the mountains and valleys. Repeated volcanic action shook the land, causing faulting, tilting and folding. Erosion by wind and rain, cold and heat, continued. The rain, collecting carbonic acid gas from the air, seeped down into the cracks and faults of the limestone, dissolving it and forming caverns and passageways.

Between the San Andres and the shorter range of the Caballo Mountains lies the desert of the Jornada del Muerto, a waterless wasteland of sand, greasewood, mesquite and cactus.

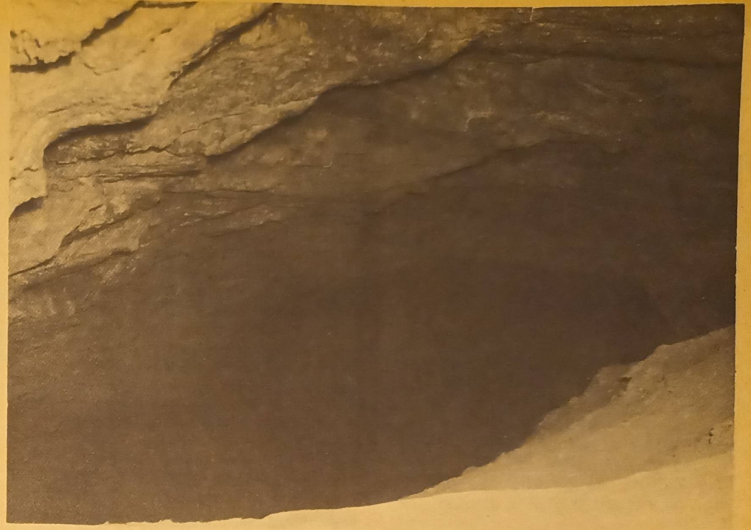
Through the surrounding desert, El Camino Real, the Royal Road from Mexico City to Santa Fe, was established, in 1598, by Oñate. Heavy trade flowed over this route from its inception.

Soledad Peak, whose name means the Lonely One, rises in the center of Hembrillo Basin, about midway on the western side of the San Andres Range. A fault running east and west, cuts through the peak and bisects the basin like a slash from a giant knife. Three hundred feet below the crest of Soledad, the fault widens into the great cavern of vast treasure and tragic history. Soledad has been referred to occasionally as Victorio Peak. Victorio Peak, however, is located in the Black Range, near Kingston, New Mexico.

THE STORY of the treasure in the cavern is one to stir the imagination and quicken the pulse. Really two stories, the first one begins nearly 200 years ago, with the coming of a young priest to Mexico in 1797. Father La Roux, or La Rue, was assigned to a hacienda near Chihuahua, Mexico. The lot of the peons was hard. Food was not plentiful and taxation was heavy. Then drouth struck and times became even harder. Father La Rue worked and prayed for better conditions for his flock. Knowing of the Father's concern, an old man who had been a soldier in the country to the north, told him in a dying confession of a rich deposit of gold which he had located. The deposit was only two days' ride north of Paso del Norte, now El Paso, Texas.

When the third year of drouth came and the Church still was deaf to his pleas for help for his people, Father La Rue decided that they must help themselves. He led his starving flock north, neglecting to notify the Church of his move.

Following the directions of the old soldier, they located the gold and worked the mine for several years. Meanwhile, the Church, not hearing from the Father, sent an expedition to locate him. The people learned of the approach of the soldiers in time to hide all evidence of the mine and to prepare to defend themselves. In the battle which followed, most of them were killed. Those who remained were cruelly tortured and finally killed when they refused to tell where the gold was hidden. They maintained to the end that the gold belonged to them and not to the Church or the King.


One of the caves in the area

It is said that Father La Rue placed a dying curse on any who entered the mine or touched the gold which they had bought with their lives. And, from the events which have followed the discovery and attempts to reopen the mine, it would seem that the curse was fully effective.

The Spanish soldiers were never able to find the Father's gold and the Basin lapsed into solitude after their departure. So goes the legend of Father La Rue.

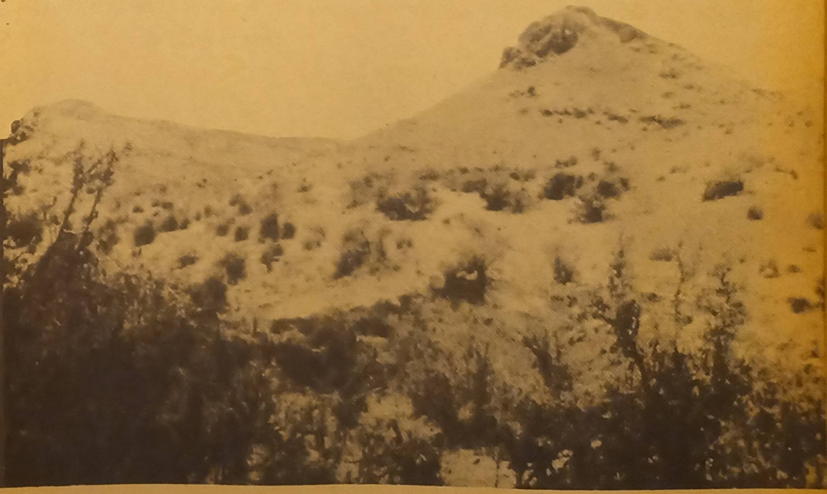
The second phase begins in November, 1937, when Doc Noss, of Hatch, New Mexico, went deer hunting up toward the San Andres. Doc wasn't having any luck and his steps finally led him into Hembrillo Basin. He climbed the peak which commanded a good view of the brushy slopes. A light rain began to fall and Doc moved under the shelter of an overhanging ledge. This is his story.

A cave at its base attracted his attention and he crawled in to explore. His flashlight revealed some hieroglyphs and primitive drawings on the walls of the cave and he sat back against a sizeable boulder in the center of the floor to examine them further. A sound of falling sand and rock came from under the rock and he saw that it covered an opening of some sort. With a good deal of effort, he pushed the boulder aside and beamed a light down into a long dark shaft which extended beyond his range.

Doc came back the next day equipped with rope and a stronger flashlight, and brought his wife along. Leaving her at the top to tend rope, he descended into

Hembrillo Basin

Soledad Peak



the blackness. It was four hours later and his wife was becoming frantic with worry, when he climbed back into the daylight, exhausted and pale, with a story almost too fantastic to believe. Doc found that the shaft was an almost vertical fault which extended down over 300 feet. It was very narrow, in some places almost impassable. What kept Doc going, deeper and deeper, with rugged rock walls hemming him in? Was it a feeling, a "hunch," that something was there for him? Or was it his sense of adventure, an insatiable curiosity for what lay around the next bend? That was the kind of man Doc was, always curious, always willing to take a chance. In this case, his hunch paid off.

AS HE made his way down, he found logs, notched for footholds and lashed together with rawhide in the primitive manner. Toward the bottom the shaft widened into a series of caves. Moving through them, he came into a huge cavern. As he told his wife, "It was big enough to run a freight train into."

A stream of ice-cold water crossed the floor and disappeared into the crevices of the wall. Beyond this cavern were others, not so large. In one of them, Doc was startled to see a number of crouching figures. Approaching them he found they were the remains of twenty-seven men. Some were in a mummified condition and some were only skeletons who grinned back horribly as he turned his light on them. Why these men came to be here and why they had knelt down in the blackness to die is a mystery.

Farther on, he said he found ancient chests and he noticed heavy timber doors which apparently sealed off tunnels or caves. On his way back through the big cavern, he noticed a tier of metal bars stacked against the wall. They were quite heavy and of a dull gray color, but when he scratched one with his knife he could see the bright glimmer of gold. Doc put three of the bars into his shirt and buttoned his jacket securely over them. Then he started the long climb back.

Doc and his wife were stunned by the discovery. Talking it over, they decided to keep the find a secret, at least for the time being.

Bringing the heavy bars up the tortuous fault had proved to be painfully slow. Time after time Doc made the trip and brought up eighty-six bars and some of the items made of gold from the chests. Finally, he hired a man who worked with dynamite to blow out a jutting ledge in the shaft which was particularly difficult to get around. The result was disastrous. The blast caved in the sides, filling the shaft with rock and sealing the only known entrance.

Financing was necessary now. Equipment would be needed, and a road over which to transport it to the Basin. Doc gathered some friends to raise the money. Then the war intervened and many of the group went into service. The others probed the slopes of Soledad Peak and searched through old records in the hope of finding a mention of the mine, but in vain.

In 1949, Doc got a road cut through and it seemed that work could resume. He was attempting to interest Charlie Ryan, who owned a mining company, in investing in his venture when on March 4, 1949, tragedy struck again. Doc's stepson, Marvin Beckwith, and a friend, Curtis Noble, were flying over the Basin when their plane crashed. By the time workmen reached the wreckage, Curtis was dead and Marvin's leg was badly smashed.

That night, for some reason, Doc decided to move his cache of gold bars which he had brought from the cavern. The next day, he went again to see Ryan. A quarrel developed, no one knows about what, and blows were exchanged. Doc ran to get his gun from his truck and Ryan followed. A few moments later, Doc lay dead across the bumper of the truck with a bullet in his brain. Ryan was freed on $25,000 bond and later acquitted at the trial.

DOC'S DEATH brought all work to a halt until Mrs. Noss decided to give up the attempt to dig out the fault and hired some men from San Saba, Texas, to drill into the side of the peak, hoping to bypass the cave-in and break into the big cavern. I met Mrs. Noss in the spring of 1950, and made several trips to the Basin with her and her son, Harold Beckwith.

I became quite interested in finding the answer to this lost treasure. My wife and I made a trip to Chihuahua, Mexico, to search for records in the Church. We found that Father La Rue was a very real person in history, although he is regarded by the Church as a renegade.

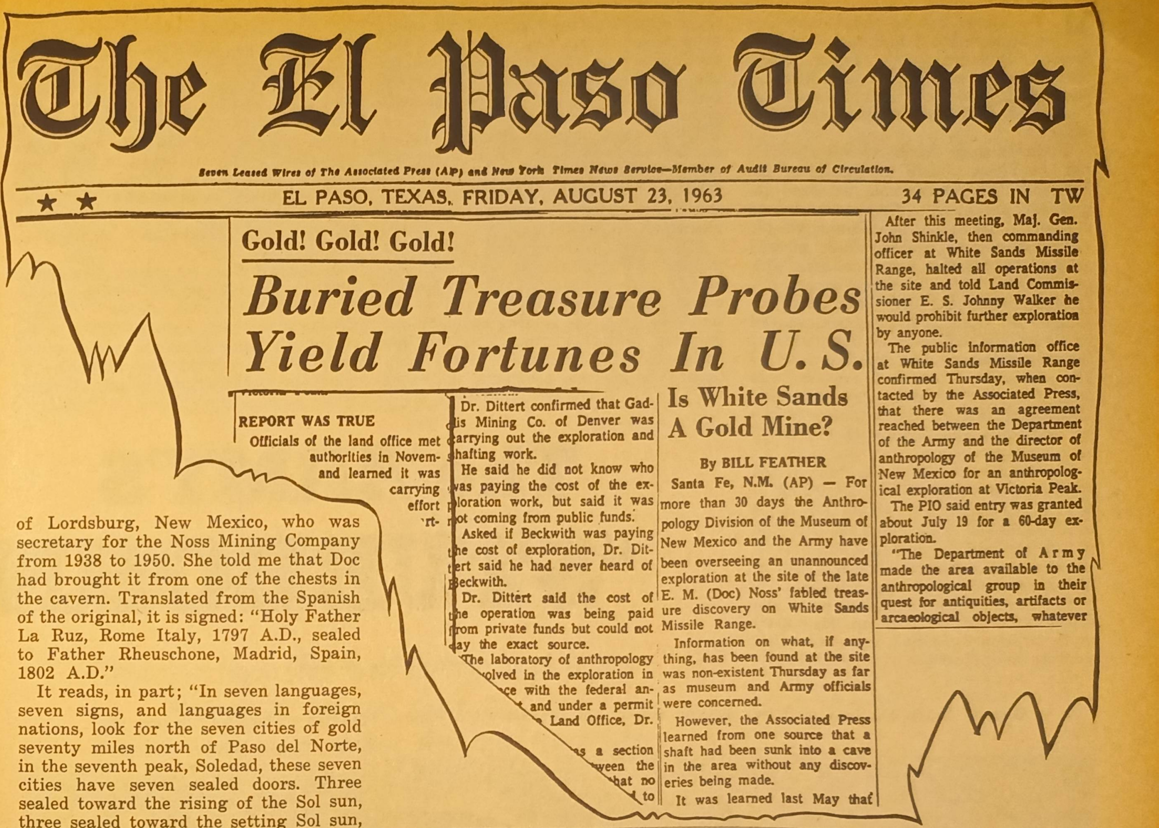
In reviewing the geology of the Basin, I came to the conclusion that pre-Cambrian quartz, carrying gold, silver, copper and lead, occurs in intrusions in the San Andres Mountains and that it is quite possible that such minerals can be found under Soledad Peak, just as claimed. Later, I wrote a capsule history of the region and the Noss story, which was published in 1953 under the title, *The Curse of the San Andres*.

In May, 1952, the Department of the Interior announced the transfer of two and a half million acres in southern New Mexico from the Bureau of Land Management to military control. Once again the mine was closed—this time by order of the U. S. Government.

I have examined one of the gold bars, or rather a half bar, which Mrs. Noss had. The piece measured approximately 2¾" by 2" by 4" and had the rough appearance of a sand mold. I took a piece, cut from this bar, to the Martin Carlisle Laboratory in Albuquerque. The assay report showed a mixture of copper, silver and gold, in that order, characteristic of the old smelters used by the early Spanish miners. In those days, ore was crushed in an arrastre or circular pit. Burros walked around and around the pit, pulling heavy stones over the ore by means of a crude sweep. Smelting was done in furnaces made of stone and adobe with a cowhide bellows to supply the air. Since there was no means of temperature control, and since the melting point of copper, silver and gold is very close, the mass which came from the furnace and was poured into molds in the sand, formed bars of varying amounts of these metals.

I have a copy of a manuscript which was given me by Mrs. Merle Horzman of Lordsburg, New Mexico, who was secretary for the Noss Mining Company from 1938 to 1950. She told me that Doc had brought it from one of the chests in the cavern. Translated from the Spanish of the original, it is signed: "Holy Father La Ruz, Rome Italy, 1797 A.D., sealed to Father Rheuschone, Madrid, Spain, 1802 A.D."

Jornada del Muerto



The El Paso Times

Seven Leased Wires of The Associated Press (AP) and New York Times News Service—Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation.

★ ★ EL PASO, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1963 34 PAGES IN TW

Gold! Gold! Gold!

Buried Treasure Probes Yield Fortunes In U. S.

REPORT WAS TRUE

Officials of the land office met authorities in Novem- and learned it was carrying effort 'rt-

Dr. Dittert confirmed that Gadlis Mining Co. of Denver was carrying out the exploration and shafting work.

He said he did not know who was paying the cost of the exploration work, but said it was not coming from public funds.

Asked if Beckwith was paying the cost of exploration, Dr. Dittert said he had never heard of Beckwith.

Dr. Dittert said the cost of the operation was being paid from private funds but could not say the exact source.

The laboratory of anthropology volved in the exploration in ce with the federal an- and under a permit Land Office, Dr.

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Is White Sands A Gold Mine?

By BILL FEATHER

Santa Fe, N.M. (AP) — For more than 30 days the Anthropology Division of the Museum of New Mexico and the Army have been overseeing an unannounced exploration at the site of the late E. M. (Doc) Noss' fabled treasure discovery on White Sands Missile Range.

Information on what, if anything, has been found at the site was non-existent Thursday as far as museum and Army officials were concerned.

However, the Associated Press learned from one source that a shaft had been sunk into a cave in the area without any discoveries being made.

It was learned last May that

After this meeting, Maj. Gen. John Shinkle, then commanding officer at White Sands Missile Range, halted all operations at the site and told Land Commissioner E. S. Johnny Walker he would prohibit further exploration by anyone.

The public information office at White Sands Missile Range confirmed Thursday, when contacted by the Associated Press, that there was an agreement reached between the Department of the Army and the director of anthropology of the Museum of New Mexico for an anthropological exploration at Victoria Peak.

The PIO said entry was granted about July 19 for a 60-day exploration.

"The Department of Army made the area available to the anthropological group in their quest for antiquities, artifacts or arcaeological objects, whatever

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It reads, in part; "In seven languages, seven signs, and languages in foreign nations, look for the seven cities of gold seventy miles north of Paso del Norte, in the seventh peak, Soledad, these seven cities have seven sealed doors. Three sealed toward the rising of the Sol sun, three sealed toward the setting Sol sun, one deep within Casa del Cueva del Oro, high noon, and receive health, wealth and honor.—From Holy Father Pope Pius, VI, Rome, Italy, 1797, A.D."

QUIET settled over Hembrillo Basin for a time and then Mrs. Noss was told that two soldiers had brought in some gold bars which they said they had found on the range. She at once went to the military authorities and demanded that she be allowed to resume drilling and bring out the treasure. Permission was denied. Then in 1962, Mrs. Noss contended that 100 more bars had been brought out. She promptly went to the State Land Office, whose officials started an investigation.

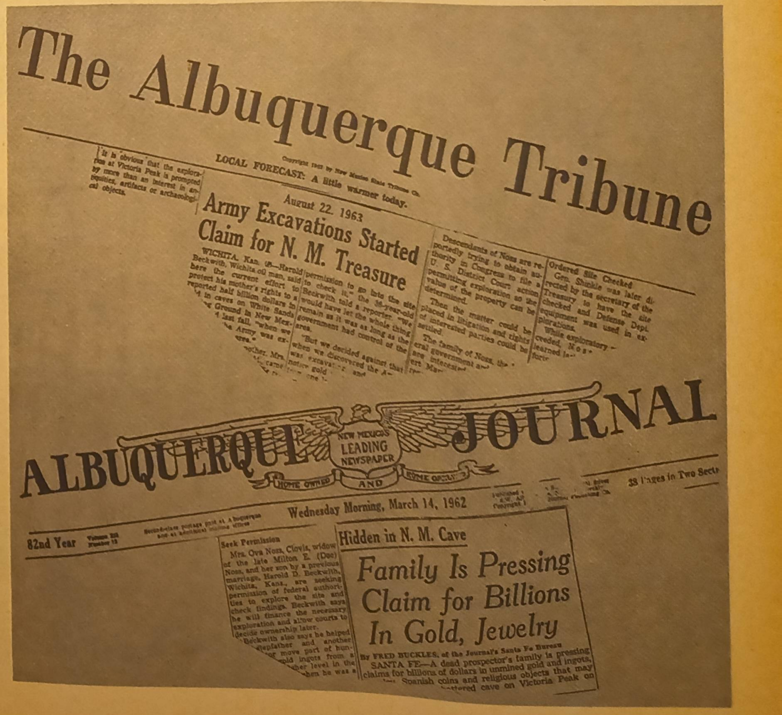
The Albuquerque *Tribune* of March 14, 1962, reported,

PERMISSION FOR TREASURE HUNT ON RANGE SOUGHT

"Santa Fe, N.M. March 14, (AP) Officials said today they understood that Mrs. Ova Noss of Clovis and her son, Harold Beckwith of Wichita, Kansas, were attempting to get Congressional action permitting them to enter on White Sands Missile Range to seek out Noss' treasure. . . .

"Land Commissioner Walker and several of his aides met with Army officials from White Sands. According to a Land Office account of this meeting, Maj. Gen.

(Continued on page 62)



The Albuquerque Tribune

Copyright 1963 by New Mexico State Tribune Co.

LOCAL FORECAST: A little warmer today.

It is obvious that the exploration at Victoria Peak is prompted by more than an interest in antiquities, artifacts or archaeological objects.

August 22, 1963

Army Excavations Started Claim for N. M. Treasure

Ordered Site Checked

ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL

NEW MEXICO'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

HOME OWNED AND HOME OPERATED

Wednesday Morning, March 14, 1962

82nd Year

38 Pages in Two Secti

Seek Permission

Mrs. Ova Noss, Clovis, widow of the late Milton E. (Doc) Noss, and her son by a previous marriage, Harold D. Beckwith, Wichita, Kans., are seeking permission of federal authorities to explore the site and check findings. Beckwith says he will finance the necessary exploration and allow courts to decide ownership later.

Hidden in N. M. Cave

Family Is Pressing Claim for Billions In Gold, Jewelry

By FRED BUCKLES, of the Journal's Santa Fe Bureau

SANTA FE—A dead prospector's family is pressing claims for billions of dollars in unmined gold and ingots, Spanish coins and religious objects that may

The ARMY'S "STUBBORN FACT"

By BILL JUDGE

M.D.—these initials today represent a highly skilled and respected profession. But during the Indian Wars, they were the symbol of a very different occupation—one that, in its own way, also demanded skill and respect: the mule driver.

Under General Crook, relentlessly driving the Sioux toward the Battle of the Rosebud, the Army mule achieved its greatest prominence. Crook maintained a steady pursuit of the Indians, winter and summer; he couldn't have massed support for his fast flying columns with the ordinary animal-drawn wagontrains. In fact, when the expedition was encamped on Goose Creek, Crook decided to mount his infantry on the mules of the wagontrain to jack up the speed of his command. Colonel Chambers was delegated, with the assistance of cavalry officers, to instruct the infantry in the art of riding this hybrid of the horse and donkey.

The resultant conflict was "one of the first circuses in the West," according to several onlookers. The plains for miles in all directions were cluttered with the struggling forms of men and animals in postures not ordinarily encountered in the accepted forms of equestrianship.

The cavalrymen connected with the expedition could not pass up the opportunity to supply criticism and encouragement to all concerned. And doubtlessly, those witnessing the spectacle that afternoon never forgot the experience. But the mules were finally persuaded to fill the duties expected of them and the expedition proceeded on schedule the next morning.

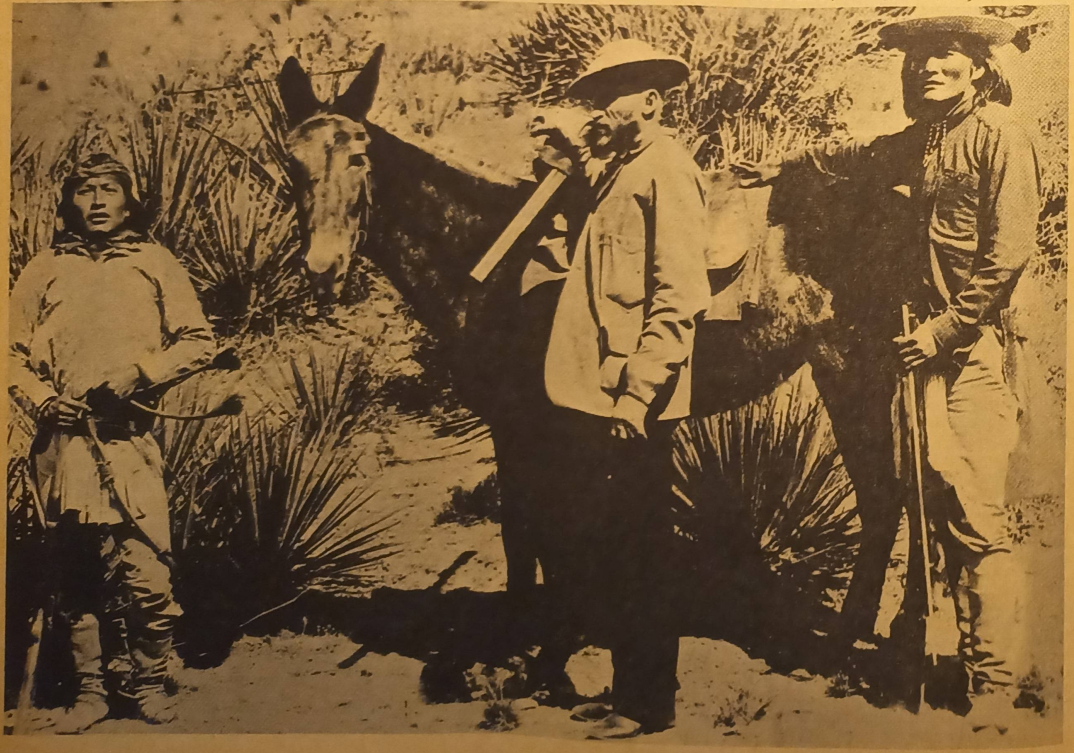
The infantry mounted on mules arrived on the headwaters of the Rosebud the night before the battle. Although the trip had been uneventful, the arrival of the "Mule Brigade" inspired one newspaperman to write:

"Chambers (Colonel and later commander of Ft. Fetterman) was proud and ambitious to do his duty, however humiliating and disagreeable, as well as he could, so when the leading company (of mounted infantry) came near the line designated (the fourth side of the camp square) he gave the command, 'left front into line,' in military style, and the first company came into line, but no sooner had the mules halted, when, after their custom, they began to bray as loud as they could, making extra effort in accord with the extra effort they had made to carry their strange burden into camp. The cavalry officers began to laugh and roar. Chambers lost courage and with oaths and every evidence of anger, threw his sword down on the ground and left the command to take care of itself as best it could."

It is said that the artist Remington requested his epitaph contain the phrase, "He understood the horse." General Crook would have been justified in including the same phrase in regard to the mule. Crook realized how valuable the mule and packtrain were and checking on his drivers and packers, as well as the mules, became part of his daily routine.

General Crook, his mule, and two Apache scouts. Left, Dutchie; right, Alchise. Probably a photo by Camillus Fly.

Photo Courtesy U.S. Signal Corps, National Archives



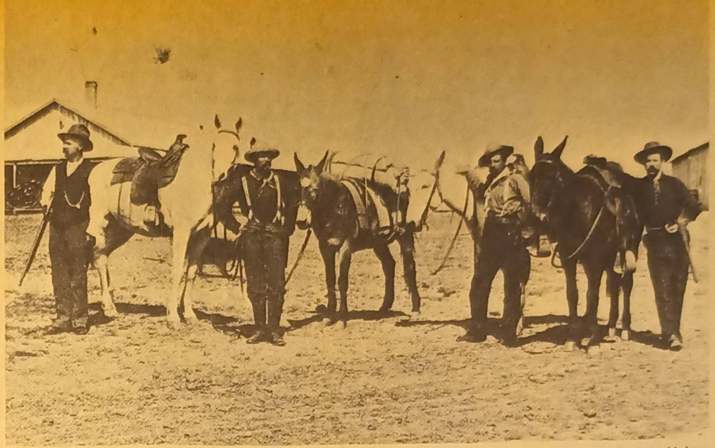


Photo Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Pack outfit, Fort Custer, 1878

"But you know full well that in your fights
No soldier lad was slow,
And it wasn't the packer that won ye a star
In the regular Army O."

This regard did not go unnoticed. A natural jealousy arose, concerning his apparent favoritism. Crook was accused of taking rations from his enlisted men to distribute among the men of the mule train. This, of course, was unjustified, but the following parody exemplifies this feeling:

"But twas out upon the Yellowstone
We had the damndest time.
Faith, we made the trip wid
  'Rosebud George'
Six months without a dime.

Wid bunkies starvin by our side,
No rations was the rule;
Sure twas ate your boots and saddles,
  you brutes,
But feed the packer and the mule.

But you know full well that in
  your fights,
No soldier lad was slow,
And it wasn't the packer that
  won you a star,
In the regular Army O"
  (Courtesy Don Rickey, Jr.)

The implication that packers would do no fighting was not validated, for the packers did their share—and perhaps a little more—at the Battle of the Rosebud.

THE MULE had already made its mark on western life by the time the War between the States began. Russell, Majors and Waddell had had Kentucky mules hauling their Concord stages across the country since 1858 and mountain men and fur traders had been using them as pack animals long before that. They were the butt of thousands of stories and humorous comments, like Josh Billings' "The mule is a sure-footed animal. I have known him to kick a man fifteen feet off, ten times in one second." Or General Grant's, "I am not aware of ever having used an expletive in my life, but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack mules."

Also to Billings is attributed the definition, "The mule is a stubborn fact."

That mules had to be understood and handled carefully is well-documented. In the diary of one trapper is an account of mules being unloaded before crossing a stream which was running full to its banks with melted snow water. The boss packer (or "bushway") did not want the perishable portions of his trade goods subjected to immersion, so the goods were forded over by boat, separate from the mules. After that, the mules had to be unloaded at every stream they crossed whether it was flooded or not!

The fur trader's mules had another peculiar trait. They would faithfully follow a "bell mare." She was generally white and carried a bell around her neck. Mules would follow a bell mare along a dangerous mountain trail or across a flooded stream which they would not have attempted without her. But there was one great disadvantage to the mules' blind and faithful loyalty to the bell mare. All the Indians had to do was to lead off the bell mare and the mules would follow her into captivity without question or hesitation.

The earlier freight wagons were hauled by six or eight animals. The larger mules were hitched to the wagon tongue or pole and were known as the "pole," or "wheel", team. The next larger animals were placed immediately in front of them and sometimes were called the "swing" team. The smallest animals led the way and were known as the "lead" team.

The driver rode the nigh animal of the pole or wheel team. Some freight lines would not permit this, believing that the wheel team had enough work to do without this extra burden. These freighters generally provided a "lazy board", a plank that could be pulled out from the wagon bed behind the near front wheel.

THIS SORT of freighting reached a high stage of development—which, due to the influence of advertising and radio, became known as the twenty-mule team. The term was misleading; there could be more or less than twenty mules or ten spans. In the old days, these "twenty-mule" teams were known as "jerk-line" or "string" teams.

The driver, from the back of the nigh wheeler, from the lazy board, the ground, or the saddle of a spare horse, would control a line running through the harness of the near mules and extending all the way up to the near leader. The near leader was the smartest mule in the string. A steady pull signalled the leader to turn left, while a series of jerks turned him to the right. The off-member of the lead team would receive the signal from the near leader by a wooden or metal bar which extended from its hame to the bit of the off-leader. From this method of guidance, the name "jerk" or "string" was derived (although some old-timers say the latter could also designate the entire string of animals).

Many western towns, founded before the railroads entered their environs, had streets laid out so the long freight strings and multiple wagons could make their turns without colliding with any buildings. Many stagelines had well-known drivers with glamorous reputations, but some old-timers claim the stagedrivers couldn't hold a candle to the drivers of the big freight teams who could handle an in-town turn with fifteen spans of mules, three huge coupled wagons and a "cooster." Since this assembly of mules and wagons could stretch 200 feet, neat turns were an achievement that only a master could accomplish.

While the driver negotiated a turn,

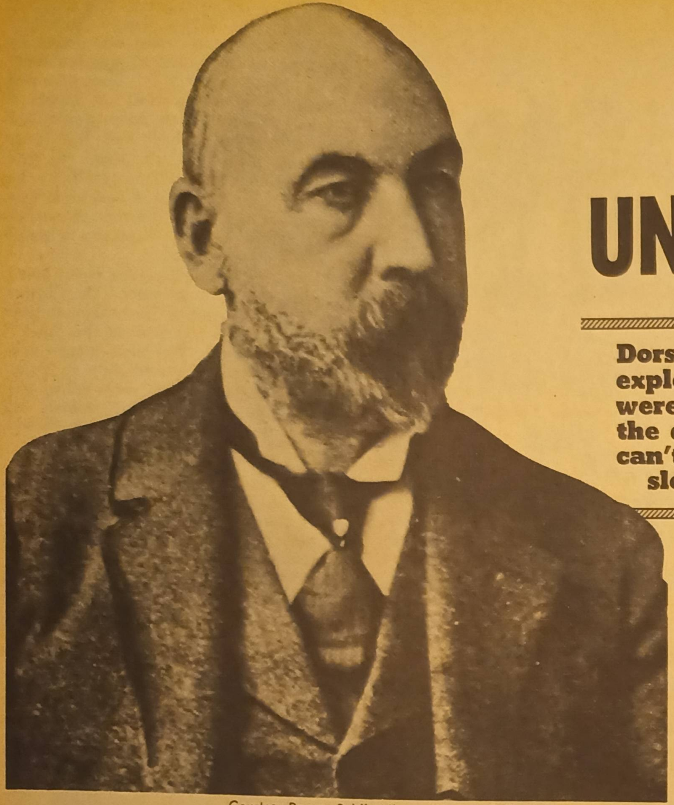
(Continued on page 58)

A HARD MAN TO UNDERSTAND

Dorsey lived in an era when exploitation and free enterprise were rarely separated except in the dictionary. Even today you can't drop him into a neat little slot and label him "rogue"

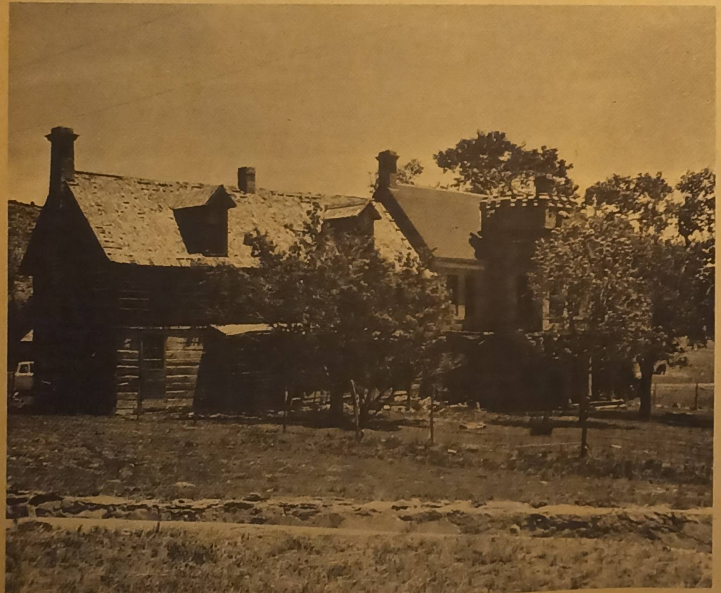
By DON TURNER

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Above, Stephen W. Dorsey. Below, the Dorsey Mansion. Log portion was started in 1877, stone addition in 1880s. A narrow section of the lily pond is in the foreground.



STEPHEN W. DORSEY stood watching his few remaining personal possessions being carried from his home.

A man's home is his castle, they say, and Stephen W. Dorsey's truly was a castle, complete even to a gargoyled tower in the best castle tradition. From this castle, Dorsey ruled a New Mexico cattle empire, controlling, some say, 4½ million acres.

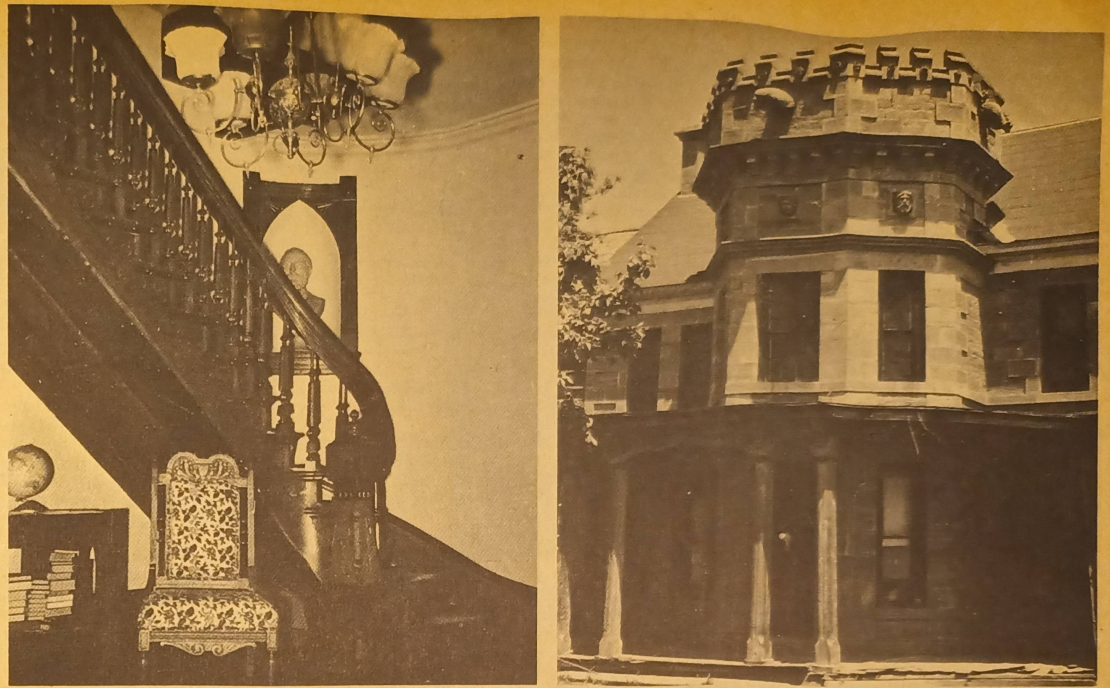
Now it was gone, castle and empire, through foreclosure to a neighboring rancher and merchant.

It was not the first time Dorsey had been chopped down, and this time it was almost a peaceful defeat. Missing were the throngs of spectators, including political and national leaders, who had witnessed his previous upsets.

Fame and fortune had become a way of life for Stephen Dorsey. He had entered the War between the States as a private but had come home a captain. In Sandusky, Ohio, he returned to the Sandusky Tool Company, where he had worked as a boy.

By the time he was twenty-nine, Dorsey had become president of the firm and also president of a railroad, the Arkansas Central. This brought an interest in Arkansas Reconstruction. Just four days after he celebrated his thirty-first birthday he became the Honorable Stephen W. Dorsey, Junior Senator from Arkansas.

The "honorable" collected considerable tarnish during an 1874 Little Rock rebellion when his carpetbagger machine was driven from its control of Arkansas politics.



Dorsey took special pride in the cherrywood staircase from England, shown at left above. A bust of James A. Garfield is in a niche in the curved wall. At right above, gargoyles on the tower looked east, south and west. Three human-type heads were set in panels above the second-floor windows.

Inspired by the success of foreign investor-owned land and cattle companies, Dorsey headed west and in 1877 began building his one-man land and cattle empire.

A POST OFFICE was approved for the new town of Dorsey a few miles south of Raton Pass on the Santa Fe Trail. In the same year, Dorsey purchased 160 acres of land from Cruz Baca. At the foot of a mesa just below Chico Springs, where wagontrains following the Cimarron Cutoff of the Santa Fe Trail had watered, Dorsey built a home.

The log house grew to an L-shaped, three-storied mansion as Dorsey's land holdings increased. Colfax County deed books show a total of twenty-four transactions for 160-acre plots recorded during 1878.

At its peak, the Dorsey ranch apparently included ownership of 24,000 acres, although some estimates run as high as 80,000. The land Dorsey selected for purchase was scattered over an area eighty miles long and sixty miles wide. In the dry mesa country of northeastern New Mexico control of the land was not held by the man who owned it but by the man who held water sources. Dorsey's checkerboard of water-source land plots gave him control of an estimated 4½ million acres.

And as Dorsey's land control grew, so did his payroll. Eventually there were seventy houses and barns dotted over his holdings. In them worked and lived the families and men who cared for the 45,000 cows and steers, 600 bulls and 800 horses that wore the Dorsey Triangle Dot brand.

What had begun as a log mansion was made more elaborate. The L pattern was retained but the parlor occupied the entire front section of the main floor. Dominating one end of the room was a blood-onyx fireplace and a curving, hand-carved, cherrywood stairway Dorsey had ordered from England.

Behind the parlor was a dining room which reportedly served as many as fifty persons, plus the butler's pantry and kitchen. Nestled between the rear wings of the stone and log sections was a gallery whose steeply pitched ceiling was paneled in walnut, the sections fitted around skylights to admit the New Mexico sun.

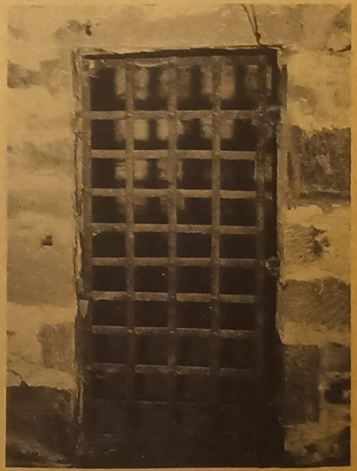
On the walls of the gallery were trophies and paintings. Others adorned the walls of the adjoining billiard room, where the principal feature was a black walnut billiard table.

When it was completed, the Dorsey home even included a greenhouse for Mrs. Dorsey. But the dominant feature was a gargoyled tower, the base of which was an entry hall from the veranda into the parlor. The second floor of the tower also was a hall, connecting the Dorsey bedrooms. The tower windows offered a spectacular view of the rolling hills which swept to the south of the mansion.

The gargoyle design was repeated in a stone fountain in the front yard. Water also bubbled from two graceful cast iron fountains.

Water for the fountains and for Dorsey's lily pond—almost a lake—was piped from a spring eight miles away. Slightly over 180 feet long, the pond wound in a north-south direction and encompassed three islands. On at least one of them was a gazebo where the Dorseys and their guests could relax in the shade on summer afternoons. Narrow-bridged walks connected the islands to the "mainland" and, so the stories go, more than one party was enlivened by the fine sport of fishing drunks out of the pond.

Iron door guarded the fine wines and liquors in Dorsey's wine cellar.



AROUND the mansion, Dorsey built the town of Chico Springs. Until a few years ago it still was listed on many maps. Other buildings in the community were the commissary, where the families of Dorsey's men bought supplies, a school for their children, a huge barn, carriage house and bath house and, apparently, the homes of the foreman and range manager.

The stories which have come down to us about Dorsey's way of amassing a fortune do not all reflect to his credit. According to one tale, cattle being sold to an eastern buyer were herded past a mesa for inspection. He didn't see the cowboys turn the cattle and bring them back around the mesa a second and third time! Thus each cow was tallied several times during one sale. Stories of cold branding also figure in the rangeland gossip.

Even more damaging rumors hovered around Dorsey's name in Washington. Complaints were received by Senators and Congressmen concerning the service on the Star Route mail lines. Clerks and auditors in the Post Office Department and Treasury Department were beginning to notice discrepancies in the contracts and records.

The gossip reached a peak when Thomas L. James, who just a short time before had been named postmaster-general by the newly inaugurated President Garfield, announced that an investigation of the Star Route matter "shall be pushed fearlessly, regardless of whom it may strike."

Garfield just a few months earlier had won the national election, his campaign conducted by Stephen Wallace Dorsey. A bust of Garfield occupied a place of honor in Dorsey's castle at Chico Springs. The President had been a hero of Dorsey's since his Ohio Light Cavalry days. Garfield had commanded the 42nd Regiment of Ohio Volunteers and it had been Garfield who recommended that Dorsey be appointed secretary of the Republican National Committee.

If Postmaster James had any indication that Dorsey might be involved in the Star Route matter, he did not betray the irony of his announcement.

A few days later, Thomas W. Brady, second assistant postmaster-general, resigned. On April 26, a clerk in Brady's office, J. L. French, was dismissed.

After Garfield died of an assassin's bullet, the investigation was continued by Chester A. Arthur. Dorsey was implicated and an indictment was returned March 4, 1882, charging him with using his influence while a United States Senator to direct the activities of a combine which had bid for and obtained contracts on Star Routes under false pretenses.

Others named in the indictment were Thomas W. Brady, John M. Peck, John R. Miner, Harvey Vaile, M. C. Rerdell, W. H. Turner and Dorsey's brother, John.

JOHN DORSEY, Peck and Miner had based their bids for Star Routes and the resulting contracts, the indictment claimed, on false letters and affidavits. Some of these contracts had been transferred to Vaile, a sub-contractor.

Rerdell, Stephen Dorsey's secretary, was alleged to have supervised and managed the Dorsey-Peck-Miner combine in Washington. Turner had been in charge of the routes in the contract office.

The indicted group had entered false claims of increased service along the routes, thus elevating the costs of the contracts. On 134 of the routes, the government figures stated, the cost had risen from a total of $143,169 to $622,208.

Below, left, a bobcat holding a rattlesnake is perched on the gargoyled fountain in front of the Dorsey mansion. At right, a pair of cast iron fountains once graced the Dorsey yard but only one remains. The other disappeared some 30 years ago.

Such increases, however, were not reflected in postal revenues. One route in the Dakotas, given as an example, had a steady revenue of $240 while the cost of the contract had risen from $400 to more than $6,000.

Also questioned were several towns "served" which seemed to be mirages. One, in the Texas Panhandle, was listed —appropriately—as "Haze City."

Judge Wylie of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia opened the trial on June 1, 1882. Leading the battery of seven lawyers for the defense was Robert G. Ingersoll, attorney for the Dorsey brothers. As spokesman of the agnostic movement, Ingersoll had become known from coast to coast.

Directing the prosecution were Attorney General Benjamin Brewster and District Attorney Corkhill.

The flood of words and figures continued until August 7, when the defense rested. Each side was allowed thirteen closing addresses. Ingersoll delivered the last speech for the defense on September fifth and sixth. Brewster used equal time for his last address on behalf of the government.

There had been shocking statements by both attorneys and witnesses during the two months of testimony but the biggest bombshell came when Judge Wylie announced from the bench that several jurors had been approached with bribes by persons claiming to represent the defense and by others purporting to be acting on behalf of the prosecution. In order not to further delay the trial, Judge Wylie said, he had told the jurors to remain silent concerning the offers.

Judge Wylie read his charge on the morning of September 8. Two days later the jury reported it had reached agreement on some of the defendants but were unable to come to any agreement on the others.

Judge Wylie announced that he would receive the verdict, incomplete as it was.

Peck, who had died before the trial, and Turner were declared not guilty. Miner and Rerdell had been found guilty. There was no agreement on the Dorsey brothers, Brady, and Vaile. The verdict was cheered only by Turner. Judge Wylie granted a government motion for a new trial and set the date for December 4.

Selection of the jury, in a hostile and suspicious atmosphere, took two weeks. Judge Wylie limited the defense to five speakers for the summation. Jeremiah Wilson spoke for his client, Brady, and then the defense requested they be allowed to consolidate their remaining talks. The court approved and Ingersoll, who had talked for two days during the first trial, stepped forward. He spoke for six days!

"A masterpiece of marathon courtroom oratory," the newspapers of the day called it.

ON JUNE 14, 1883, the jury announced that a decision had been reached. When the foreman of the jury read the verdict of not guilty on all defendants, there was a moment of stunned silence, then a burst of cheers for Ingersoll.

Ranch gossip insisted that Dorsey

(Continued on page 60)

PEOPLE of the LARAMIE PLAINS

By ARCHIE BAIRD GIBBS

Photo Courtesy Author

Author and "Old Paint" with pack of coyote and wolf hounds. Photo was made in 1915 on his homestead in hills adjoining the Laramie Plains.

To be twenty-five—on the loose in the West—to watch the good and the bad man rendezvous with history—that was living!

Jake McGill

I WENT to work for Jake McGill in 1914. He was a highly respected citizen who had accumulated large holdings of land, cattle and sheep. Along with the land he owned and leased, he controlled a big area in the hills adjoining the plains country. This land was very valuable for winter grazing and protection from the storms and blizzards. Most of the hill land at the time was government free range and subject to homesteading. The longest drift fence built by McGill extended from the Laramie River on the south to Duck Creek on the north, a distance of nearly ten miles. The western boundary of the fence was near Big Springs on the Laramie Plains while the eastern boundary was Sugar Loaf Mountain, another natural barrier. In the neighborhood of seventy-two sections of land were contained in this spread.

I broke into McGill's winter domain by filing on a homestead in 1915. I surveyed and located three other homesteads, one for each of my two brothers and another for Jim Angle, a friend from North Carolina. I studied up on the rudiments of surveying and used a glorified pocket compass and topographical map in the work.

McGill got wind of my operations and made a call on me in the middle of the summer of 1915. I was operating a horse-drawn hay rake when he arrived. He greeted me with, "What are you doing here?"

"I am harvesting my hay!"

McGill then informed me that he had been putting up that hay for the last forty years. He said, "Come down now and we will fight it out."

My answer was, "You are getting too old to fight and it wouldn't solve anything anyway."

He then said, "Get off your jacket and come on. Don't worry about my age."

I was just recuperating from a bout with tick fever, which had left me with an aftermath of rheumatism.

"Mr. McGill," I replied, "I couldn't lick anything bigger than a postage stamp in my present condition."

He eased up then and said, "Well, let's be friends then. I can help you and you can help me." We shook hands and were good neighbors from then on.

Ma Garrett

Before the turn of the century, the Laramie Plains were known far and wide as a place where men and women were equals. Laramie City had the first woman jury in the nation. Mrs. M. A. (Ma) Garrett operated a ranch and post office at Garrett, near the northern border of Albany County, Wyoming. Her husband had died while she was still a vigorous and active woman and the job of running the ranch fell on her shoulders. Besides being the postmistress and operating the ranch, she owned and operated a stage line that ran between Rock River and Garrett. In emergencies she was capable of handling the stage horses. The stage carried the mail, passengers and light supplies for the ranchers. She was also an early-day justice of the peace.

Ma Garrett lived a useful and varied life on the perimeter of the Laramie Plains. She was good to all her neighbors, family and friends, but she was relentless in meting out punishment to those who stood convicted in her court.

Tom Horn

Soon after I arrived in Laramie, I secured a job with the Swan Land and Cattle Company at their headquarters forty miles north of Laramie. One of the employees had been an associate of Tom Horn. I do not remember his name but I do recall his accounts of experiences with Horn. At the time of Horn's demise, he was employed by a large cattlemen's association as a range rider. There had been considerable friction between the sheepmen and cattlemen.

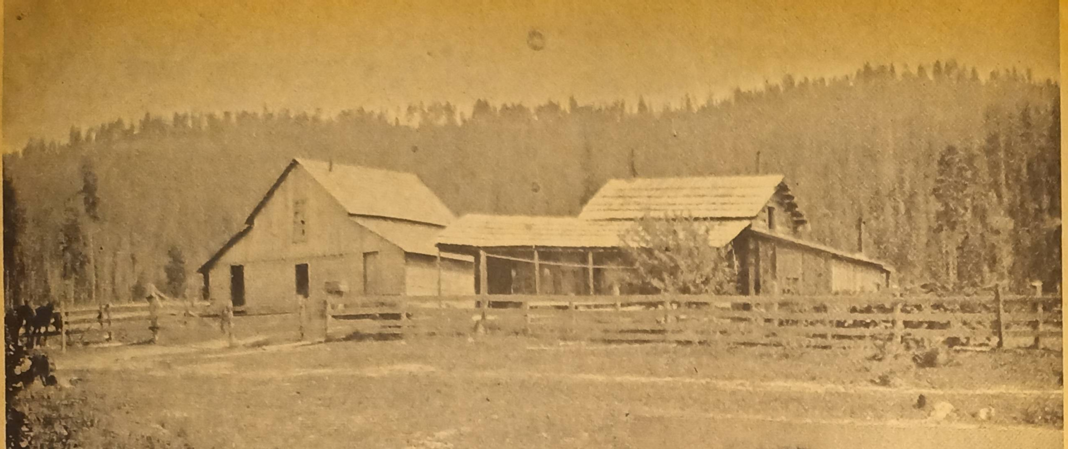
My companion told me about Horn's nightmares—he would scream and rail about his victims. My co-worker became a victim of violence later on. He was shot in the back on the streets of Douglas, Wyoming. He had been part of a domestic triangle involving himself and the man who shot him.

Bill Carlisle

The last of the Laramie Plains bandits was Bill Carlisle, the gentleman train robber. He pulled off a robbery of a Union Pacific passenger train about thirty-five miles north of Laramie in the early twenties. He boarded the train when it stopped for water at a small station and used a toy pistol to intimidate the passengers. He did not ask the women for money and this distinguished him as a polite bandit.

Carlisle was apprehended soon after the robbery and was incarcerated at Rawlins following his confession. After serving a few years of a life sentence, he escaped. He had been working in the shirt factory within the prison and had managed to get himself boxed up in a

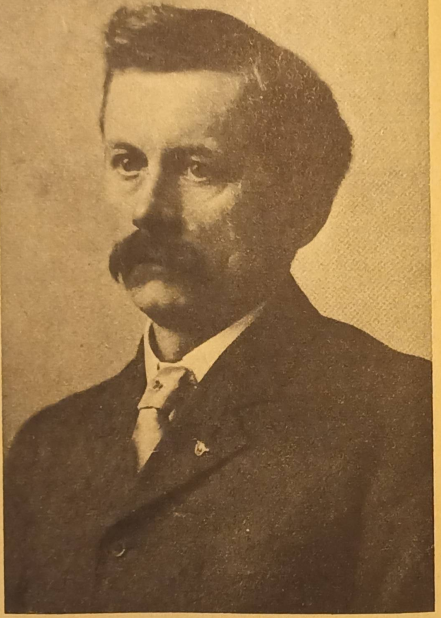
(Continued on page 56)



By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

GHOST FERRY in HOODOO VALLEY



Above, Seneaquoteen in days when it was an active trading post. Below, Andrew Christianson, the last man to keep Seneaquoteen Post.

A TALL farm house, where the Markham family once lived close to the ferryboat landing, an abandoned trading post, weathered and lonesome looking beside the river, and a cemetery upon the hillside sheltered by a dense growth of pines, this is Seneaquoteen today. A hundred years ago it was the principal stopping place on the Wild Horse Trail.

It is located on the banks of the Pend Oreille River at the mouth of the Hoodoo, opposite the present town of Laclede and twelve miles downstream from Sandpoint, Idaho.

According to legend, Seneaquoteen is an Indian name meaning "crossing over deep waters." The name is appropriate, for the Pend Oreille at this point flows deep and smooth, making a comparatively safe crossing for small craft and animals. Wide meadows, rich with lush grass, made it a desirable campsite, and it was used as such by several tribes many years before the coming of David Thompson.

Thompson was the first white man to travel from Spokane House on the Little Spokane to Kullyspell House on the Clarks Fork. He stopped at Seneaquoteen in 1812, with his party of Indians and half-breeds, crossed the river in birch bark canoes, and proceeded northwestward around the lake. He made a note of this in his journal. An early spelling of the name is Sineacteen.

The oldest residents of the area, whose grandparents homesteaded there and who received their information from the trappers and Indians, say that Hudson's Bay Company built the trading post in the early part of the 19th century, exact date unknown. The hand-hewn logs of the old building give evidence of great age. The *Republican*, a newspaper long out of print, stated that Tom Forde, an Irishman, built the first ferry there in 1863 and also kept a pack train.

THIS WAS the beginning of the settlement's greatest activity. Gold was discovered that year in the Wild Horse Country of British Columbia by Jaco Finlay, believed to be the son of the Jaco Finlay who built Spokane House in 1810 and had been David Thompson's clerk during the latter's years in the West.

Finlay brought a sample of his find to the Hudson's Bay post at Tobacco Plains; prospector James Manning saw it and recognized its value. In March, 1864, Manning with a party of twenty men went to Finlay Creek, named in honor of Jaco, and staked out claims. They found only one small pocket containing gold and soon moved on to nearby Wild Horse Creek, where they struck real pay gravel.

By June there were 500 gold seekers at the diggings and when the excitement over the strike reached its highest pitch over 20,000 were engaged in the mad scramble for wealth. Most of them came from south of the Canadian border and over an old route which came to be known as the famous Wild Horse Trail. From the mines to Walla Walla, the major supply point, was 408 miles; to Lewiston, where limited supplies could be purchased, was 342 miles.

There never were a great many people in this country, but those who were around had sure heard of Seneaquoteen Crossing

Seneaquoteen became northern Idaho's best known and most populous settlement. The ferry was kept busy shuttling back and forth across the river cargoes of men, horses and supplies. Although there was no post office and no regular schedule, mail going to and from Canada was handled at Seneaquoteen and sent on its way.

At this same time, the rush was on to Montana's gold fields. Virginia City, Helena and lesser camps were booming. The Wild Horse Trail was the surest and easiest way for the gold hungry from the West to reach these camps. Where Sandpoint is now, the trail forked, one fork going north into Canada by way of Bonners Ferry and the other following the old Thompson Trail around Pend Oreille Lake and into Montana.

The Seneaquoteen trading post was kept by Dick Fry who some said was a half-breed but others claimed was a white man with an Indian wife. Later, Mr. Fry kept a store in Bonners Ferry for a number of years. He is one of northern Idaho's pioneers who, though well-known and well-liked during his lifetime, has been largely forgotten.

On December 22, 1864, the Second Territorial Legislature created Kootenai County. This included the five northern counties of today, the entire panhandle. In all that vast area Seneaquoteen was the most important center and was named the county seat. The honor was an empty one, for no county business was ever transacted there. The reason was that, while thousands of packers, miners, adventurers and other travelers stopped there briefly to refresh themselves and their animals, white permanent residents were few and far apart. Most of those few were too busy making a living, clearing land and building homes to concern themselves greatly with politics.

The law required that there be fifty qualified persons to establish a county government. In 1867 an amendment was passed granting the commissioners the power to relocate the county seat. Nowhere within the county lines could the necessary qualified fifty men be found.

In 1880 the Northern Pacific Railway ran a line across the county on its way to Spokane. It by-passed Seneaquoteen. Villages grew up at different points along the railroad. After much census taking, the village of Westwood (now Rathdrum) was chosen as the seat of local government. This was in 1881.

SENEAQUOTEEN'S heyday was over but it continued as a trading post and stopping place, the gold strike at Murry in the Coeur d'Alenes giving it new life. Before the completion of the Thompson Trail over Thompson Pass, the influx of miners to Murry from the East came mostly by the northern route. Some rode the train as far as Westwood but others who had pack animals came by way of Seneaquoteen.

There were still no bridges across the river, so the ferry continued to do a good business. Francis Markham became ferryman in the early eighties and continued until his death years later.

Markham had not been at Seneaquoteen long when a band of about thirty Indians came to camp there. Some of them were sick. They built pits to hold water, which they heated by dropping hot rocks into it. The sick ones sat in the hot baths until they were virtually parboiled, then ran and jumped into the river. Some died instantly, others a little later.

A white man, whose name has been forgotten, heard of the Indians' plight and came to their aid. He had rudimentary knowledge in treating the sick, and was able to persuade the sufferers to follow his advice. Most of the white people thought that the Indians had smallpox and would not go near them, but as quite a number survived it is more likely that they suffered from measles. A few of the graves may still be found and, occasionally, artifacts.

In 1889, a young couple, Marie and Andrew Christianson, took over the trading post. Hilda, eldest of the three small children, remembers when they arrived at the log building. They found that the former occupants had emptied their straw mattresses on the floors and left the straw there. Hilda was used to a spick and span home, and the messy condition of the place impressed the little five-year old girl while all other details of the move faded from her mind.

She does recall, however, many incidents which happened during that last decade of the 19th century at Seneaquoteen. One of the first things her father did was to plant an apple orchard. Some of the old trees still bear fruit, although they receive no care whatever.

When there were enough white children in the community to warrant a

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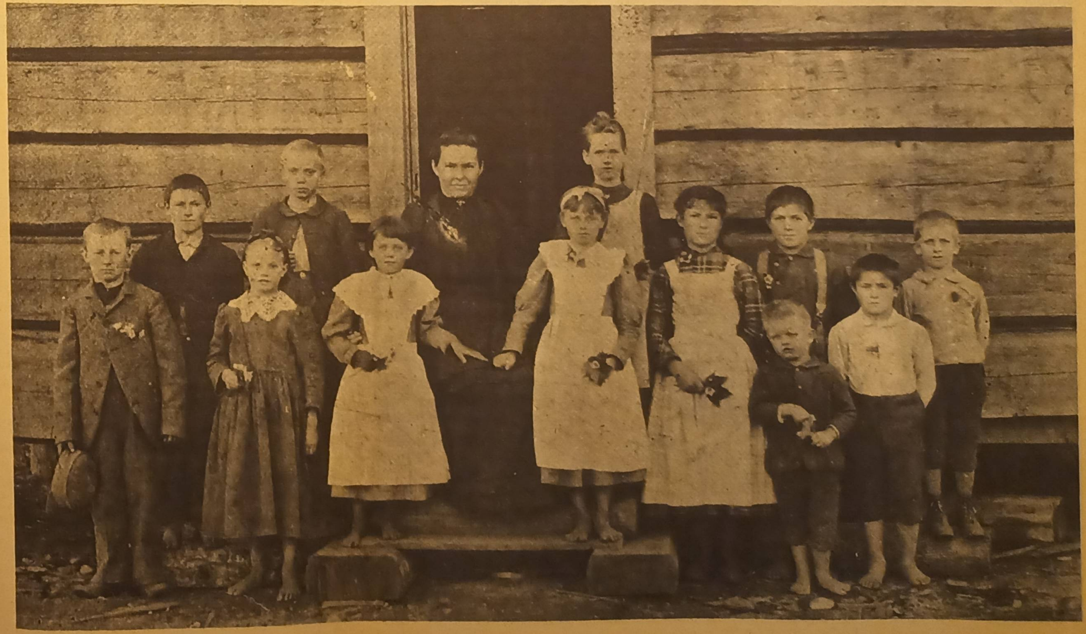
Seneaquoteen School, 1894. Teacher sitting in doorway is Miss Minnie Crockett. Hilda Christianson stands beside her.

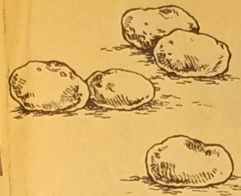


"POTATO" CLARK of DENVER

Religion dried him out but it didn't make him gentle

By MELA MEISNER LINDSAY

Photos
Courtesy Denver
Public Library
Western Collection



Early day potato harvesters; a scene in Colorado

"HE'LL cut up. You'll see," Rufus Clark's boisterous cronies from Denver's bar district smirked. "Then all hell will break loose."

Clark stood in the dust of the unpaved street at Sixteenth and Holladay (now Market) alongside men and women participating in an open-air revival. To the accompaniment of flutes, clarinets, bugles, and a thunder-rolling bass drum, he loudly sang, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee."

"When will he turn loose?" those outside the circle questioned each other, impatient with their comrade's delay.

Finally all was quiet. A man of powerful build detached himself from the crowd and marched to the front.

"It's 'Potato' Clark!" came the delighted yell. "This is going to be good! Potato is about to play one of his jokes!"

Clark lifted his eyes and faced his drinking pals.

"Wipe those grins off," he shouted, "I was never more serious! I'm announcing to the world I've got religion! I've reformed, thank God, before it's too late. I'm telling you, here and now, that never again will I take a drink, or cuss, or gamble, and on that you can bet your bottom dollar!"

Some people, the stories go, accepted the challenge. But those who bet that Potato would slide off the wagon were losers all the way. The scalawag, near-millionaire, one-time legislator became a fiery and dedicated Christian, and went on to become one of Colorado's most respected citizens.

RUFUS (POTATO) CLARK, born in 1822 on a farm in Coventry, Connecticut, could trace his heritage back to the Pilgrims. He was descended from the Clark who came to America in 1620 as mate on the *Mayflower*.

At the age of sixteen, Rufus ran away from home to sail before the mast on the *Delphos*, a whaling vessel which touched at King George's Land, Australia, and was at sea seventeen months. Later adventures took him around the Cape of Good Hope, to the Arctic, the South Sea Islands and other little-known parts of the world.

He returned home so "steeped in sin, in unmitigated profanity and the curse of drink," as he said, that his folks "shrank away from me as from a leper."

In 1859, after five years of farming in Iowa, Rufus Clark came to Denver and filed on 160 acres of land bordering the Platte River, four miles from the south boundary of Denver. Clark planted vegetables, mostly potatoes, and sold them in town. Denver was booming and food was scarce—his first yield brought thirty-five cents a pound.

Horace Greeley, stopping in the heart of the Rockies at about this time, commented: "There are more brawls, more pistol-shots with criminal intent, in this log city of 150 dwellings, not three-fourths of them completed, nor two-thirds of them inhabited, nor one-third fit to be, than in any other country of equal numbers on earth."

Clark joined the majority of miscreants. Drinking and carousing, dancing the sailor's hornpipe on the dirt streets and singing discordant ditties in a voice that boomed like thunder, he was shunned by respectable citizens. Yet he knew how to raise potatoes—he hadn't lived in Iowa for nothing, he often stated.

Clark was secretly proud of the sobriquet Potato, for this lowly tuber had brought him riches that no other Colorado farmer—and very few miners—had achieved. By 1867 his annual crop was said to have sold for $30,000. His crew of workers hauled $1,500 worth of potatoes to Denver in a single day.

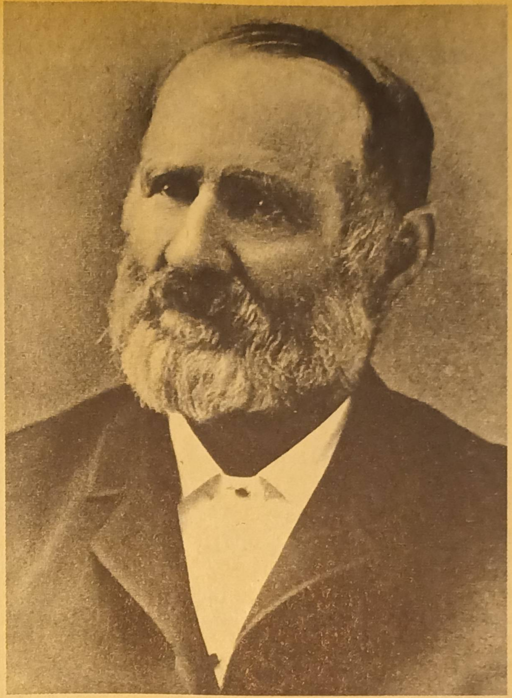
At one time he owned over 20,000 acres of land in Colorado. He sold 15,800 acres, seven and one-half miles southeast of Denver, to an English firm for the purpose of forming a settlement. This became known as Clark Colony. For the first few years after the sale, Clark paid the taxes on the property. In 1895 the colony was reorganized and the amount was refunded to him.

In 1889 an earth-fill dam was built on Cherry Creek to furnish water for the colony. Castlewood Dam held until 1933 when a cloudburst demolished it. It was never rebuilt. A modern concrete structure closer to Denver has taken its place.

Clark remained a large owner of ranches and city real estate; in fact, his assessment records filled twelve pages in the county books. He paid taxes on 4,500 pieces of property, more than were held by any other taxpayer in the county.

ALTHOUGH Potato drank to the extent that he sometimes contemplated suicide, his word was always reliable. When he made a promise to merchants, they knew he would fulfill his obligation. Bankers would extend him money without security, although they required other men to furnish co-signers. In all these years Clark was never arrested, though he often wondered how he escaped.

On his good side, Clark gave not only of himself, but of his land and money. He was the Honorable Rufus Clark, having been elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1865, and he also served on the Board of Education. But on the dark side he was just plain Potato, a drunkard and all-around rascal.



Rufus "Potato" Clark. His crop brought $30,000.

Then the Rev. E. P. Hammond, a noted evangelist, came to Denver in the spring of 1873 to hold a revival. Clark, loaded to the gills, attended the meeting.

"Take me as far forward as possible!" he bawled to the usher.

Clark's seat was directly in front of the minister, who preached a fiery sermon. Tears streamed down repentant faces and there was a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

As the words of condemnation filtered through to him, Potato was stunned. Finally he realized what a terrible sinner he had been. "It was like being burned with coals of fire to look into that preacher's eyes," he said.

That night he was converted and the whole town knew about it the next day. Three days later, at an open air revival, he made his commitment in front of all his old friends. From that time on, all desire for alcohol left him and during the twenty-five years which followed, he never again touched liquor.

Potato Clark was married four times and outlived three of his wives. Although never a mean man in the home, he worked hired help and farm animals half to death.

"Clark was one of the toughest fellows I ever met, in spite of the fact he had got religion," said Cebert Alexander Trease, a man who had worked for him.

"At the time, he was living in just a shack on the Platte River bank. He employed seven to eight men and sometimes twenty-five or thirty as the season's work demanded.

"Just before I went to work for him, his wife had been drowned in a cloudburst. She was hurrying in from the field when the storm broke. When they found her she was dead, with her long hair all entangled in a barb-wire fence.

"I remember I was plowing one Monday morning and I got gravel in my shoe. I sat down on the plow-beam to take it out when a cowpuncher rode by and told Potato I was wearing out the plow-beam sitting on it. In a few moments, Clark came out into the field carrying a whip.

" 'Iowa,' he said (he always called people by the town or state they came from), 'a plow wasn't made to sit on. Here's a whip, see if you can't keep the horses going.'

"By noon there wasn't a dry hair on those horses. I rubbed them down with gunnysacks and put them in the barn. When I tried to lead them out they couldn't even step over the barn sill. Clark gave me another team and I wore them out that afternoon. Neither was fit for work the next day.

"Clark took me down into the field to show me how to hoe. He started out fast but I beat him to the end of the row and sat down to wait for him. Coming up to me he asked why I didn't go right on instead of resting. I blew up. I said, 'How about that religion of yours? If you really had religion you would be up at the house praying for those horses

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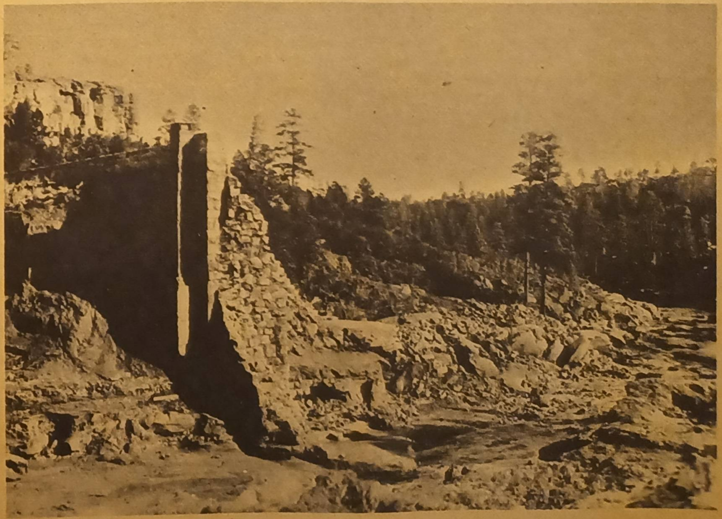


All that was left of Castlewood Dam after the flood of 1933

By
HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Author

If your father was born on the Trail and your mother was born on the Trail, and your own cradle tossed on the bed of a wagon, then you're a

PIONEER CHILD

Nettie's husband, Dave Yarbrough, beloved old-timer, muleteam and stagecoach driver of the desert country

THE WOMAN who sat across from me was a lady in her eighties. She was tall, straight, gracious and neatly groomed. One would never suspect that she had grown up among Digger and Paiute children—that, in fact, she had been born in a deserted picket house (summer home of the Indians).

“My parents left Glenville at the foot of the Sierra, Father in the lead driving a four-horse team, his new wagon piled high with furniture and a handmade cradle,” Nettie Hight Yarbrough told me, a merry twinkle in her blue eyes. “Mother followed, driving the two-horse spring wagon, with little Alice on the seat beside her.

“They got only a few miles out of Glenville when a terrific thunderstorm gathered over the mountains. That was when they made it to a small picket house—and got some of their belongings inside just as the storm let loose in all its fury.

“Right in the middle of the deluge, Sarah Hight, my mother, decided it was time for her baby to be born. Young and frightened, she sent Father off on horseback to bring the midwife from Glenville. They got back just in time. The storm was at its most frightening when I came into the world on October 3, 1868—and Father and Mother were stuck right where they were.

“Father made the little house as comfortable as possible while waiting for the weather to break. But it didn't improve measurably until I was three months old.

“A few nice, spring-like days built Father's confidence and he sent word to his friend, an old Danish miner named Fred Hansen, to get the log house ready—the Hights were on their way.

“Mother, her wagon loaded with furniture and Alice on the seat beside her, could not handle the horses and hold a baby, too. What to do with me became a problem, but Father solved it. His wagon was filled with seed potatoes; why not tie my crib to the back of his wagon seat on top of the potatoes? Mother was skeptical but agreed to try it.

“They hadn't gone far when one of the mares, whose young colt had been left in Glenville, refused to budge another foot. Father knew a delay might be dangerous, but he had to unhitch her, ride her back, and get another horse. By the time he returned, a freezing wind was whirling snow across the mountaintops.

“Luckily, we got as far as the old Dane's cabin. Mother and my little sister were too numb and stiff from the cold to speak or walk. They had to be carried into the cabin, fed hot milk and whiskey, and rubbed vigorously before they revived. Father, dreading to look at me, went out, found the seed potatoes frozen hard, and just knew I was dead. But he brought in my cradle, and Fred Hansen, the old miner, sensing Father's fears, pulled back the blankets. Then, joyously, he shouted, ‘Bless my soul! The baby's werry fine! Youst like a bug in a rug’. And so I was,” Nettie smiled.

WHEN I first met Nettie Hight Yarbrough she was living with her husband, Dave, in a neat cottage set back in a jungle of trees and flowers at Kernville, California, a town better known in the gold rush days as Whiskey Flat.

Nettie's maternal grandfather, Royal Cottle, was a native of Missouri. He and his family of three joined a wagontrain going over the Oregon Trail in 1847. The trip was slow, filled with adventure and ultimate tragedy. For Sarah Cottle gave birth to her third child, Sarah Cordelia Cottle, and died on the Trail. Royal Cottle did not arrive in Oregon Territory until December, 1848.

On horseback he scouted the country for a place to settle down and build a home for his children. He built a small grist and sawmill and operated them for a time with a partner. Then news of the California gold boom reached him. He headed for Sacramento and opened a store.

However, the gold fever and instability of the community prompted Royal Cottle to move back to Oregon. There he was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1853, and settled down to stay in Oregon.

“But, Grandpa Cottle was a farmer at heart,” said Nettie. “He returned to California in 1857 and bought a 140-acre grant near the townsite of San Jose.

“Even though Grandpa Cottle was a visionary,” Nettie continued, “he was nevertheless practical and progressive. After he had cleared his land and built a home on it, he constructed a schoolhouse and hired a teacher for his own and the neighbors' children. He named his place the Willow Glen District.

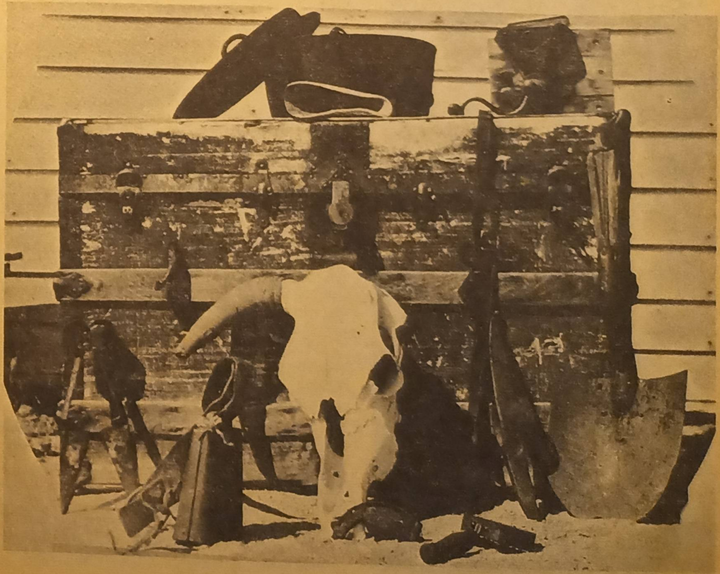
“On my paternal side of the family, sheer love of adventure and a restless curiosity drew Alfred and Sarah Hight to the West. Grandpa Hight intended to get established in the fur industry. He and Grandma outfitted an ox-drawn prairie schooner and left Delaware in 1837 and joined up with a wagontrain traveling the California Trail. They had a few skirmishes with the Indians, but nothing serious. However, tragedy stalked them.

“Sarah Hight, young, eager and pregnant, gave birth to a premature baby and died. The infant weighed less than two pounds; his chances of survival were not worth a copper. But one of the party, a kind Mrs. Lupton, had a young baby of her own and took charge, so Charles Springer Hight, my father-to-be, pulled through.”

Nettie gazed out the window a moment, then turned to me, her eyes bright with memories. “You see how near, on both sides of the family, I came to *not* being born.” She chuckled softly. “With a young baby to worry over, Grandpa Hight decided to remarry before continuing westward. He loved wilderness life, loved being out front breaking new trails, and became indispensable on the Trail as a harness maker, carpenter, cobbler, blacksmith, hunter and trapper. Fortunately, he managed to get through with his scalp intact.

“Of his six yoke of oxen, one was a huge brindle ox named One Horn Riley. Old Riley was trail-wise, a hard worker and had an almost human instinct for averting trouble. Grandpa Hight always gave this ox credit for getting him through safely to the Greenhorn Mountain, where Old Riley then lay down and died.”

Above, Nettie Hight Yarbrough, born pioneer, still walking proudly in her eighties. Below, the skull of One-Horn Riley, the bell, shovel, Dutch oven, trunk and other cherished items that Grandpa Hight used on the Oregon Trail.



LITTLE Charles Hight was thirteen years old when the family settled down on a Greenhorn homestead. Alfred Hight, intending to run some cattle, also cleared farmland. While doing this and building a snug, four-room log house, he and his family lived in the covered wagon.

Charles loved the high, wild country, but his father heard about the Spanish land grants near San Jose and decided to buy one. Thus, in a few years, the Hights and Cottles became neighbors. These two pioneer families became good friends. So what could be more natural than Sarah Cordelia Cottle and Charles Springer Hight falling in love and wanting to marry?

In 1863, when Sarah was only fifteen and Charles twenty-five, they received the blessings of both families and started out on their own.

Charles had always planned to return to his beloved Greenhorn Mountain home—which had been retained by the family and was in good repair—to run cattle and do a bit of farming. So he and Sarah left San Jose in a spring wagon and traveled southward to Glenville, a small farming community. Charles stopped there and worked at whatever he could get, but made frequent trips to the mountain home, only twenty miles away, to keep his eye on the place and renew old times with a Danish miner, “Handsome” Fred Hansen, who became “Uncle Fred” to the family.

“It was during the Glenville delay,” Nettie said, “that my sister Alice Azella was born.”

Eventually the Hights made it to the homestead on the Greenhorn. Uncle Fred had several good gold claims staked out. When he named one for each of the children, Nettie said they felt very rich and important.

“When two more children arrived, Uncle Fred laughed and said he guessed he had better go stake some more claims, or he'd run out.

“Mother was buxom, busy, and always happy. She sang at her chores and Father whistled at his. It took very little to create excitement for us children. It was wonderful, for instance, when Grandpa Hight came from San Jose by stagecoach to visit us. This meant a trip to meet him in Whiskey Flat.

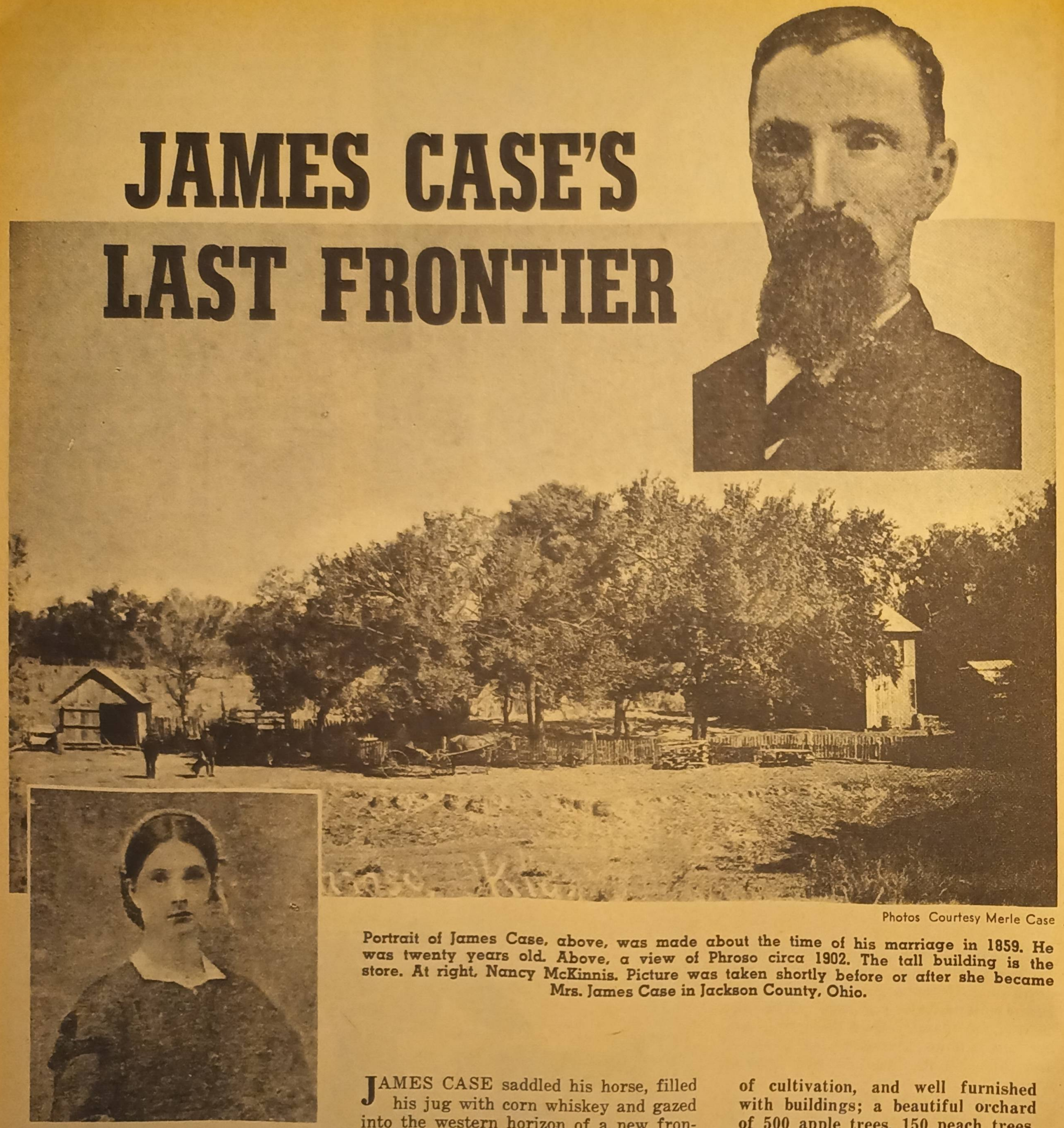
For Mother and Father, his visits meant the log house would be made more comfortable. Grandpa loved to hammer and saw, and keep busy. There were always doors and windows to mend, or some other improvement to be made somewhere.

“Mother was just as industrious and ingenious. She made the most of everything around her and took great pride in making the log house cheerful and attractive. On winter evenings, when chores were done, she braided rugs from worn-out garments. She made dyes from onion

(Continued on page 55)

JAMES CASE'S LAST FRONTIER

By NOLA PRIBIL



Photos Courtesy Merle Case

Portrait of James Case, above, was made about the time of his marriage in 1859. He was twenty years old. Above, a view of Phroso circa 1902. The tall building is the store. At right, Nancy McKinnis. Picture was taken shortly before or after she became Mrs. James Case in Jackson County, Ohio.

> He was not a young man seeking a fortune; he was a middle-aged man who was moving on because life had lost its zest

JAMES CASE saddled his horse, filled his jug with corn whiskey and gazed into the western horizon of a new frontier.

There was no one to see him off, wish him luck, or persuade him to stay. Because James Case, who liked so much to talk, had told no one where he was going or why. He simply rode away.

At age fifty-six, Case was leaving a well-improved farm to venture, once again, beyond civilization. He had come west at thirty-two, leaving his father's farm in Jackson County, Ohio, and following the trail to eastern Kansas. In 1883, the *History of the State of Kansas* reported of him:

> **. . . His farms consist of 160 acres in Section 4, Crawford Township, and 160 acres in Section 33, Mineral Township, all under a thorough state of cultivation, and well furnished with buildings; a beautiful orchard of 500 apple trees, 150 peach trees, apricots, and all kinds of fruit grown here. He was married in Jackson County, Ohio, to Miss Nancy McKinnis, of Jackson County, who departed this life March 9, 1881, and is buried in Lone Elm Cemetery, Cherokee Township. . . .**

James Case turned the wrong direction when he headed south from Kiowa, Kansas, straight into the Gloss Mountains. There was nothing in the Gloss Mountain area to attract a pioneer.

The Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians were restless from being moved so many times. They traveled up and down the Kiowa Trail, stealing, begging—and demanding. Gypsies also found the trail, camping along the way and grabbing any item, large or small, which they could snitch from under the owner's nose.

Natural caves in the mountains served as hideouts for outlaws who used the Cherokee Strip as their homegrounds. Deep canyons, well hidden by tall oak and cedar trees, were ideal to conceal the horse thieves of the area, both Indian and white.

Into all this, Case rode alone, his tall, tough and wiry body slumped in the saddle. His sunken eyes exposed an inner sadness beneath his wide, black, slanted brows. His black beard and mustache dusted the top of his jug as he nipped. But Case and his jug were not a trouble combination.

This was the way Case rode away; away from his home, the grave of his wife, the graves of two children, the place where he had learned that four of his brothers had been killed in the Civil War; the home where he had raised a family and watched the surviving children leave to make lives of their own.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP had been opened for settlement two years when Case entered the Gloss Mountains in 1895. On the trail he met Amos Chapman and his Cheyenne wife. Chapman had been an Army scout during the Battle of Buffalo Wallow and lost a leg during the fight. An Indian girl—who'd later become his wife—had nursed him back to health.

Fifty miles south of the Kansas border, Case tied his horse to a tree and made camp in a valley where oaks and cedars were big and thick. The next morning, Case learned he was camping on an unclaimed homestead. He filed as soon as he could, then constructed a dugout.

Case made friends with his neighbors. His nearest was William Wehrli who, like Case, lived alone. Wehrli's half-dugout was in the north bank of the canyon which ran west of Case's homestead and curved to the northeast. By road they were a half-mile apart.

Shortly after Case had carved his rude home, he received a letter from his son Will. The young man had decided to leave Seattle, Washington, where he had been living, and join his father on the homestead. Happily, Case started down the path to tell Wehrli his good news.

There was no sign of life in his neighbor's yard, so Case went into the dugout. Wehrli was at the table slumped over a newspaper.

"Why, you lazy son-of-a-gun! That all you got to do?" Case bellowed. But Wehrli didn't answer. Then, to his horror, Case discovered his friend had been shot in the back of the head.

Rushing outside, Case found that Wehrli's horses were gone. He went to another neighbor, the McMasters, for help. Then he returned to sit with his friend's body while John McMaster and John's cousin, Bob, went to Alva for a coffin and the coroner.

Late that night the McMaster boys reached Alva. Everything was closed. They would have to wait until morning for the coffin. They told several friends about the murder, then, tired from the long ride, they bedded down early.

That same evening, Will Case stepped off the train and sought lodging. The next morning he heard about the McMaster boys and contacted them before they left town. The two cousins and the coroner rode in the springwagon's seat and Will rode on the coffin in the back.

Wehrli's horses had come home, so they and his other possessions were sold. The neighbors gave him a nice funeral. They bought a tombstone which read: "Wm. Wehrli. Died Mar. 8, 1896. Aged 64 years." That's all anyone knew about him.

A young ne'er-do-well in the neighborhood, a suspected horsethief, was arrested. Some people thought he had shot Wehrli, but the young devil escaped before standing trial.

Will Case's coffin ride was often talked about. "I'll bet I'm the only man in the Strip whose son came in on the coffin of his dad's best friend," Case often said.

More excitement was to follow. Six outlaws, with their stolen horses, had gone into hiding down in the canyon. Government scouts and marshals from Alva and Ft. Supply came after them. One thief was wounded and captured but the others got away. The prisoner was given a short trial, found guilty, and hanged from a convenient oak.

During the chase one lawman suffered accidental wounds and later died. He had been riding along the canyon bank with his gun's safety catch released when the gun tangled with brush. Its bullet ripped into his stomach.

He was buried beside the horsethief; both graves were unmarked. No one ever knew which was the marshal's and which was the thief's. And no one really cared.

Marshals and scouts did not have the universal respect of homesteaders. Too often, when these men failed to get their man, they would fulfill their "duty" by arresting a homesteader for shipping quail or cedar logs to Kansas. "One marshal less," was never sad news.

WANTED MEN FROM every part of the Territory fled to the Gloss Mountains and disappeared. The Daltons and the members of their gang dropped in often, commandeering food for themselves and their horses. Another noted outlaw, Ike Black, was a nuisance to the community. Black was from the area, knew the people, and "borrowed" from them. He'd walk into their homes, demand a meal and ride off on their horses.

A price was put on his head after his partner, Dick Yeager, had been killed. Case's neighbor, Frank Hurt, decided that he might as well collect that reward. He knew Black always sat where he could see all the doors and windows, as well as the people, in a room. Hurt rearranged his furniture so such a seat would be impossible. Sometime later, as Hurt had anticipated, Black came for a "visit."

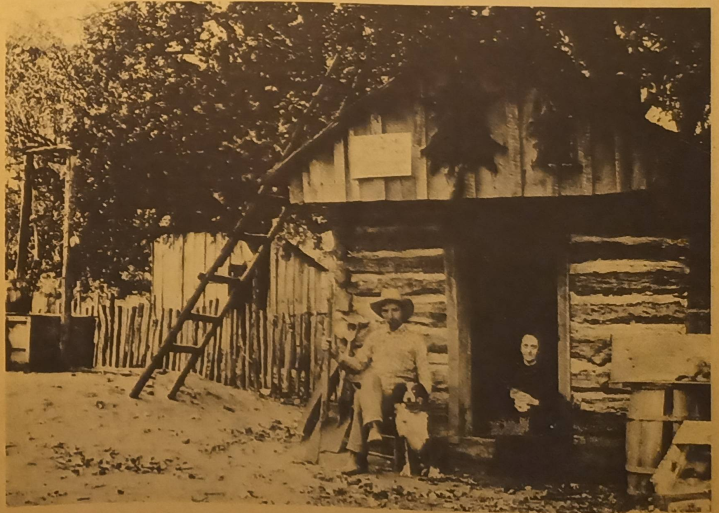
The outlaw's sharp eyes darted around the room, then focused on Hurt.

"Frank, damn it to hell! Don't do it!"

Surprised—and afraid for his own life—Frank Hurt stuttered, "I won't." His trap had been so carefully conceived it

James Case rests in front of his cedar log cabin in the town of Phroso which he built on the Kiowa Trail 25 miles west of Fairview, Oklahoma, on his fourth and last "western frontier." Beside him is his faithful dog, Shep, and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ruben Case. The sign over the door reads, "Land Commissioner Office."

Photo Courtesy Cora Case



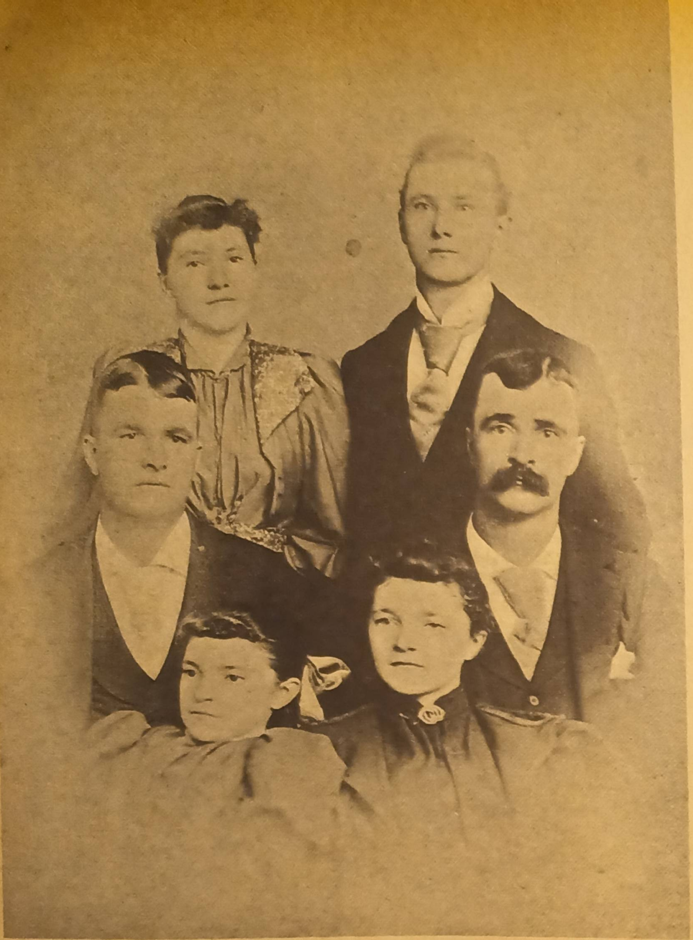


Photo Courtesy Merle Case

Shown above, the six motherless children whom James Case reared in Kansas. They are, back row, left to right: Sophia and Ruben. Second row: Oscar and Will. Front row: Elethea and Ellen. Frances and George died quite young and their mother was buried beside them in eastern Kansas. Below, James Case and his son Ruben stand in the middle of their town of Phroso. Picture taken probably around 1905.

Photo Courtesy Merle Case

had given him away.

Black later met his doom when an eight-man posse cornered him three miles south of Case. They shot him full of holes, threw his body in a spring-wagon, and tossed their guns on top of him. It's reported that one man said, "Maybe we'd better shoot him a few more times. With all them guns that onery, s—o—b is liable to raise up and kill us. . .!"

CASE finished his cabin in 1897. With all the interruptions, it had taken more than a year to build it. He used cedar logs and mortared them together with the natural limestone he found in the area. Mixed with water, it worked like cement.

The Case cabin was a stopping place for homefolk as well as Indians, gypsies and outlaws. Case had done a great deal of bartering so he decided to make his home into a trading post. He called it Phroso after the heroine of a book his youngest son had admired.

One day while tending his store, James Case was interrupted by a man wanting to know if anyone had ever heard of a "Bill Wehrli being shot around here." According to this stranger, he had been sitting with a sick old man in Fairview and the man, afraid he was going to die, had confessed that he'd committed the murder. The old man, Lube Tuttle, passed away before an investigation could be completed. Men who had known Tuttle most of his life declared he couldn't have done such a thing. Others, knowing he was in the area and doubting that he would have lied on his deathbed, considered the mystery solved. As far as anyone knows, James Case did not take either side.

In 1907 the tireless pioneer's health finally broke. But two of his other sons, Ruben and Oscar, and their families had joined their father in "his last frontier." When he died in 1919, the little town of Phroso had a post office, and the trading post was returning a profit. Today only the cellar which Case had dug behind his log cabin remains. The land is owned by James' grandson, Vernon. Cora McMaster Case, Oscar's wife, lives across the road. She is ninety-five.

James Case loved the land and understood his relationship to it. "In viewing the destruction of time-marked scenes of nature," he wrote in 1911, "there is a feeling of sadness which comes over me for there is an awe and reverence in wild picturesque sources of nature which language cannot describe. . ."

Then, a fitting epitaph for the staunch pioneer, ". . . oftimes as I have sat in the little cedar cabin or beneath the oak and elm that shades and shelters my humble home, I see again those little children and the mother who gave them life and I seem to hear their voices as in the brightest and happiest days of my life. . . . But why tell this to the world? The world has joys and sorrows of its own and I have lived to know it is as true today as at the end of creation, when last of all, He created man and saw it was not good for man to be alone. . . ."

Pioneer Child

(Continued from page 51)

peelings, barks and berries. Some of the bedticks were stuffed with new-mown hay which smelled delicious. Others were filled with cattail down. Our pillows were stuffed with down from wild geese, ducks, or chicken feathers.

Oh, but our *company room* had to shine! Everything on *that* bed had to be snow-white—sheets, blankets, pillow cases and shams. The latter were trimmed with lace and embroidery.

"DESPITE all her household chores and babies to mind, Mother found time to add pretty touches to our clothes. Our drawers and everyday petticoats made from flour sacks always had crocheted edging or handmade lace on them.

"Of course, a big log house with only fireplaces to heat it can get mighty cold in winter. But Mother managed to keep our house warmer and more interesting, too. In 1877, when the *Argonaut* began publication in San Francisco, it and the *Police Gazette* served as wallpaper. The various pictures—ladies in pink tights, horrible scenes of Indian massacres—gave us something new to think about on frosty winter days.

"The Shoshonean Indians living around us, called Paiutes by local residents, were of a different strain than those living farther back in the mountains. The Paiutes and Diggers seldom gave trouble. When they crossed our place, Father treated them kindly and gave them food. But with the coming of more settlers, wild game and other natural resources thinned out considerably. It seemed hard for the Indians to get enough food, or enough clothing to cover their bodies, even though they were conservators of nature and never took more than they needed. Many times I've seen Father give them butter and eggs, meat or a few live chickens. In return the Indians gave us piñon nuts, bright beads, and taught us to make various and useful articles.

"These were great and happy days. Small incidents and near tragedies were just a part of pioneer life. These were the things which made us grow up as tough and unspoiled as the country in which we lived. When I hear women complain today about *hardships*, I smile."

Nettie said there was one thing they were never short of—food. Wild berries and fruits grew all around them and the antelope, squirrels, rabbits, wild geese and quail got so tame they ate in the yard with the chickens.

The Hights were happy with their way of life on the Greenhorn, but growing children need a school. Nettie was twelve years old when the family loaded up what would be needed for light housekeeping and went down to Whiskey Flat in 1879.

By the time the Hights moved in, Whiskey Flat had shrunk from a gold boom town to around 500 hospitable folk who depended upon each other in emergencies, illness and death. The thought of living in *any* kind of town, and of going to school, was a great adventure for the Hight children.

Nettie displaying two of the unique dolls trimmed with rare old buttons

"Here we had our first contact with teamsters, miners, drunks and circuit riding preachers," Nettie said. "I loved the town life and everything around us, but I loved school the best. I remember we sang some of our lessons in geography, time-tables and numbers. One song went like this:

Oh, have you heard geography sung?
For if you've not 'tis on my tongue—
About the earth in the air that's hung,
All covered with little green islands.

Continents and capes there are,
And isthmus and peninsu-LAR;
Oceans, straits and valleys far,
Over the little green islands.

Great equator and tropics, too—
Latitude line, longitude, too;
Great polar circle and all these go
through
The thousands of little green islands.

Nettie's calm, sweet face beamed. "Believe me, education was a privilege! We children took advantage of every day of it, even though we trudged through sleet and snow and all kinds of weather to get to the schoolhouse.

"THERE WAS a disease called 'Bakersfield Fever'. Typhoid, too, often ran rampant. We managed to skip both. Each family had its home rules and remedies and a 'Doctor's Book' to turn to when in doubt. For instance, Angleworm Oil was excellent for sore muscles and cricks in the back. Nanny-berry Tea, made of sheep manure, was considered *very* effective in avoiding contagious diseases. Cowboys and miners used Wizard Oil, a patented medicine which they swore was good for anything that ailed them. Chamber Lye, made of urine, preferably a baby's because it was purer, was a sure cure for sore throats. Tooth decay was common and there was little one could do about it. Usually the tooth was packed with tobacco, or soothed by a mouthful of whiskey. If this failed, a strong arm applied the pliers and removed the tooth. But barring accidents, there seemed to be fewer ills than we hear about today.

"I smile now at the confidence I had when we moved to Whiskey Flat. Mother, to help along, was serving dinners to some ten or twelve miners and cowboys. When Father took a notion to look at some ranchland in the San Joaquin Valley—somewhere around Bakersfield—I urged Mother to go along. I assured her I would do all right, and I did.

"I fed those fellows such bountiful meals that our place got named the 'Banquet Ranch'. But Father's and Mother's trip turned out to have a sad and surprising ending. After scouting over the land, Father came home disgusted.

" 'Who in the heck,' he asked, 'can raise crops on swampy land under a greasy scum?'

"Well, it so happened that what Father called *greasy scum* indicated oil and in 1899 a hand-dug pit made history as the Kern River Field—today contributing one-fourth of California's total oil production. *That's how close we missed being millionaires!*"

Nettie got up, made tea and served it. Between sips I listened to her reminisce.

"Oh, another thing that impressed me greatly, when I was only a little tyke, was the big earthquake. This happened on March 26, 1872. It hit the Owens and Kern River country, nearly destroying Independence. The world shook and trembled for two full weeks! A mountain shifted down into the Kern River and formed a new lake. I asked Mother why the doors kept swinging back and forth like they would in a windstorm. She said 'Earthquake!' I expected to see some horrible creature crouched behind the door and peeked cautiously. Everybody laughed."

Nettie Yarbrough has always had an enthusiasm for living. For example, as a child in school, she began a button collection—buttons from mining camps and buttons from the dresses of "Gay Ladies." Later she used them to make the facial features and trim the dresses of unique little dolls. From straws and toothpicks she made fairy-like castles. Her most outstanding collection, a facsimile eighteen-course dinner, was composed of small pebbles and rocks. These brought her an invitation to appear in New York on the "Believe It Or Not" TV program. But Nettie declined the honor.

Nettie also had the distinction of being the first woman to be granted membership in Death Valley's famed "E Clampus Vitus" group.

"I suppose I inherited my pioneering ancestors' disposition. They had to have a sense of humor or they wouldn't have made it. Even though I've had as many bumps in life as they got bumping across the prairies, I've never let worry get me down. Worry is the acid that makes old folks intolerable—it's a killer."

"Potato" Clark of Denver

(Continued from page 49)

that can't get out of the barn.' But that was Potato Clark for you. He worked everything and everybody to death. I had enough of him and quit."

BUT who is to say that the good didn't outweigh the bad in Clark's life? After he had joined the United Brethern Church, to which he gave life-long support, he and another man donated a building to the Salvation Army. In 1886 Clark financed the Rufus Clark and Wife Theological Training School at Shangay Sherbro, Africa. The three-story granite structure housed 213 students. During its first year, Clark paid for thirteen scholarships to be presented to worthy young men.

In Denver, his greatest gift was the eighty-acre site for the University of Denver. With it went $500 in cash. At the time, he estimated he had given $16,000 to the college, figuring the land at $200 per acre. A rapid rise in property values, however, soon made his gift worth $80,000.

After Chicago's big fire, Clark brought a wagonload of potatoes to Denver to sell as his contribution to the needy in the Illinois city. A bystander, seeing him drive up to Kassler and Cram's store, shouted, "Why not auction them off, Potato?"

Clark agreed it was a great idea. So did the Salomon brothers next door. They furnished sacks for the potatoes and a big sign was made announcing the auction. A large crowd gathered.

Mayor Harper began the sale, saying, "Let the Chicago of the Rocky Mountain country respond liberally to the great metropolis of the West in her need."

Clark climbed on his wagon seat. "What am I bid?" his voice boomed over the enthusiastic gathering. "What am I bid for this sack of potatoes?"

"$10 . . . 20 . . . 50 . . . 100 . . ."

After an hour's lively bidding, ten sacks of potatoes went for $143 each. Then one of the Salomon brothers put up his sack for further bids and it brought $270 on the resale.

The crowd felt good. They refused to call it quits. Other things were donated and the auction continued.

The mayor's hat brought $46.00. A canary bird and cage sold for $35.00. A buffalo robe, two silver watches, one gold watch and one hat offered by Major Peabody went for $40.00. Large bids were made on Colorado flour, a silver pitcher, two pairs of boots, a writing desk, a case of Missouri wine.

Boxes of cigars, several boxes of oysters, a barrel of apples, a saddle and bridle, four sheep which had taken first place at the agricultural fair, a box of stuffed birds, a beaded cushion and one dinner bell given by Rufus Clark then were put on the block. When nothing else remained, Clark sold the auction sign itself to the mayor for $7.00!

As a result of the heart-warming event, a check for $7,220 was dispatched that very night to Chicago.

In spite of the wealth he accumulated, Clark lived in the same little shack on the banks of the Platte for many years. Later, in the mid-seventies, he built a big brick house across the road (now called Santa Fe Drive). Today part of the original estate is a municipal golf course. Known as Overland Park, it also has been a track for horse races, and automobile and motorcycle races.

Rufus (Potato) Clark died in October, 1910. His daughter, May Clark Walker, contested his will, which left the larger part of his fortune to African missions, and won her suit. She passed away twenty years later in Los Angeles, but was buried beside her father in Denver's Riverside Cemetery.

People of the Laramie Plains

(Continued from page 45)

shipment of shirts going out by rail.

After his capture a second time, Bill was returned to the penitentiary but was later pardoned by the governor of Wyoming. Bill worked for awhile and later acquired a tourist court in Laramie. He was respected by all. I knew Carlisle well and did business with him for many years. He passed away in his home community in Pennsylvania.

N. K. Boswell

On my visits to the city of Laramie, I always stayed at the Kuster Hotel. The Kuster was headquarters for ranchmen. On one of my early stops at the Kuster, I met N. K. Boswell, who had a large cattle ranch on the upper Laramie River. Boswell had come to Laramie before the advent of the railroad and remembered what the town had been like then.

As soon as it was learned that Laramie City was to be a terminus for the railroad, gamblers, horse thieves and dive operators stampeded into town. The ringleaders in the saloon business were two brothers who had been successful in other camps and had the money to establish their enterprises. They had a strong-arm sidekick by the name of Big Steve. He did a lot of the dirty work. Customers were purposely made drunk and then robbed and murdered in the back of the Moyer Saloon. Quite a large number of men were murdered and buried on the plains before the vigilantes, composed of the better element, got busy and put an end to it. N. K. Boswell was one of the better set. He was a man of large stature and imposing mien.

IN CASE OF SNAKE BITE BREAK GLASS

Boswell was elected sheriff in 1868. He later became a deputy U. S. Marshal. On the night of April 26, 1868, vigilantes led by Boswell took the two Moyer brothers and Big Steve out to a shack and improvised a gallows by leaning some large poles against the eaves of the shack. Right after the hanging many cutthroats made a hasty exit to safer quarters.

When I met Boswell, he was in his declining years but was still actively engaged in ranching. He was fond of staying at the Kuster Hotel, recounting his early activities and ventures in and around Laramie. The Laramie Plains never had a better citizen.

Freeman vs. Patterson

I had a herd of 2,000 sheep which I ranged between Laramie and the mountains near Laramie Peak. On the trail to the summer range in the spring of 1917, the sheep, tended by Sam Patterson, were resting at midday at a watering place near the Toltec Ranch. Some of the sheep strayed onto the ranch meadow. Freeman spotted them from the top of a hill at the ranch headquarters. Freeman rode up to Patterson and the two men engaged in a heated argument.

Freeman became so enraged that he drew his high-powered rifle from his saddle scabbard and fired on Patterson at very close range. The bullet made a small clean hole near Patterson's ear, shattered his jawbone, and then deflected upward into his skull. It was a miracle that Patterson was not killed. The only explanation I can give was that the muzzle of the gun was so near Patterson when Freeman fired that the bullet had not picked up sufficient velocity to acquire much power. Patterson recuperated in the Laramie hospital for two weeks and then returned to work completely recovered.

Freeman was arrested and charged with assault with intent to kill. There were no eye-witnesses to the shooting and he got off with a verdict of simple assault. He testified that he only jabbed Patterson with the barrel of the rifle. Patterson later had an X-ray examination that revealed the bullet lodged in his skull. Patterson did not pursue the matter further, figuring that he was fortunate to be alive.

The following spring we were on the trail again, going to the summer range, when Patterson was approached by a lone rider. He turned out to be Freeman. Freeman apologized for his nasty misdeed and the two parted friends. Freeman died the following winter with pneumonia. Patterson later acquired a herd of sheep and had a successful career on the Laramie Plains.

Fifty years have passed since this last sheep-cattle feud occurred on the Laramie Plains. Cowboys still pack their rifles on their saddles, but use them only against coyotes and rattlesnakes.

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from $45 Million to over $1 Billion in 4 years!

NATIONAL WESTERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Comparative Balance Sheets
1962 through 1966

ASSETS	1966	1965	1964	1963	1962
Bonds	$19,386,304	$16,758,795	$ 4,678,821	$ 4,477,739	$1,652,203
Stocks	2,388,558	2,606,697	1,971,057	2,259,923	316,420
Mortgage loans	20,393,716	20,746,583	11,636,892	8,364,599	1,873,216
Real estate (net of depreciation & liens)	2,261,640	1,673,824	1,097,396	859,966	710,744
Policy loans	3,817,613	2,730,400	1,380,658	867,914	230,000
Collateral loans	504,950	380,507	295,490	75,109	—0—
Other invested assets	196,259	270,023	—0—	120,366	—0—
Cash	2,193,282	1,708,388	1,479,775	716,666	622,454
Premiums in course of collection	3,641,648	4,251,074	1,473,539	1,196,719	847,293
Interest in LSM Trust	23,715,660	21,594,342	20,644,481	—0—	—0—
Accrued investment income	431,056	412,459	157,344	123,409	35,925
Other assets	308,718	386,822	75,164	157,816	28,223
Total Assets	$79,239,404	$73,519,914	$44,890,617	$19,220,226	$6,316,478
LIABILITIES					
Policy reserves	$42,946,529	$39,711,020	$17,862,011	$13,675,802	$4,825,724
Policy and contract claims payable	265,451	201,427	81,490	83,690	12,109
Premiums paid in advance or on deposit	614,999	666,263	337,736	336,920	138,954
Policyowners' funds on deposit	5,543,843	4,296,389	442,453	467,886	400,412
Accrued taxes	350,866	307,394	134,512	84,314	69,623
Funds held by Company as trustee	472,947	293,694	248,899	66,637	11,697
Accrued expenses	426,716	399,194	179,534	171,564	51,462
Unearned income	227,467	334,899	310,321	165,925	8,368
Notes payable	660,238	325,000	—0—	—0—	—0—
Mandatory Securities Voluntary Reserve	180,077	597,559	58,504	58,503	10,651
Other liabilities	338,145	407,543	317,745	51,707	—0—
Total Liabilities	$52,027,458	$47,540,382	$19,973,205	$15,162,948	$5,529,000
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS					
Common stock	$ 2,833,696	$ 2,833,696	$ 635,295	$ 600,731	$ 420,815
Total surplus funds	24,378,250	23,145,836	24,282,117	3,456,547	366,663
Total capital and surplus	$27,211,946	$25,979,532	$24,917,412	$ 4,057,278	$ 787,478
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	$79,239,404	$73,519,914	$44,890,617	$19,220,226	$6,316,478

NATIONAL WESTERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Comparative Operating Statements
1962 through 1966

INCOME	1966	1965	1964	1963	1962
Premiums	$14,399,096	$15,454,975	$ 7,697,680	$ 6,275,620	$4,124,937
Other considerations	679,037	285,949	109,657	105,276	97,366
Investment income (less investment expenses)	2,497,055	2,073,700	1,506,816	1,069,549	182,376
Other income	104,555	40,607	418,305	19,877	7,116
Total Income	$17,679,743	$17,855,231	$ 9,732,458	$ 7,470,322	$4,411,795
POLICYOWNER BENEFITS					
Death benefits	$ 1,372,667	$ 1,122,026	$ 857,646	$ 634,400	$ 107,433
Surrender benefits	2,059,882	853,637	759,777	253,900	56,941
Accident and health benefits	369,447	596,543	224,350	94,247	—0—
Other benefits	1,627,690	1,148,414	57,473	38,411	19,893
Increase in policy and benefit reserves	4,867,412	4,996,417	3,322,277	2,856,087	2,311,018
Total Benefits to Policyowners	$10,297,098	$ 8,717,037	$ 5,221,523	$ 3,877,045	$2,495,285
EXPENSES					
Commissions	$ 3,560,095	$ 3,105,462	$ 1,734,695	$ 1,469,642	$1,400,009
General insurance expenses	2,857,316	3,586,257	1,427,671	1,601,079	742,075
Insurance taxes, licenses, and fees	576,203	395,684	162,365	114,811	95,513
Increase in loading on deferred and uncollected premiums	(1,201,703)	1,323,022	221,235	99,771	(137,187)
Interest on surplus debentures and borrowed money	96,565	129,759	106,815	96,313	—0—
Other sundry expenses	—0—	10,000	6,559	—0—	—0—
Dividends to policyowners	516,988	168,717	329,030	373,079	255,177
Total expenses	$ 6,405,464	$ 8,718,901	$ 3,988,370	$ 3,754,695	$2,355,587
Total Benefits and Expenses	$16,702,562	$17,435,938	$ 9,209,893	$ 7,631,740	$4,850,872
Net Gain (Loss)	$ 977,181	$ 419,293	$ 522,565	$ (161,418)	$ (439,077)

It has been said,
"You Become What You Think About"
. . . they thought about $1 billion
of life insurance in force in 8 years
and made it in 4 years

The National Western Group of Life Companies has grown from (Security National Life in 1962) $45 million of life insurance in force in 1962 to over $1 billion of life insurance in force today. This fantastic growth story is all part of a dramatic plan designed to have over $5 billion of life insurance in force by mid-1970 and $10 billion of life insurance in force by the early 1980's – or 15 years from now.

The "plan" was conceived by the imaginative young financial combination of Robert L. Moody, Chairman of the Board of National Western Life Insurance Company and Harold E. Riley, President of the Austin-based company.

A Great Beginning

December 31, 1966, marked the "close of a great beginning" when it was reported that "in just over 38 months, the National Western Group of Life Companies have amassed over $102,599,904 of assets; an annual premium income of over $23,557,098, and capital and surplus of $34,354,208. The Companies have expanded their marketing area around the globe and today the Companies operate in 38 states and 6 foreign countries through more than 3,000 licensed sales representatives."

Highlights of Four Years of Record-Breaking Progress of the Base Company National Western Life Insurance Company

Late in 1963, the present management assumed the responsibility of directing the operations of National Western Life Insurance Company. 1962 was the last year in the Company's history that their influence had not been felt. The accomplishments listed below reveal the dramatic progress that has been made since 1962.

Profits

Net gains from operations for 1966 were $977,181. In 1962, the Company had a net operational loss of $439,077.

Life Insurance in Force

Life insurance in force has increased from $124,130,661, at the end of 1962 to $654,300,000 as of December 31, 1966, an increase of 427%.

Assets

Total assets have increased 1154%. As of December 31, 1962, assets were $6,316,478. At year-end 1966, assets had reached $79,239,404.

Capital and Surplus

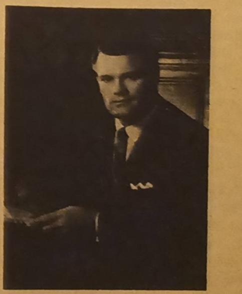
The capital and surplus accounts have grown from $787,478 in 1962 to $27,211,946, as of December 31, 1966, an increase of 3356%.

Premium Income

Premium income in 1966 amounted to $14,399,096. It was $4,124,937 in 1962. The increase is 249%.

Policyowner Benefits

In 1966, National Western Life set aside $10,297,098 in living and death benefits to policyowners and beneficiaries. In 1962, the Company paid $2,495,285. The increase is 313%.



Harold E. Riley, *President*
National Western Life Insurance Company

Stockholder Relations Department
National Western Group of Life Companies
P. O. Box 1029 ■ Austin, Texas
Please send me a copy of your 1966 Annual Report.

NAME____________________________________

ADDRESS___________________________________

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NATIONAL WESTERN LIFE GROUP
National Headquarters • Austin, Texas

The Wake of Whiskey Bill

(Continued from page 18)

they neared the big shed they moved in cautious silence. Ringbone stopped at the wide opening of the sliding door, giving the others time to stand grouped behind him before he opened it wider.

The scene was exactly the way Hambone had described. Shards of glass littered the sandbox. The lantern was on the floor. A man lay under the rounded heap of laprobes on top of the coffin. Ringbone cautiously entered, motioning with his arm for the men to surround the raised box. He took the long-handled pitchfork from the barnman and held it poised in both hands.

Wheezing snores made a muffled sound under the laprobes. Winged bats zigzagged through the lantern light. Scurrying rats scampered and squealed in the dark shadows at the far end of the long shed.

Ringbone made a tentative jabbing motion with the pitchfork, strong enough to penetrate the hides. The snoring choked off abruptly in a grunt of pain. Ringbone lifted the coverings with the pitchfork and flung them aside just like he'd fork a shock of alfalfa hay onto a hayrack. And there revealed in the dim light was a dirty, cinder-grimed knight of the road, a hobo with a wiry stubble of gray-black whiskers on his unwashed face. He wore a red and black plaid mackinaw, its shawl collar tied in place by a wool muffler. Blanket-lined canvas pants covered his legs and a pair of rusty work shoes were on his feet. A wool cap with earflaps and broken peak was pulled down on his head. A pair of dishwater eyes peered from under shaggy black brows with a strange mixture of animosity, fear and bewilderment. He stared wide-eyed at the array of drawn guns and the grim faces of the group that surrounded him.

"What in the name of hell is goin' on here?" Rock Tucker's irate voice broke through the silence.

The bearded undertaker stood framed in the doorway, an imposing figure in his long beaver overcoat and fur cap, the legs of his pants shoved into high four-buckle overshoes, a baleful stern scowl on his face, his angry eyes fixed on Ringbone Sam.

"If this is one of your idiotic, practical jokes. Ringbone!" He let the threat hang in mid-air as he ducked a large flight of startled bats which were passing too close for comfort.

There followed a long moment of uneasy silence, then Rock Tucker strode inside. The hobo was sitting up now in half-defiant bewilderment, his eyes darting furtive glances at the array of armament, shifting uneasily from the suspicious hostile stare of this fur-coated man who possessed the dignified air of a prominent citizen.

"Are you aware of the fact," Rock Tucker spoke in stern tones to the hobo, "that you are sitting on the coffin that holds the earthly remains of a dead man awaiting burial?"

It took a long moment for the words to penetrate the bewildered mind of the hobo, but when the startling impact of meaning hit, the ragged, whiskered tramp reacted with a startled leap, landing in a sprawled heap on the plank floor. He gathered himself into a crouching position, for all the world like a trapped animal that sought only to escape.

"Please, mister," the hobo croaked as he looked into the bearded face of Rock Tucker. "Don't let 'em lynch me! So help me, I never meant to do nuthin' wrong!"

"Calm down, man," Rock Tucker now spoke in a softer tone of voice. "Nobody's going to do you any harm. But how come you got in here in the first place?"

In halting tones the hobo told how he had boarded an empty boxcar of a westbound freight that was headed for sunny California. When the freight pulled into this town, whatever it was, to take on coal and water, he'd got out. He saw the light through the open door of the shed and ventured inside. Because he was bone cold and shivering he gathered up the laprobes and went to sleep on the box, thinking it was meant for a bunk that was set on the sawhorses to avoid the rats.

"I'll take your word for it," Rock Tucker assured him. "You have committed no crime that warrants your arrest. If you are hungry and broke and need food, your needs will be cared for. Get on your feet, man."

Rock Tucker looked around at the others, a faint amused smile on his lips. "An armed posse!" he said with heavy sarcasm. "A lynch mob to lay the ghost of poor old Whiskey Bill. Put away those firearms. When you take time to sober up you'll no doubt realize that you're the laughing stock of Malta and the surrounding country, the victims of one Ringbone Sam's untimely practical jokes. Now get going. Take this man with you and see that he gets a meal at the Chinaman's. Get a move on!"

Rock Tucker fixed a baleful eye on Ringbone as the group filed out of the shed. "You and Hambone remain here." he said sternly. "Earn that ten dollars you're being paid to set on the corpus." The undertaker walked out, sliding the big door closed behind him, leaving the two men to their lonely night's vigil.

"I got a crock under my coat," Ringbone Sam confided with a grin. "Build up the fire, pardner. Don't pay no never mind to what Ol' Rock says. His bark's worse than his bite. We'll get our money."

The sun looked down from a clear blue sky the next day when Whiskey Bill was buried in the little graveyard on the outskirts of Malta. Top buggies, buckboards and spring wagons, and a dozen or more cowpunchers on horseback made up the funeral procession that followed behind the hearse, hauled by a pair of matched black horses and driven by Rock Tucker. Ringbone Sam, Whitey Jones, the bartender at the Last Chance, Baldy Clark, the night bartender at the Annex Saloon, and Hambone, serving as pallbearers, lowered the coffin by ropes.

Then they all went back to town to put the finishing touches to their Christmas holiday drunk, the windup of the wake of Whiskey Bill.

The Army's "Stubborn Fact"

(Continued from page 41)

the lead and swing mules would jump over the long draw chain and pull from the outside in order to keep the wagon from turning on too short a radius. As the turn was being completed, the inside mule would again jump the chain and resume its normal position in line. This required experience on the part of the mule and cooperation between the animal and the driver, for many times turns would have to be made in the mountains when part of the long string of mules was out of sight of the driver. Sometimes a driver's assistant was on hand to aid the process, but experienced mules could negotiate turns without the assistance of anyone.

Unharnessing at night and harnessing in the morning was another evidence of good training on the part of the mule teams. When unharnessing at night, the singletrees and stringers would be left attached to the long draw chain which would be left strung out where the team had been halted. In the morning the mules would naturally assume their positions in line to await hitching to the chain.

Spectators never tired of praising the intelligence of freighting mules. Awaiting the start of the day's journey, or at rest stops, the mules seemed to welcome the opportunity to kick the living daylights out of everything—especially all other mules within reach of their flashing hoofs. Yet, at the first crack of the driver's whip, they would miraculously solve the tangle of chains and resume their places, differences forgotten, ready to work as though nothing had interfered with their unison as a team.

Hitching and harnessing mules has always provided subject matter for colorful stories. Perhaps the oldest mule joke in existence is that of a mule driver attempting to train a mule by breaking a two-by-four or singletree over his head to gain his attention before beginning a lesson. The joke was popular during the War between the States, and at least one participant related it for truth when he saw a colored driver kicked flat by a mule he was attempting to harness. The driver picked himself up, walked over to the wagon to get a club he evidently kept there, returned to the mule and belted it with all his might. After the mule, in turn, got up, the harnessing proceeded without further hindrances.

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the rebel yell and the effect it had on Union forces. However, some Westerners claim the rebel yell could not be compared in ferocity, range of pitch, or volume with the shout of the mule driver. Used to gain the attention of the mules preparatory to a concentrated effort in the moving of wagons, it began with a high-pitched unearthly screech that descended the scale until it became a resonant groan. Having gained their attention, the driver would discuss their intentions collectively and individually in terms that only a mule could understand. Waving their long ears attentively, but careful that they would form no set pattern for the drover's tickler or blacksnake, the mules would wait for the final explosive "hyup, hyah!" or "har now!" that would set them all in their collars for the task ahead.

There was one distinguishing characteristic common to some mules which made all drivers beware. Mules which were inclined to be nervous or bad tempered were marked by clipping or shaving the tail, leaving only a tuft at the end. In later years this became characteristic of almost all mules, but in the early days it warned the driver or handler to be on guard with that particular animal. The term "shavetail" came to designate a new mule, then also a second lieutenant newly commissioned in the army. Second lieutenants are still called shavetails today.

While desert and mountain wagons, to an unskilled eye, appeared the same in general outline, each was developed for its type of terrain. The desert wagons had rear wheels six feet and over in diameter, with rims eight inches wide and an inch thick. The mountain wagon wheels were smaller in diameter, the rims narrower but just as thick. Wide-rimmed wheels made for much easier going in sand; large wheels were easier pulling. The smaller wheels gave greater stability on mountain roads; the more narrow wheels gave better footing on rock.

As long as the wagons were not traveling in the mountains, they could be larger and fewer in number. Because of the shorter turning radius, the mountain (or "northwestern") wagons were shorter in length but more wagons were added to an individual outfit. Three and sometimes four wagons were used at a time in the Northwest, and often a cooster wagon would bring up the rear. The cooster was a two-wheeled cart made into living quarters for the crew, much the same as a contemporary sheep wagon or more modern housetrailer.

There was yet a third type of wagon designed for transportation of heavy timber in the soft mulch of forested mountain areas. These wheels were made of tree trunk sections cut into set diameters. The solid wood wheels were said to be stronger and better able to transport heavy loads over moist ground. The rims were wider than those of the usual mountain wagon but more narrow than the desert type. They were generally hauled by oxen, however, said to be more surefooted in this sort of work than mules.

GENERAL CUSTER, the loser of a fight which Crook later avenged, may have misused and underevaluated the mule's worth to the opposite extreme. His last message before the Little Big Horn massacre was an order to hurry up his pack-train.

The company commanders under Custer had considerable criticism of the way he handled column formations. By his orders, the first company of his regiment to get formed and ready to march each morning was allowed to lead the column. The advantage, of course, was that the lead company would breathe and eat less dust than the companies at the tail of the column. The last company formed and ready for the day's march had to escort the mule train. This was considered unjust punishment, for Custer's packtrains were not as well organized or controlled as those of General Crook. The escort had to fight and solve the many predicaments resulting from the contrariness of a mulish mind.

Last but not least, horse lovers have had the romantic story of "Comanche", the only creature to survive the Big Horn Battle. Comanche led the life of Riley after the battle and was not adverse to drinking a bucket of beer now and then when the enlisted men received their pay.

There is a comparison in the story of "Apache", an animal not nearly so well known as Comanche, described by Captain John Bourke, who witnessed many of his adventures and narrow escapes. "As a mark of respect to the memory of his former friend and commander, General John R. Brooke, commanding the Department of the Platte, has protected and fed in honorable retirement the aged mule, 'Apache', which for so many years had borne General Crook in all his campaigns, from British Columbia to Mexico.

"Could old 'Apache' but talk or write, he might relate adventures and perils to which the happy and prosperous Great West would listen with joy and delight."

What a comparison! Custer, the greatest loser of Indian battles in the West, rode a thoroughbred horse. But General Crook, the greatest winner of Indian battles in both the northern and southern West, rode a common army mule!

With all of the human qualities possessed by this animal—intelligence, stubborness and perverse humor—it is small wonder that the Army mule is so warmly remembered by West Point, where shavetails train for future military careers.

Alias "Shooting Star"

(Continued from page 31)

post with a fairly slack cinch, hoping that he would get used to the saddle.

Soon after dinner two of our neighbors, George McIntosh and Raymond Parrish, dropped by. Seeing us in the corral with this horse, they thought, "This is the time; now we'll see what Slippery can do."

McIntosh politely seated himself on the roof of the leanto and Raymond climbed onto a hayrack on a wagon that was serving to block a gateway at one end of the plank corral.

After several attempts, Slippery managed to get on the horse's back. Dan-patch sidled around a few steps each way while the boy tried to turn him. He had side-stepped from the center of the corral to the north end, directly beneath George on the leanto.

Immediately McIntosh began to jump up and down, waving a big bran sack and howling like a coyote. Dan-patch spooked and flew into high gear—and I mean high! Each buck seemed to have a double kick—high enough that Slippery could look away down on all below. About four of these twisters landed horse and rider at the opposite end of the corral and as Slippery looked down he saw the end of the hayrack. There Raymond was dancing and shouting and waving his hat.

That horse was like a grasshopper learning to fly as he wobbled and twisted so high in the air. Slippery's shirttail was flying when he left his seat in the saddle. While he sailed through the air he grabbed for the top end of the hayrack and hung on while the horse tried his best to lose the saddle too. I took a peek toward Slippery to see if he was hurt but he seemed to be watching the sorrel horse maneuver. The first thing I heard him say was, "I'll change his name, I'll call him 'Shooting Star'!"

I looked toward the house and there, not far away, I saw Grandad standing with his hands behind his back. Through his long white beard I could see him smile and grunt a couple of times. Then he went back to the house.

The show was over for the day. We had more important work to do. Sale-day was coming and we had a few more horses to find.

THE CROWDS were on hand early. Slippery found many people to listen to his yarns. As soon as the sorrel horse was brought out, his bidding started like money was no object. Several people wanted the sorrel, too, but the boy outbid them all.

That evening, when the sale-clerk was settling up, Slippery looked a little pale. He told the clerk, "I have no money but I will give you a check for the amount."

The clerk asked George if he wanted to accept a check on the lad. When they inquired what bank he used, Slippery said the bank in Aneroid. George took his check.

Two days after the sale, George had to go to Aneroid with the freight wagon and asked Slippery to go along. He paid the boy his wages and they left early. It was a ten-hour ride, over had roads, with the big team of Clydes.

They spent the night at the hotel in Aneroid and were comfortable. But when the bank opened its doors about nine o'clock the next morning, Slippery was missing.

George had considerable business at the bank. The bank manager said he had never heard of anyone by the name Slippery had given. George laughed loudly and said, "They call him Slippery; perhaps that is the name he should have used on the check."

So it became my lot, after all, to break the sorrel horse to saddle. Dan-patch, alias Shooting Star, broke out very gentle and turned out to be a top cowhorse. He was later sold to George Endersby, a pioneer farmer in the Broncho district and there he lived for twenty years. He died at twenty-six—a ripe old age for a horse.

Many years have rolled by since our "Wild West Show" in the plank corral on the EK Ranch. Since that spring, no one around these parts has ever heard of Slippery. It is hoped that he—alias a dozen other names—turned out as well as the horse he wanted so badly.

A Hard Man to Understand

(Continued from page 44)

gave Ingersoll one-third of the ranch and 10,000 head of cattle for defending him. The records, and newspaper stories of 1884, tell a different story.

Ingersoll's books show that no legal fee was charged. Whether he took the Star Route defense on a matter of principle or as a chance to stay in the national limelight is debatable. Yet even without a fee to Ingersoll, the expenses of such a trial were high and Dorsey, to raise the money, sold a two-thirds interest in his ranch to J. W. Bosler of Pennsylvania for $250,000.

After Bosler's death in the summer of 1883, executors of his estate put a price of $700,000 on his share of the Dorsey ranch but sold it to Ingersoll and John B. Alley of Boston for $475,000. Of that amount, $400,000 was paid by Alley while Ingersoll's $75,000 was "carried by myself and some other friends" in Alley's words.

Dorsey, Ingersoll and Alley formed the Palo Blanco Cattle Company of New Mexico with capital stock of two million dollars, at $100 a share. Alley, with 4,000 shares, was president. Ingersoll, with 750 shares, was secretary. Dorsey was on the books with 1,600 shares and apparently was to remain in the background.

Troubles sprouted faster than the stock. Claimants to "float" plots within ranch boundaries sought their rights. These were disposed of by Ingersoll, either through cash payments, property right grants, or proof of fraud in court.

Ingersoll's disenchantment with the land and cattle business of New Mexico was summed up in a letter to a creditor in October, 1883. He said, "I most sincerely wish that the ranch was in heaven"—a fitting comment for an agnostic.

In February, 1884, Ingersoll was to discover another side of New Mexico ranching. During a ten-day visit the climate and relaxed atmosphere put his family in a healthy, happy mood.

Here, Ingersoll decided, he would build a home where his family could spend at least a few months each year. He drew up plans and Dorsey agreed to supervise construction while the Ingersolls were on a lecture tour. When the home was completed in October, the Ingersolls returned and jubilantly viewed their new dwelling.

Oak paneling in the large dining room, cherrywood furnishings in the bedrooms, a kitchen as modern and fully equipped as anything in the East, greeted their arrival. Lawyer Ingersoll especially liked the billiard room, smoking room and library which Dorsey had built for him.

UNFORTUNATELY the magnificent home Ingersoll named "Naudeva" soon lost its attraction. The lawyer longed for the excitement of Washington and the tight little social circle he had built up around himself there. Just a few days after he had written to Clint Farrell in Washington, inviting him to bring his family to New Mexico and build a home near Naudeva, Ingersoll wrote again, describing his boredom and stating that he would be leaving on November 20 to return to Washington.

Ingersoll, his family and the Dorseys attended a celebration in Springer on November 12. New Mexico delegates to the National Cattleman's Convention were gathering there for the trip to St. Louis, and Governor Sheldon, who was attending the festivities, appointed Ingersoll delegate-at-large. After only thirty-eight days in the Naudeva mansion, Ingersoll left on the train with other delegates. He never returned to New Mexico.

Within a year he gave up his interest in the Palo Blanco Cattle Company. During his two years as a New Mexico rancher, he had seen his income shrink in the face of high expenses, the costs undoubtedly increased by the construction of Naudeva and Dorsey's own mansion. Ingersoll later figured his personal losses at $20,000.

Four years after Ingersoll left to attend the St. Louis convention, Dorsey formed a group to establish the city of Clayton, named for his son, Clayton Dorsey. John C. Hill, Dorsey's ranch foreman, was president of the company which drew up the plat in 1888—a maze of cattle pens on a siding of the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad. Another Dorsey hand, James G. Leary, who had worked his way from cowboy to range manager, was named the first livestock agent of the FW&D.

Little is known about the next five years of Dorsey's life. Apparently he lived in semi-retirement in his castle home, unsuccessfully trying to recoup his ranch losses. In 1893 Sol Florsheim, a Roy, New Mexico, rancher and merchant, took over the Dorsey lands and mansion through foreclosure. In 1901 Dorsey moved to Los Angeles. He died there in 1916.

A few years after Florsheim took over the property, he sold the mansion and 320 acres to Dr. H. B. Masten, who had come to New Mexico to find a healthful climate for his wife. Dr. Masten established a sanitarium at the mansion and then moved into Springer after Mrs. Masten's death. He turned the ranch over to his sister, who had married L. C. Griggs in Raton in 1904. Griggs purchased the property and later added nearly 4,000 acres. After her husband's death in 1948, Mrs. Griggs continued to operate the ranch until the early 1960s.

The mansion is presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Deaton of Friona, Texas. They hope to preserve and eventually restore the once-magnificent Dorsey home.

How should history judge Stephen Wallace Dorsey? As a member of Powell Clayton's organization in Arkansas, Dorsey undoubtedly had a part in the creation of the state's public school system and the state university. His narrow-gauge "wheelbarrow" railroad became a part of the modern network of railroads.

In his Star Route activity, Dorsey probably brought direct postal service to many who earlier had had to travel miles to pick up their mail. Whether Dorsey was in the mail business to serve the people or to make an exorbitant amount of money depends on whether the jury that acquitted him and his partners listened to the witnesses or to the eloquent Ingersoll. The figures on the cost of mail service are recorded; so is the verdict of the jury.

Dorsey built a monument at the foot of Chico Springs Mesa. The stone and logs of his mansion stand as a solid reminder of a flamboyant and erratic career. Like Dorsey himself, the mansion is a hodgepodge of contradictions, a blend of kingliness and frustrated ambitions, a reminder of the era when great empires were being built—and lost.

Indian Gallery

(Continued from back cover)

with which his companions continued to allude to his subject, evinces, on their part, a strong perception of the ludicrous and a relish for coarse raillery which balanced even their decided admiration of warlike qualities.

The extreme sensitiveness of Kishkalwa shows how highly the Indian prizes his honor. Successful as he had been, he conceived it necessary that the blood of his enemies should continue to flow, to blot out a stain affixed upon him in the mere wantonness of boisterous humor. He now took the field in a more imposing manner. Having raised a party of twenty-five warriors, he went forth in pursuit of the enemies of his tribe, traveling only in the night and lying in ambush during the day.

They proceeded down the southern shore of the Ohio and Mississippi until they reached the Iron Banks, near which they came upon an encampment of hostile Indians, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Kishkalwa halted his party and, having reconnoitered the enemy, directed the mode of attack. His men were so stationed as to surround the camp, and remained concealed until the dawn of day, when, at a given signal, the dreadful war-whoop was uttered by the whole in concert and the assailants rushed in.

The astonished enemy, believing themselves hemmed in by superior numbers, fled in every direction; thirty-three men were killed and seventeen women and children taken prisoners. Kishkalwa returned in triumph with his captives and the scalps of the slain. On his arrival, many of the tribe who had lost their relatives in battle, clamorously demanded vengeance upon the prisoners; but Kishkalwa declared that not a drop of their blood should be spilt. He consented to the adoption of the captives into the families of those who had been killed in battle, and successfully protected these unfortunates from injury.

Among them was a beautiful young woman, whom Kishkalwa presented the chief, to be his wife on condition that orders should be given prohibiting the repetition of the jest which had so long galled his pride. The proclamation was accordingly made in the manner in which all public acts are announced in the Indian villages, by a crier who passed about, declaring in a loud voice that Kishkalwa having proved that he could not have thrown away his clothes out of fear, no one was permitted thereafter to repeat or allude to that event. The reader can decide whether this warrior's success, or his judicious present to the chief, contributed most to relieve him from so annoying a dilemma.

WHATEVER might have been the effect upon his private character or social intercourse, these successful expeditions in which not a single life had been lost established the reputation of Kishkalwa as a brave, skillful, and fortunate warrior, and he was soon after raised to the dignity of principal brave or war chief. It may be proper to remark here that in his old age nothing so vexed the old chief as an allusion to the story which distressed him so much in his youth; and that, although more than half a century has passed since the occurrence, it would not be safe in any but an intimate friend to mention it in his presence.

This chief took part in the great battle at Point Pleasant between the Virginians under General Lewis and a large Indian force, consisting of Shawanoes, Delawares, Mingoes, and other tribes; but, unwilling to be again embroiled with the Americans, towards whom he was well disposed, or to take any part in the contest which was about to be commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he removed with a part of the tribe, called the Sawekela band, to the south in 1774, and settled among the Creeks. This band returned again to the shores of the Ohio, in 1790, but took no part in the war of 1794, nor in that of 1812; nor has this portion of the tribe ever been engaged against the Americans since the decisive battle of Point Pleasant.

During the last war, a part of the Sauk and Fox nations, who had been in the habit of trading with the British, were removed from Illinois to the interior of Missouri, at their own request, that they might not be within the reach of British influence. But restless by nature, unable to remain neutral in time of war, and receiving no encouragement to join the Americans, who from principle declined employing the savages, they took up the hatchet against us, and after committing some depredations, fled to Canada.

The alarm created by these hostilities, in which the Weas and Piankeshaws were believed to participate, induced the Governor of Missouri Territory to call out the militia and to request the assistance of the Shawanoe and Delaware Indians. A party of sixty-six warriors was accordingly raised by Kishkalwa and the other chiefs and placed under the command of General Dodge.

The Sauks and Foxes having fled before the arrival of the militia, a small fort was surrounded in which it was supposed that the Weas and Piankeshaws were concealed, but in the morning it was found that they too had retreated. They were pursued, overtaken, and made prisoners. The object of General Dodge, in their capture, was to protect and not to injure them.

The inhabitants of the frontier are at all times quick to take umbrage at any supposed hostility on the part of the Indians, against whom they have long been accustomed to entertain a mingled feeling of fear and hatred; and believing that the party now in their power had been equally as guilty as the Sauks and Foxes, the militia were excited to such a state of indignation that they could with difficulty be restrained from the perpetration of what they supposed to be a just revenge.

General Dodge, with a decision that did him honor as a man and a soldier, immediately placed the captives under the protection of a disciplined volunteer company from St. Louis and of the Indians under Kishkalwa. This resolute conduct had the desired effect, and no further molestation was offered to the unfortunate prisoners who were trembling with dread. We have the testimony of a gentleman who was himself a volunteer in this expedition, that a finer set of men was seldom seen than the band of Shawanoes and Delawares, to which this anecdote has reference, and that their whole conduct during this campaign was most orderly, decorous and proper.

Disappointed in the desired objects of their vengeance, the militia set fire to the fort, which had been abandoned by the Weas and Piankeshaws, and gave vent to the wantonness of their excited feelings by shooting a few dogs of the Indians, that lingered about the premises. One of these faithful creatures was caught by a soldier, who so far forgot himself in the fury of the moment as to throw the animal into the fire, from which he escaped, howling with pain. Some of the bystanders laughed; but Kishkalwa perceiving that an Indian boy joined in the merriment, instantly checked him and explained in a few words the impropriety of making sport of the miseries of a helpless brute.

THE LAST military adventure in which Kishkalwa engaged was in a war undertaken by the Cherokees, Delawares and Shawanoes against the Osages in 1818. In a battle which was fought and which resulted in the defeat of the Osages, this chief is represented as having displayed his usual bravery and prudence, although he must have then been burdened by the weight of upwards of eighty years.

In attacking their enemies, it is customary with the Osages to rush to the onset with great impetuosity, uttering the savage yell with deafening concert and endeavoring to win the battle by the terrors attending the first blow. Failing in this object, they usually abandon the contest.

All the Indian tribes, indeed, act upon this system, to a greater or less extent, seeking victory by cunning rather than force, and avoiding the hazard of a battle which must be contested upon equal terms. Kishkalwa, aware of this trait in the character of his race, and knowing that the Osages pursued this mode of warfare, more invariably than his own followers, exhorted them to stand firmly and resist the first attack.

"Do not heed their shouts," said he. "They are but the yells of cowardly wolves who, as soon as they come near enough to look you in the eye, will flee; while if you turn your backs on them they will devour you."

This counsel evinced the sagacity of one who had observed human nature, and could adapt his own measures to the circumstances in which he was placed. The result verified his prediction. The Osages, twice as numerous as the party of Kishkalwa, rushed to the attack with their usual impetuosity and with loud shouts; but failing to make an impression in the first onset, recoiled before the steady firmness of their opponents and fled in confusion, suffering great loss in killed and prisoners.

Kishkalwa visited Washington in 1825 as one of a delegation of chiefs, accompanied by Colonel Menard, a highly respectable agent of the Indian Department to whom we are indebted for the details included in the foregoing biographical sketch.

We have said that this chief was the brother of Black Hoof; but we are not certain that they might not have been cousins-german, as the term "brother" is applied among the Indians to this degree of relationship.

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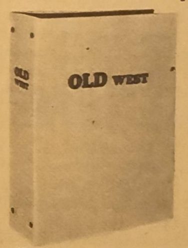

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Mysterious Trapper Billy Nay

(Continued from page 25)

the blink of an eye he demonstrated more than a few times, yet he was never forced to shoot at anyone. Walking into Augusta's biggest saloon one day he loitered at the bar intending to leave his gun with Blondy Slater. This was in accordance with local gun law. A towering drunk charged down at Nay, swinging a bung starter. Before the man could close within striking distance, Nay's heavy Luger leaped from belt to hand. His attacker sobered in an instant, blinked bloodshot eyes in surprise, and turned docilely towards Blondy, voluntarily surrendering his makeshift weapon. Nobody said a word.

Despite Nay's shrinking into hiding like a wild animal, both Cottle and Wellman assert he was a very nervy, tough customer when necessary. Would-be troublemakers instinctively recognized this fact and let him alone.

A FEW weeks before performing his final vanishing act, Nay caught a lobo which had successfully evaded his all-compelling scent for three summers. It weighed almost 200 pounds, unusually large for a wolf. Very black coated over its back, it probably originated in Canada. The meanest, largest and darkest wolves were those forced south by bad winter freezes and terrible blizzards. Few returned, remaining in Montana as voracious stock killers. These were beasts which treed men and would attack anything except a grizzly bear.

This giant lobo's den was somewhere on or around giant volcanic Square Butte. The purple landmark is visible for many miles in every direction. Going there, Nay soon discovered fresh sign. After making four strategic sets, the trapper started back over his line checking. In a short time the old lobo's cunning, coupled with a sixth sense of danger, warned him false. Nay's unbeatable scent finally became irresistible at the second trap. Having pulled up the picket pin, the wolf had made off at a rapid rate, but Nay overhauled it within a mile. As it turned, to launch an attack, Nay killed it with one well-placed Luger shot.

As a favor to one of Gottfried's friends on Elk Creek, Nay caught his last wolf in Sun River country, so far as is known. A lone calf-killer had been hanging around one rancher's place for months. All efforts to shoot or trap it had failed. Nay made a set in the west draw.

Under a full moon about nine o'clock, the rancher and Nay saw a big wolf loping toward them. Suddenly it paused to sniff, and like the coyote which Cottle had observed, gave no further thought to possible danger and went directly to the scented bait.

Shortly afterward, almost everybody got into the act of trying to get something on Billy Nay. He took his final catch out to collect bounty, and on the trip back made the mistake of returning through Augusta. While standing in the saloon talking leisurely to Blondy, the local deputy sheriff and constable put the clutch on him. Not arguing, Nay handed his money belt and Luger to the bartender for safekeeping and went along without protest.

Not until arriving before the Augusta justice of the peace did he learn a warrant for his arrest had been sworn out days earlier. It had been held secretly until Nay should unsuspectingly come within reach. Lawmen knew from past experience they wouldn't be able to run him down otherwise. Nay was charged with incest, living with his niece as her husband. Setting a cash bond at $1,500, the justice of the peace bound Nay over to district court. Axel Swanson appeared promptly with money handed him by Blondy from the trapper's money belt to post bail.

Nay went back to the big saloon for a few drinks. He appeared moody, doing hardly any talking and explaining nothing. Finally he mounted up to ride on home, leading an unburdened pack horse. The last local man to see him was a rancher he encountered on the road west toward the Rockies.

What happened to his extra horses was never learned. A couple of days later when Cottle rode over from his cowcamp to visit, the cabin had been cleaned out and abandoned. Wagon wheel tracks led away over rough ground, and Cottle, following them briefly, discovered they headed toward a south road seldom traveled. Nay and his wagon and woman completely vanished from Montana.

After his disappearance several of Nay's remunerative swindles came to light, but lawmen could never obtain a single trace of him. They waited hopefully for news of a trapper using miraculous bait scent to show up in good varmint country. They felt sure he would continue somewhere at his same old profession. Stories of him were expected to spread again, and law officers in ten likely states were alerted. However, no word of him ever came back to Montana.

From that fading summer of 1917 the trapper supreme who called himself Billy Nay escaped successfully into the unknown from whence he had come. His prowess lives on in the many tall tales of Sun River Valley people who knew him, and none of them seems sorry that he made his escape.

Cavern of Gold

(Continued from page 39)

John Shinkle, commanding officer of White Sands Missile Range, told of two men supposedly finding 100 bars of some type of metal in a shaft while hunting on the Missile Range.

"Robert Martin, a Wichita attorney representing Beckwith, wrote General Shinkle pointing out that Mrs. Noss had sealed and locked the shaft when she was forced off the land in 1955.

"'Since that time the shaft has, of course, been broken into,' Martin wrote Shinkle.

"'The military has no right to attack the title of the Nosses to either treasure or minerals; the military has no right to remove and sell minerals or the treasure trove. . . .'

"It was after Shinkle received the Martin letter that he announced that he was banning everybody from the area.

"Larry Bynon, executive assistant to Land Commissioner Walker, said there is evidence of a smelting process at the site. Floersheim (mineral and land division manager of the State Land Office) said the ingot were not pure gold, because the smelting process was imperfect. The cave area is volcanic ash and gold hung down from the ceiling of the cave."

DESPITE the statement that no one would be allowed in the area, headlines again announced in the Albuquerque *Journal* for August 22, 1963;

MUSEUM PROBES SITE OF FABLED GOLD DISCOVERY

"Santa Fe (AP); For more than 30 days the anthropology division of the Museum of New Mexico and the Army have been overseeing an unannounced exploration at the site of the late Doc Noss' fabled treasure discovery on the White Sands Missile Range. . . .

"The Associated Press learned from one source that a shaft had been sunk into a cave in the area. . . .

"The Public Information Office at White Sands confirmed that there was an agreement reached between the Dept. of the Army and the director of anthropology of the Museum of New Mexico for an anthropological exploration at Victorio Peak. . . .

"Dr. Alfred Dittert, Jr., curator in the division of anthropology, said the Museum is acting under a permit from the State Land Office and in accordance with the Federal Antiquities Act.

"He said there is a section in the agreement between the Army and Museum that no information would be released to the public unless mutually agreed upon by both parties."

And the next day, the El Paso *Times* carried a reprint of the article under the headline of:

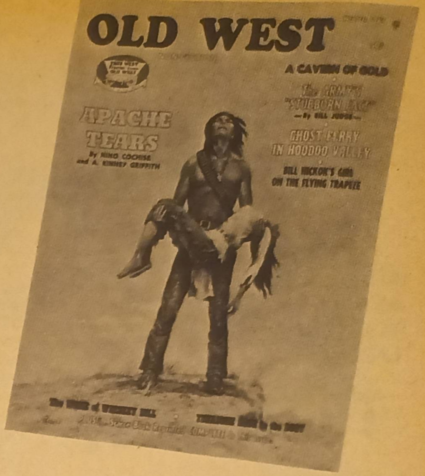
GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
BURIED TREASURE PROBES YIELD FORTUNES IN U. S.
IS WHITE SANDS A GOLD MINE?

The El Paso *Times* added an observation that, "It is obvious that the exploration at Victorio Peak is prompted by more than an interest in antiquities, artifacts, or archaeological objects as stated by the Public Information Office at White Sands."

Recently I was in Las Cruces, New Mexico, and stopped to visit a friend. In the course of our conversation I mentioned the Noss mine and asked if he knew of the newspaper reports of the gold bars which were brought out.

"What do you mean, 'were brought out'? They are still bringing them out. This month 125 bars came out." Of course, this may be fact and it may be rumor.

It has been almost thirty years since Doc Noss reported his discovery of the cavern of gold. He lost his life, and his stepson was injured. Others have lost money in the long struggle to open the cavern. If this is the alleged treasure of the long dead Father La Rue, his curse has brought only misfortune and death to those who sought his riches.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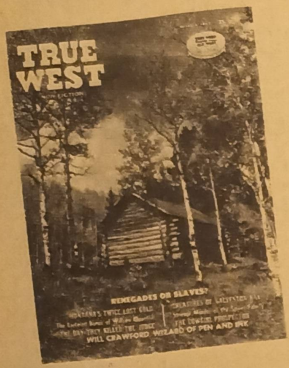

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Ghost Ferry In Hoodoo Valley

(Continued from page 47)

school, a schoolhouse was built and a teacher hired—the first seat of learning in the entire Hoodoo Valley.

Andrew Christianson turned the trading post into an old-time country store. It was housed in a lean-to attached to the dwelling. There was a full line of staple groceries, and cured meats hung from the ceiling. He also provided shoes and socks, long black stockings, overalls, and bolts of calico. Drugs included castor oil and herb teas, calomel and epsom salts, salves and liniments, slippery elm and flaxseed. Tobacco was the plug variety and was shaved off to fill pipes. The hardware department contained axes, saws, hammers, kegs of nails, fishing equipment, steel traps and ammunition. Christianson also bought and sold posts and poles.

Indians paddling up and down the river in their canoes would stop to trade for fishhooks and other merchandise. Christianson usually obliged, he liked fish and he wanted to keep the goodwill of the Indians. Marie detested fish and finally became so sick of them she declared she would never eat another as long as she lived. She kept her word.

As a girl Hilda was afraid of the Indians, though now she can not remember why. She avoided waiting on them in the store and never became well enough acquainted with any of them to learn their names. None ever showed signs of hostility.

Hilda's father built a scow which he operated with pole and oars. It took a lot of muscle to pull it upstream to Sandpoint where it was loaded with supplies; bringing it back down took much less energy and was much speedier.

Roads were generally poor but the one to Rathdrum was kept in fair condition and that is where everyone went for mail. The sixty miles by wagon or horseback made a very long and tiresome journey. Because of this, mail was irregular and a newspaper might be two weeks old when received.

WHEN Mrs. Christianson was expecting her fourth child she developed an abscess on her neck. As it did not yield to home treatment she made a number of trips by wagon to Rathdrum and from there to Spokane, another thirty miles, by train, to obtain medical care. The trip was difficult and expensive, and the Spokane doctor's treatments were ineffective and gave only temporary relief. Finally her husband said, "You had better go home."

Home was Alden, Minnesota, where her parents lived. Taking her three children with her, Mrs. Christianson boarded the train at Rathdrum for the long journey east.

At Alden, the physician told her that he would have to perform surgery but it would not be safe to do so until after her child was born. Mrs. Christianson had not contemplated a stay of several months but abided by his judgment.

In due season the operation was performed and the young mother was again headed west with her three lively youngsters and a new baby girl. It could hardly have been a pleasant journey but there was one solace. While she had been gone, the Great Northern Railway had been at work running a line on the north side of the river. She was able to get off only a couple of miles above Seneaquoteen but on the opposite side from the town. She and the children were brought across by rowboat.

When the town of Laclede came into being, mail was brought there by train. Tom Campbell, son-in-law of the Markhams, brought the mail across the river by rowboat, and a post office was established in the rear of the Christianson's store. This was a great service to the community. The post office was spelled Seneaguoteen. Hilda never knew why.

In June, 1894—known as "the year of the high water"—the Pend Oreille overflowed its banks and came up into Christianson's house and store. No one in the vicinity could remember that the river had ever been that high before. The family moved their cookstove into the barn, which was on higher ground, and cooked and ate there. At night they waded through the water to climb upstairs in their house to sleep. Hilda remembers lying in bed and listening to the water swishing through the lower floors. It was not a comforting sound.

The Markham family was forced to leave home and camp out in a tent near the schoolhouse. The forced outing was considered a lark by the young Markhams.

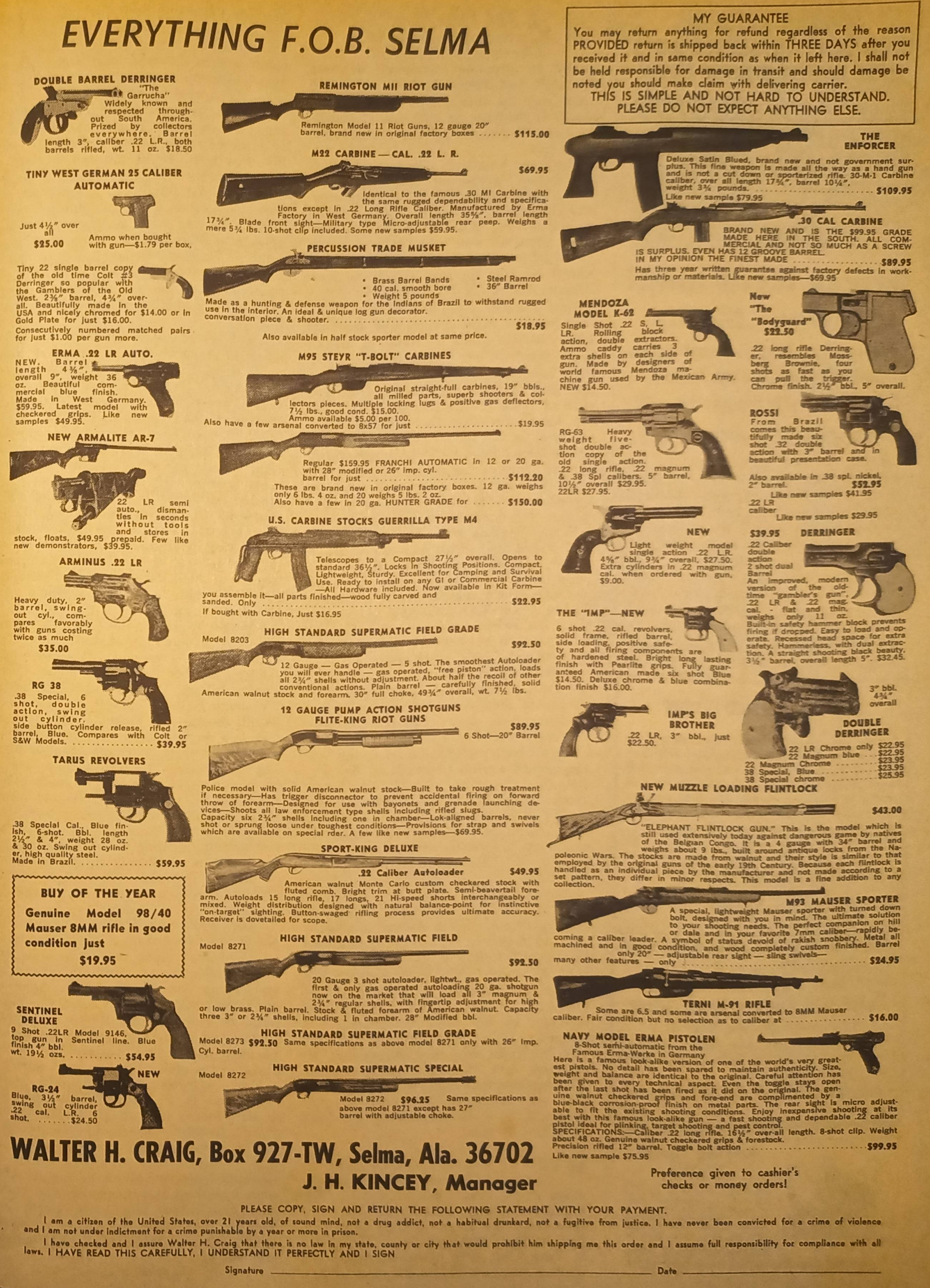
It was another year, however, that the river took its greatest toll at Seneaquoteen. The eldest Markham boy, Melvin, rigged up a sailboat, and one bright day, he, his younger brother, Frank, two sisters, Edith and Elsie, and two neighbor girls were enjoying a sail. They were in midstream but within sight of the Markham house when a sudden gust of wind capsized the boat. Apparently they could not swim or they panicked.

On shore Mrs. Markham watched, unable to give aid while two of her children, Frank and Elsie, drowned. A man named McDonald, who was deaf and could not hear the cries for help but who just happened to see the struggling young people, jumped in a boat and paddling with all his might reached the scene in time to save the other four youngsters.

As the sawmill town of Laclede grew and prospered, the settlement at Seneaquoteen dwindled. Shortly after the turn of the century, Christianson sold out his stock of merchandise and closed the store and post office. They were never reopened. People went to Laclede for mail and supplies. Many moved away. A new ferryman lived in Laclede and operated a motor in place of a cable ferry.

At last a bridge was built across the river at Sandpoint. In the 1930's a paved road running north and south by-passed Hoodoo Valley. Traffic through the Hoodoo dropped to a trickle. The ferry ceased to operate.

One fall the school did not open, and later the old schoolhouse was moved away. Occasionally a new grave is made in the cemetery and another old-timer is laid away. To receive the dead is about all that's left for Seneaquoteen.



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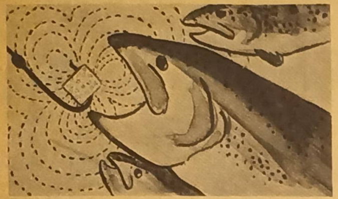

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The First War Correspondent—1846

(Continued from page 19)

signed to promote commerce between Santa Fe and Texas. Secretly it was to sound out the inhabitants of the badly governed province on the idea of revolting from Mexico and joining the Republic of Texas.

The force numbered 320, but they took insufficient provisions and underestimated the distance. When they separated into detachments to seek food, soldiers of Amijo, the Mexican governor, captured them all and took them to Santa Fe as prisoners. Kendall had a passport signed by the Mexican consul at New Orleans but it did not help him.

Two hundred, including Kendall, were tied together with lariats and marched 1,500 terrible miles overland to Mexico City. Some faltered crossing the burning Chihuahua desert and were shot in the back by their merciless guards. The ears of some of the prisoners were cut off. In Mexico City the survivors were confined in the palace of San Cristobal and released later by the intercession of foreign powers. Freedom did not come until Kendall had contracted smallpox, however, and had been removed to San Lazaro for confinement with lepers.

When Kendall made his way back to New Orleans by way of Vera Cruz, he found himself a national figure. He wrote an account of his experiences and published them serially in the *Picayune* during 1842. The following year, Captain Frederick Marryat, the English writer, based his novel, *Monsieur Voilet*, on Kendall's bitter experience.

Kendall went to the Rio Grande with the first troops when war began with Mexico in 1846. After arranging for the transportation of his dispatches to New Orleans from Port Isabel, Texas, where General Taylor made his base, the correspondent attached himself to Ben McCulloch's Rangers, a unit of daring Texas horsemen. He witnessed the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto, sending couriers through the chaparral to Port Isabel with stirring accounts of Camargo, Monterrey and Saltillo.

At Monterrey, Kendall waded the swift Santa Catarina in the night with General W. J. Worth during a pouring rain to flank a key position guarding the beautiful city. A little later, a small body of troops with whom Kendall was riding encountered a detachment of Mexican cavalry. With perhaps the memory of his days in Mexico City dungeons in his mind, Kendall plunged into the fight with his companions. He emerged with the flag of the enemy! This banner was taken to New Orleans and was displayed frequently by the *Picayune*. Few correspondents can claim exploits like this.

WHEN it became apparent that the war could be ended only by a campaign from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, Kendall speedily transferred his presence from the camp of Gen. Taylor to that of Gen. Winfield Scott. He landed at Vera Cruz with Worth's troops, and wrote a dispatch before the guns of San Juan de Ulloa had been silenced. Though for a time incapacitated by fever, Kendall continued through the high, wild country with the army and organized an ever-lengthening pony express service to take his stories to Vera Cruz.

Kendall had great natural disadvantages to overcome. He also had a number of circumstances in his favor. He was his own boss. If he wanted to buy a horse, charter a ship or bribe a *peon*, he did it without having to present an expense account to a "down holding" home office. He was with an ever victorious army and there was no thought of censorship. In fact, General Worth made Kendall a member of his staff for all practical purposes and praised the correspondent a number of times in military reports.

Great efforts were made at New Orleans to expedite the handling of Kendall's dispatches to the *Picayune*. Kendall was not the only correspondent with Scott's army. The *Delta*, the *Picayune's* great rival, had James L. Freaner in the field. Next to Kendall, Freaner was the best correspondent with the army. In an effort to be the first on the New Orleans streets with the latest news from Mexico, both the *Picayune* and the *Delta* chartered fast steamers to meet all incoming boats. Toward the last, complete typesetting equipment was installed on these ships and by the time the ship returned to New Orleans the dispatches were in type and a newspaper was a matter only of seconds.

Kendall toiled with Scott's army through the summer of 1847 along the route which Cortez had taken 300 years earlier. Battles were fought at Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, Puebla and Churubusco. The army included Robert E. Lee, U. S. Grant, George E. Pickett, Rafael Semmen and many others who were to find high places later, perhaps because Kendall was present to record their courageous exploits for the people back home.

Though in the thick of nearly every fight, Kendall remained unscathed until the very last. On September 13, 1847, the last day of fighting, he accompanied his friend, General Worth, in the storming of bitterly defended Chapultepec castle at Mexico City and received a bullet in the knee.

"The Stars and Stripes fly over the palaces of Montezuma," he wrote, lying on a cot that night after the knee had been bandaged. At midnight a courier started for Vera Cruz with the hoofs of his horse striking sparks from the stony path at every stride. Boats and other riders were ready and Kendall's dispatch reached Washington twenty-four hours ahead of the official government advices!

Few correspondents achieve such triumphs. It is regrettable that the United States has no St. Paul's to enshrine Kendall's ashes, his honors and his captured banner. Probably no other man in the history of newspapering so thoroughly utilized all of the facilities for communication and transportation at his disposal.—Taken from *The Quill*, November, 1931 issue, Magazine of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

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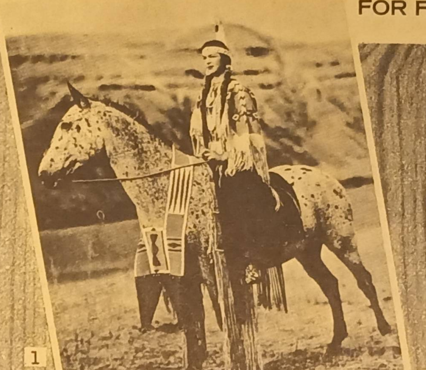

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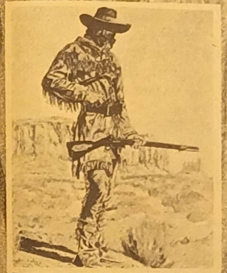

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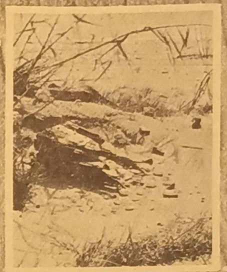

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Bill Hickok's Girl

(Continued from page 30)

corner of 18th and Central streets and knocked on the door.

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK and Mrs. Agnes Lake Thatcher took out a marriage license on March 4, 1876, and the next day they were married at the Moyer home in the presence of about twenty people. Hickok gallantly gave his age as forty-five and Mrs. Lake said she was forty-two, although actually they were thirty-nine and fifty respectfully. The Methodist ceremony was performed by the Reverend W. F. Warren. The Cheyenne *Sun* ran the following notice in its March 8 issue:

> **"'Wild Bill' of western fame has conquered numerous Indians, outlaws, bears and buffaloes, but a charming widow has stolen the magic wand. The sceptre has departed, and he is meek and gentle as a lamb. In other words, he has shuffled off the coils of bachelorhood."**

The couple took the evening train for Cincinnati, stopping off for a few days in St. Louis. In Cincinnati they stayed at the home of Gil Robinson, Mrs. Hickok's son-in-law. The impression Hickok made on his new step-son-in-law is interesting.

"When he came to my home in Cincinatti," recalled Robinson, "and I first laid eyes on the world's greatest pistol fighter, with his long frock coat and high hat, I thought he was a preacher!"

The Cincinnati newspaper ran the usual marriage notice and on March 20 added this choice little item:

> **"The Wild Bill who recently married Miss Agnes Lake is not the wild bill recently passed by the Ohio Legislature. We say it, and say it boldly."**

Hickok had made arrangements to go into the Black Hills and said goodbye to his new bride after a two-week's honeymoon. It was the last time Agnes saw him.

It was not until the latter part of June, 1876, that Hickok and his party left Cheyenne for Deadwood and the gold country. Six men were in the party and they traveled in two wagons, making their first stop at Fort Laramie. Here they picked up Calamity Jane, who was in the post guardhouse suffering from a severe hangover. They were persuaded to take her off the army's hands and she went with the group to Deadwood as the companion of Steve Utter, brother of Hickok's partner, Colorado Charley.

If Hickok had known Jane before, he didn't act like it and, according to a man who was there, he had nothing to do with her, speaking only when she asked him for a drink from his keg of whiskey. One of the men said later that Hickok seemed to think of his wife often and intended to send for her as soon as he had made a stake.

The Hickok party arrived in Deadwood on or about July 12, the trip taking a little over two weeks. It was a wild, lawless town, sprawling in the heart of Sioux Indian territory. Every person in those Hills was there illegally but the government had just about given up trying to keep miners out of an area so rich in gold.

Hickok and his party began prospecting immediately and as soon as he was settled Bill wrote the following letter to his wife.

> **"My own darling wife Agnes,**
> **I have but a few moments left before this letter starts. I never was as well in my life but you would laugh to see me now—just got in from prospecting. Will go away again tomorrow. Will write again in the morning, but God knows when the letter will start. My friend will take this to Cheyenne if he lives. I don't expect to hear from you, but is all the same, I know my Agnes and only live to love her. Never mind, pet, we will have a home yet, then we will be so happy. I am almost sure I will do well here. The man is hurrying me. Good-bye, dear wife. Love to Emma.**
> **J. B. Hickok"**

THERE is evidence to suggest that Hickok was urged by several Deadwood merchants to become city marshal. It was the farthest thing from his mind, however, and he declined the offer, still hoping to strike paydirt. He played cards whenever he wasn't prospecting; and he minded his own business, hoping others would do the same. But there was a vague stirring within him—a feeling of uneasiness that he couldn't shake off. He mentioned this feeling to several friends and said that he had a hunch that he would never leave this camp alive. His friends laughed off his premonition and tried to cheer him up. That they didn't succeed with their good intentions is verified by the following letter Bill wrote to his wife the night before his death:

> **"Agnes darling,**
> **If such should be we never meet again, while firing my last shot I will gently breathe the name of my wife, Agnes, and with wishes even for my enemies I will make the plunge and try to swim to the other shore.**
> **J. B. Hickok"**

It was the last time Agnes heard from her husband. The next day he was shot from behind and killed by Jack McCall. The murderer was subsequently tried twice for his crime and finally hanged but his exact motive for the killing died with him.

Hickok died a victim of his own reputation, but he left behind a name that would forever epitomize the frontier.

The news of Hickok's death on August 2, 1876, spread quickly through the settlements, but it was the middle of August before the news reached Cincinnati. It isn't known just how Mrs. Hickok received word of her husband's death, but she probably read of it in the papers or heard the news from a friend. It must have been a terrible shock to a woman whose first husband had been murdered in much the same fashion.

Her friends and family consoled her as best they could, but she was a long time recovering from her loss. She wanted to go to Deadwood immediately and bring the body home to Cincinnati, but friends convinced her it would be too difficult and dangerous a journey and she finally agreed to wait until the following spring.

Early in 1877, Mrs. Hickok journeyed to Cheyenne on the first leg of her trip into the Black Hills. Exact details of the trip aren't known, but an old newspaper clipping states that her companions on the trip were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Salton and one George Carson, probably a guide. Upon viewing the beautiful natural setting of her husband's grave, Agnes decided not to move the body and left Bill in the hills where he had spent his last days on earth.

Mrs. Hickok traveled back to Cheyenne where she remained with friends until the early part of July. She then returned to Cincinnati and tried to forget her grief by keeping busy. She bought a farm near Newport, Kentucky, and stocked it with horses. When she wasn't busy training her animals, she was traveling with her daughter with various circuses. They went with the John Robinson show during the season of 1878 and with the Great Eastern Circus during 1879.

On August 3, 1880, the Cheyenne **Daily Leader** noted that P. T. Barnum's show was in town and that ". . . Miss Emma Lake, the daring equestrienne with Barnum's Circus, is the daughter of Wild Bill's widow. Mrs. Agnes Hickok accompanies her daughter everywhere and is her constant companion. She herself had thirty-six years of experience with circuses and what she don't know about them is not worth thinking about." The story went on to mention that Mrs. Hickok had visited several families she had known while living in Cheyenne in 1876.

In 1882 Emma and her mother again went with the John Robinson Circus, but this was Mrs. Hickok's last year on the road. She realized she was entering the last phase of her life and she began to yearn for a more peaceful existance. The cries of animals, the pounding of tent stakes and the blaring circus bands were no longer music to her ears and she settled down to a quiet life in Jersey City, New Jersey, where her son-in-law had a home.

Emma Lake went on to become a great name. For a time she was with the Cody Wild West Show and, according to her husband, she was the only American menage equestrienne to appear before Queen Victoria of England by royal command. The Queen was so delighted with her performance that after the show she presented Emma with a bouquet of flowers.

Mrs. Agnes Lake Thatcher Hickok lived to bounce her great granddaughter on her knee. In her last newspaper interview she declared. "I could manage a circus better today than lots of men who are in the business."

On Wednesday night, August 21, 1907, Agnes Hickok died quietly in bed. Had she lived a few more days, she would have been eighty-one years old. A chapter in American circus history had ended, but the wife of Wild Bill would live on in the memory of her singular career.

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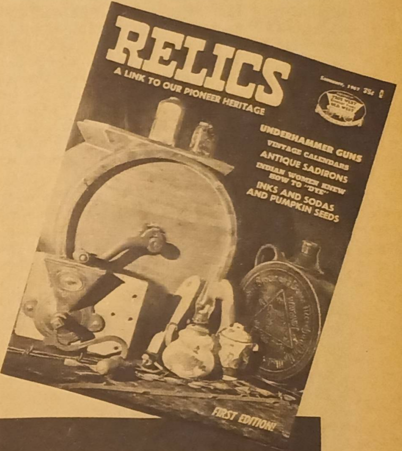

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GOLD!

Early in 1849 the Columbus and California Industrial Association was organized in Columbus, Ohio with the stated purpose of "operating in the gold regions of California." On April 2, 1849 departure of the association for California took place with "30 young men, ten wagons, and 40 mules." Secretary of this endeavor was Peter Decker, being at the time twenty-six years of age, well educated, single, and eager for western adventure. His education and official status as secretary were reason enough for keeping a record of the trek. The detailed diaries he produced went far beyond official requirements. *The Diaries of Peter Decker, Overland to California in 1849* and *Life in the Mines*, 1850-51 (Talisman Press, $10.00), edited by Helen S. Giffen is the first complete publication of these manuscripts. They have been an important part of the manuscript collection of the Society of California Pioneers for twenty-three years. Western authorities have considered Decker's diaries as one of the outstanding records of the period covered. The diaries have further significance in that they cover not only the overland journey in 1849 but the following two years of mining activity as well. After enjoying moderate success as a miner, Decker became prominent as a California businessman. Mrs. Helen Giffen is Librarian at the Society of California Pioneers. Her footnotes add much background about many of the people mentioned by Decker. This book is not only interesting reading, it is an important source book on a critical period of Western development.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT!

America's Western Frontiers (Alfred A. Knopf, $10.00) by John A. Hawgood is the story of the explorers and settlers who opened the trans-Mississippi West. The author was awarded the Alfred A. Knopf Western History Prize of $5,000 in 1966 for the best-written manuscript in the field of western American history offered to the firm during the years 1964 and 1965. Hawgood tells his story with color and style and fully documents his source materials. His introduction covers the pre-Columbian West and following chapters sweep through overland exploration, fur trappers, wagontrains, mining, the transportation revolution, the Indian problem and its solution, the cowman's frontier, and land for the farmer.

The book is illustrated with reproductions of well-known paintings, photographs, and maps. The bibliographic note at the end serves as an excellent reading guide for those who wish to probe more deeply into various areas of western history. After referring to the myth of the Wild West in the preface, author Hawgood states, ". . . we also deserve a factual history on which we can build and maintain the richly deserved respect and admiration for the truly great feat of developing the West."

THE GREAT PLAINS

The Treeless Plain (Holliday House, $3.95) is another of Glen Rounds' charmingly illustrated books for young readers. When pioneers from the forested East first met the treeless Plains, the empty expanse shocked their senses. Lack of logs for buildings made "soddies" practical answers to the shortage of construction materials. But trees were missed most as a source of shade to intercept the withering glare of the sun and as a means of softening and beautifying the unbroken landscape. Precious water, often hauled some distance, was not only used for washing, cooking, or irrigating a miniature vegetable garden, much of it went to pamper fruit or shade trees. Rounds tells a very down-to-earth story of early life in the Plains and how the early settlers adjusted to a treeless country.

FUR TRADE

Aspects of the Fur Trade (Minnesota Historical Society, $3.75) is a collection of selected papers of the 1965 North American Fur Trade Conferences. The nine selected papers are by Dale Morgan and eight other distinguished historians. Morgan's paper, "The Fur Trade and Its Historians," originally appeared in the Spring, 1966, issue of *The American West*. The other essays deal with the three great American fur companies, surviving evidences of the early fur trade (illustrated), and the allied viewpoints of the disciplines of ethnohistory, archaeology, and economics. In total, the book provides a basic background of information on the fur trade to whet the appetite and to stimulate further reading.

WYOMING!

History of Natrona County, Wyoming, 1888-1922 (Argonaut Press for University Microfilms, $22.50) is a facsimile reprint of Alfred James Mokler's quite scarce 1923 book. The author was a newspaperman in the county for seventeen years and he made liberal use of the files in writing the institutional history of Natrona, created from Carbon County in 1890. However, this book cuts a pretty wide swath through Wyoming history—the Johnson County War, Tom Horn, Bill Carlisle, the hanging of "Cattle Kate," the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, The Wild Bunch and other characters and events are covered. Some Crow Indian history, Eli Colter in the Yellowstone country, Calamity Jane and landmarks on the Oregon Trail also receive attention. A map, a number of photos and an index add to this county history plus.

CREEK HISTORY

The Creek Frontier, 1540-1783 (The University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by David H. Corkran is the complete history of an Indian tribe during the Colonial period. Corkran unravelled the detailed events which formed the history of the Creeks, weaving in such characters as the Emperor of Coweeta, Mary Musgrove, and Alexander McGillivray. Indian leaders matched wits with wigged governors and generals to further the cause of their people. This book is Volume 86 in the Civilization of the American Indian Series.

TOO WIDE A LOOP?

Farewell to Texas (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) by William O. Douglas is the first volume of *The American Wilderness Series*. Justice Douglas is General Editor of the series. In the foreword, the author takes as his text, *I Kings*, Chapter 21, wherein Ahab, King of Samaria, attempts to appropriate the beautiful garden of Naboth, the Jezreelite. Justice Douglas brands as modern Ahabs utility companies with right of eminent domain, most Federal agencies who deal with resource development, stockmen who are guilty of overgrazing, lumber barons who cut the virgin timber, oil companies who pollute the marshes, ranchers who shoot the golden eagle to protect their livestock, those who spray hardwoods to favor pine, and men who sit in high places in Washington.

After describing the magnificent Big Bend National Park in a masterful manner, he sourly concludes that Big Bend became a park as a means of bailing out unscrupulous ranchers. Certainly, parts of the Big Thicket, the Davis Mountains, and Capote Falls, have attributes worthy of National Parks or other suitable public recreational use. And yet, one wonders where to find a "non-Ahab" to administer such areas. In branding "Ahabs", the author throws a wide loop and keeps the iron hot.

It is unfortunate that his first book, in what could be a noteworthy series, presents a confused and defeatist case for conservation. One can only conclude that the persons who accompanied Justice Douglas in Texas are "conservationists" —all others are "Ahabs." You can better spend your time reading J. Frank Dobie, Walter Prescott Webb, Roy Bedicheck, and the other Texas writers who are widely quoted in the book.

FOR THE DOBIE BUFFS

The Sunny Slopes of Long Ago (S.M.U. Press, $5.95) was edited by Wilson M. Hudson and Allen Maxwell for the Texas Folklore Society (Publication XXXIII). There is an article, previously unpublished, on "John A. Lomax" by J. Frank Dobie. Part of Lomax's article "Cowboy Lingo" is printed for the first time. New articles by Paul Patterson, Mody C. Boatright, John O. West, Everett A. Gillis, and reprinted pieces by Andy Adams and Gene Rhodes round out the section on cowboys. William D. Wittliff, erudite young publisher (Encino Press), contributes "J. Frank Dobie on Folklore." Seven photos of Dobie (*et al*) illustrate this volume and there is an index. Highly recommended.

FOREST SAGA

Over the years, many books have been written about experiences of men who served in the United States Forest Service. *Blazing Forest Trails* (Caxton Printers, $5.95) by Charles D. Simpson and E. R. Jackman gives an interesting account of the Idaho fire of 1910 during which Ranger Ed Pulaski was credited with saving many lives. Many more were lost. Tragic stories about people lost in the forest, wildlife, blister rust, rocky mountain spotted fever, and many other topics are covered. Recognition is given to pioneers in the Forest Service, and the importance of forests to communities is reviewed. While the book covers a series of unconnected subjects except that they relate to forests in some way, it contains much of interest. Also included is a list of accredited schools of forestry, a forestry curriculum, University of Nebraska Alumni list, and National Forest Regions.

A GREAT TEXT!

George Miksch Sutton's *Oklahoma Birds* (University of Oklahoma Press $9.95) is a large volume (674 pages) and a scholarly one. Dr. Sutton, Professor of Zoology at the University, covers the ecology and distribution of the birds in the state and he comments on the avifauna of the southern Great Plains. Nearly 400 different birds are discussed in considerable detail in the text and Dr. Sutton provides a water color for the frontispiece and twenty-eight black and white drawings. It does seem a shame, recalling some of Sutton's fine color plates for the bird books of others, that we don't have the combination of text and bird pictures in color appealing to the casual bird watchers and feeders. This is a good book, of very considerable reference value with a bibliography and index.

BIG STEAL!

James Reavis was a nobody who became one of the richest and most powerful men in the early days of Arizona Territory. Now his history, *The Baron of Arizona* (The John Day Co., $6.95) by E. H. Cookridge, is told. Reavis was the son of a frontiersman, a Confederate veteran of the Civil War, and worked at several jobs including real estate agent. While handling land claims for his clients, he became impressed at how poorly some of them were authenticated. Reavis, having had some previous experience with forgery, conjured up and carried out one of the most fantastic land bamboozles of all time. Faking some 200 documents, including photos and information on a line of ancestry, Reavis succeeded in laying claim to and controlling the "Peralta Grant" which extended from Phoenix, Arizona eastward to Silver City, New Mexico, covering millions of acres. Reavis discovered a "direct descendent" of "Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralto u de la Cordoba" who was supposed to have been granted the land in the eighteenth century by the crown in Spain and married her. Reavis was supported in claims against the United States Government by Senator Roscoe Conkling, the lawyer, Robert G. Ingersoll, and the railway tycoon, Collis P. Huntington. Reavis weathered many attacks and some court sessions, but he finally lost all. He died in 1914 a pauper without ever revealing all of the secrets of his monumental hoax. Well researched and documented, Cookridge's book reads like a novel. But then, fact often is stranger than fiction. The book also contains photos of the principal characters and a map of the "grant."

ROVING REPORTER

Samuel Travers Clover was an Englishman who served his reporter's apprenticeship on the weekly newspapers of South Dakota. He moved up to the dailies in Chicago and finished his career with the Saturday Night Publishing Company in Los Angeles. He wrote a number of books and *Paul Travers' Adventures* (Chicago, 1897) written for the young readers is supposed to be more or less autobiographical. *On Special Assignment* (Argonaut Press, $15.00) is a facsimile reprint of the very scare first printing of 1903. As stated on the title page it is a sequel to *Paul Travers' Adventures:* "Being the Further Adventures of Paul Travers, Showing How He Succeeded as a Newspaper Reporter." Somehow the story got started that Clover was assigned to the Johnson County War by a Chicago newspaper and it has been generally accepted as fact. *On Special Assignment* is a dandy book for young people—in it Paul Travers covers the Moqui Snakedance in Arizona, he is with the soldiers at Lame Deer and the Ghost Dance is one of his assignments. He meets Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull and in the last third of the book he does invade Johnson County, Wyoming with the cattlemen and their paid Texas gunmen. All these major assignments for a young reporter seem to be laying it on a little thick and this reviewer can only conclude that Clover could not have been a participant in all of the events reported (in fictional form) in *On Special Assignment*. Fact or fiction (and it is probably a mixture) you will find it highly entertaining.

RANCHER-SCOUT

Colonel H. B. Wharfield, USAF, Retired has written much about the cavalry and scouts in the Southwest in recent years. His *Cooley, Army Scout, Arizona Pioneer, Wayside Host, Apache Friend* was privately printed in an edition of 300 copies and sells for $1.50. Cooley served General Crook and served him well—he is favorably mentioned in Captain John G. Bourke's *"On the Border With Crook."* Colonel Wharfield had the assistance of Cooley's family and many old-timers, white and Apache, in putting together this bio of the old scout. Cooley was a Virginian by birth but he was in New Mexico in 1856 when he was only twenty. During the Civil War he served with the New Mexico Volunteers and helped repulse Sibley's Confederates. He prospected for gold, served as a scout and about 1873 established his pioneer ranch on Silver Creek (near present-day Show Low). Cooley married the daughter of a White Mountain chief and the ranch became his permanent home although he continued to serve as a scout from time to time. Col. Wharfield has done his usual good job of research on his subject and there are numerous informative footnotes. The photos turned out quite well and there is an index.

GOOD SOCIAL HISTORY

California Was Built (Vantage Press, $3.50) is by Esther Maddux Tennent whose father, Lafayette Jackson Maddux, was a California builder. There is much family history in this book but a lot of California history, too—emphasizing the author's theme that the State was built by the men and women from everywhere, good, bad, and indifferent, who settled it. Sonoma, the Great Valley and Modesto knew the Madduxs and their history is mingled with those who were there before them and with that of their contemporary neighbors. Perhaps the theme was a bit beyond the grasp of the author on total history but she has written a volume of social merit.

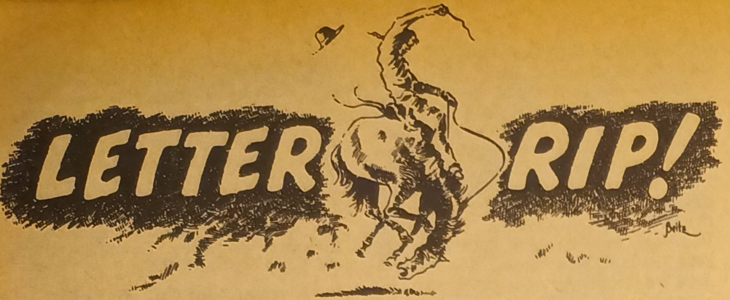
SHOW TONIGHT!

The Theatre in Early El Paso, 1881-1905 (Texas Western College Press, $1.00 on a current basis but as a back issue, $3.00) is by Donald V. Brady, a graduate of the College. It is Monograph No. 13, Southwestern Studies, published by the College as a public service to disseminate information about the Southwestern area, including Northern Mexico. Maestro Carl Hertzog of the Press provides an attractive format. Dr. Brady spent more than two years searching the files of El Paso newspapers in accumulating the material for this booklet. Plays, variety shows and in fact any kind of entertainment was news and was reported. The high spot in early El Paso entertainment history was the construction of the Myar Opera House and the feud between the management and the newspaper that followed. Despite the feud, attendance was good when the offering was worthy. Good reporting, Dr. Brady.

OLNEY OF OREGON

The Name was Olney (Franklin Press, Yakima, Washington, $4.25) is by Roscoe Sheller, Washington History buff and avid researcher into all matters of Northwest Americana. His *Ben Snipes: Northwest Cattle King* was reviewed in this column sometime ago—it was a distinct contribution to range history and has been reprinted several times. The Olney of this book was Nathan who arrived in the Northwest with the famous 1843 wagon train. He tamed the Columbia on a home-made raft and established a trading post at the site of present-day The Dalles. Olney married the daughter of an Indian chief but when the Walla Walla council of 1855 failed to bring a lasting peace, Nathan served as a Captain of Volunteers in subduing the Indians. Later he served as Indian Agent for Oregon Territory but was killed by a fall from his horse when he was only forty-two. In addition to Nathan's story the author provides information on other pioneering Olneys who put their names on the land from 1066 in England.

LETTER RIP!



Dear Circulation Department:

Don't you Old West coyotes ever think of anything except money? Two dollars is a lot of dinero. I remember when I could buy enough beef to feed all the bums in my valley and a stray Indian with two bucks and still have enough for some Long Horn, a plug of star tobacco and a pouch of old Hill Side smoking, some o'possum grease for my boots, a box of .44 black-powder cartridges for the six-gun and Winchester rifle and a pack of Sen-Sens for the booze on my beard.

Those gimme duns make me glad no woman ever married me. Gimme-gimme. I am paying off but will have to do without a $60 Stetson, a mountain range, a trout stream, Tony Lama boots, a fancy horse and a back-to-where-the-flavor cigarettes come from. No more Marlboro smokes, just a cob pipe with tumbleweed and wolf hair to smoke.

Must stop, the more I write,the madder I get.—Jim Landers, P. O. Box 1196, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

Dear Sir:

Your magazines have brought such happiness to many who remember back when. I have every copy since first coming across them and save them for the future when I can no longer get out and conquer the wilderness.

Two of us sixtyish ladies are known as the "Ramblin' Grandmas" and no signs, fences or chasms stay the will to explore. We are dead set to win the West because we don't believe it has been won yet. No road or goat trail escapes and we have back-trailed many of the old pioneer trails here in California, some in Oregon, Nevada and Arizona.

If you have never been to the Mother Lode Country, especially from the south to the north along the old 49er's trail, you have missed some of God's beautiful landscapes. We study what the pioneers had to contend with in trying to reach this land and see it as they saw it. What determined, ingenious folks they were!

The 49er highway is paved now. Along the route are many old ghost towns, some being preserved and in use, others going with the elements. We have trailed Fremont, Kit Carson, Jedediah Smith, the Walkers and others of the explorers; followed the old stage roads and even the wayward paths of Joaquin Murrieta.

The creeks and rivers still show the mounds from the diggin's. The rocks left by the gold dredgers are not of any use for man or beast. I take that back. Some are being put to use in the building of the monstrous Oroville Dam. There are gold dredgers working among the same rocks discarded by dredgers of years ago. With a new and more refined type of machinery, 'tis claimed that much gold that escaped the old machinery is now being recovered. We saw one dredger sitting in a nest of rocks, digging as if bound for China.

Years ago I rode one of the old dredgers and watched as it ate through orchards and left only rocks. The scars of those hydraulic days are still with us and appear as gashes of reds, browns and yellows among the green mountains. It is said that many of the rivers in the gold area are not in their original beds.

We have reenacted the fight at the old corral in Tombstone, only to have a friendly old jackass interrupt us. How did he know we were carrying a bag of licorice? Served him right to get it stuck in his teeth! There we saw the largest rosebush in the West, brought as a slip from back East. It is now like an umbrella over a large back yard.

Folsom, right here in California, prides itself on the history of its rejuvenation. I went into the saloon like a big shot, foot on the rail. "Give me a coke." In the backroom there was some card playing—tough-looking hombres. I was invited in to play but sometimes it's wiser for a greenhorn to stay away from professionals who offer to teach.

Sometimes we hit an old dirt road to see where it thinks it is going and end up in someone's back yard, scattering chickens and setting the dogs wild. Must seem strange to the natives to see two old gray heads so far off the beaten path. But then we are innocent, harmless-looking old ladies; we say we are out to conquer the wilds and we are always welcomed.

One time we so surprised a farmer who was cultivating his mountain-top fields that he took his tractor back across already plowed furrows.

We are guided by the stories in your magazines. Even though I am familiar with early history here, your writers come up with much in addition to that I have studied. I find them very accurate, which shows they are devoted to their subject—Helen E. L. Beard, 1412 E. 21 Street, Oakland, California 94606.

Dear Joe:

Been going to write you ever since OLD WEST #1 which contained the story "Mad Killer of El Dorado Canyon" in southern Nevada.

The woman who was shot through the door was my wife's mother, so you see it hit me very close to home. My wife was just nine years old at the time.

Dad was a transfer man in Bisbee, Arizona, about the turn of the century. He hauled the load of lumber from Bisbee which was used to stake the townsite of Douglas, Arizona.

Keep up the good work on OW, TW and FT. I have never missed one since I started to read them.—E. A. Stoddard, P. O. Box 56, Sonoita, Arizona 85637.

Dear Sir:

Recently I was sent the Spring 1967 issue of OLD WEST. I find "An Indian Fight in Jackson Hole" very good, very factual—good history. I was my father's private secretary while he was Governor of Wyoming, 1895-98. I remember the Race Horse Case very well. The trial of Race Horse in Washington, successfully done by Willis Van Devanter, led to his future appointment in the government and final appointment to the Supreme Court Bench.

I would like to see someone write up the "United States Government Surveys" of State boundaries, especially as V. A. Richards and his brother William A. Richards were awarded the surveys of the Southern and Western boundaries of the fairly new territory (1869) of Wyoming in 1873 and 1874. Each was completed and approved by the General Land Office in Washington.—Alice R. McCreery, Route #1, Box 305, Corona, California 91720.

Dear Joe:

I wouldn't miss an issue for anything, not as long as you keep talking about men I know!

This time it was about the Arizona Rangers. I saw Tom Rynning lots of times and knew Harry Wheeler, who succeeded him as captain, quite well. I was in the Southern Pacific Depot at Benson (where I worked as yard clerk) when he shot it out with a man on the porch in front of the Virginia Hotel just across the street.

After an exchange of shots, the man who had been hit a couple of times called out, "Stop shooting, my gun is empty, I give up!"

Wheeler, for some reason, dropped his gun and started walking toward him. When he had approached to within about twenty feet the man started shooting again!

Wheeler cooly picked up some rocks and began heaving them. They may have spoiled the guy's aim—at any rate he missed with the two rounds he had left.

They loaded the wounded man on the Sunset Limited to take him to a hospital in Tucson, but he never made it alive.—F. E. Blacklidge Sr., 4200 East Glenn, Tucson, Arizona 85716.

Howdy Joe:

The story "Thirty Days In A Rut" brought back many memories of those rough and rugged trails called "roads." One of them went by our old homestead. In the early 1920s it was "State Road #26" but is now "U. S. Highway 45" and cars whiz by the old log house (still occupied) at sixty to eighty miles per hour.

I remember when these roads were graded by some farmer who had a contract of some kind with the state or county. One of my uncles had such a contract and used a team of big black mules that could "out-pull" most other teams in that territory. They were a good team for road-work and he took good care of them and kept his road contract for many years. In dry weather these so-called roads were dusty as hell and just as hot but in early spring the bottom went out, along with the frost! Some of the ruts, sinkholes and quicksand traps would high-center even the high-wheeled Buicks, Pierce Arrows, and Maxwells. I remember hauling rocks, brush, small trees and other stuff to fill up ruts and holes so cars could get through without getting stuck.

When the highway department (or contractor) was rebuilding and relocating the road near the homestead, traffic had to detour a few miles over another country road that wasn't as good as the one being rebuilt. One of the worst sink holes was close to my great uncle's farm and he made "fair wages" pulling cars out with his team of horses. He was of Scotch ancestry and made "Abe Lincoln scream bloody murder" on every penny before he let loose of it. When the sink hole started to dry up, it shut off his extra income; being a thrifty Scot (some called him names of a different color) he'd haul water after dark and dump it in the sink hole. But one of his neighbors got wise to it and warned him to stop or else. He decided to take the good advice.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801.

Abandoned fire-hall is weathered reminder of the days when gold and silver lined men's pockets in Johnsville, California.

Howdy Pat:

Perhaps I could prevail upon the many readers of Western Publications for assistance in a project that I am involved with? The task is compiling information and photos on the history of the law enforcement badge. I would appreciate any type of information, references, bulletins, brochures, descriptions, and/or photographs pertaining to the subject of lawmen's badges. Also the location of any historical presentation badges or collection of badges that might be on exhibition. Any data sent to me will receive due credit in any published works.—George E. Virgines, 454 Highview Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

Thank goodness I lived out West before the government took over the West with their bases. The people lived simple and we had our "bailies" and get-togethers where everyone hoorawed or guyed the others. We were all poor, but were rich in friends.

There is a poem which was made into a song called "The Goldurned Wheel." It was about a cowboy trying to ride a bicycle. All I can remember about it is, "I can ride the fastest horses, I can ride the wildest broncs, but at last I met my equal in the goldurned wheel." Maybe someone would write to me giving me this poem? About 1933, *Liberty Magazine* issued a picture of a cowboy trying to ride a bicycle and it was headed, "The Goldurned Wheel." My brother tacked this picture up in his store and it got many laughs.—Mrs. J. H. Standish, 727 Legreen, Houston, Texas 77008.

Dear Sir:

I'll never forget what happened to me in Randsburg, California, a few years ago. A bunch of us went to make an amateur movie—a western, of course—and we walked all around town with our six-guns on. In the afternoon another fellow and I went over to the beer joint. As we stepped through the door the bartender said, "Sorry, boys, I'll have to check your guns." We handed them over and sat down and had our beer. When we got up to leave he handed them back. I felt as if I were living in the 1800s. I mean I felt great!

Out in the Mojave Desert near Palmdale we found an abandoned ranch. When we first discovered it, the furniture, dishes, clothing, household items, a hand plow, a horse plow, and various tools were in place. Four years later, the doors were off their hinges, the walls knocked down inside, the windows broken, the tools gone—well, you get the idea. It's the same in the towns. In Randsburg we discovered an old house with almost everything intact. It burned down shortly after. I asked around and found out that some tourist had built a fire in it—for what purpose I'll never know.

I just want you people to know you have somebody on your side for preserving and restoring the old towns.—Thomas C. Ratican Jr., 1604 Altivo Way, Los Angeles 26, California.

Dear Sir:

I've just read a story in a back issue of OLD WEST (Winter, 1964) about the gold trails of 1898. With it was a photograph of the Eldorado mines (page 79). Who is the man in the felt hat and mackinaw on the left on a scaffold?

I think this looks like a neighbor of mine who I know was in the Klondike about this time. He was a Swede and went from Seattle in 1897 or 1898 and came back with a small fortune, around $30,000. Some sickness and quite a few bottles soon ate up his earnings. He went back to the Klondike and made another pile.

He came back in the 1900s and some years later came to Alberta and filed on a homestead, where he lived until his death about ten years ago.

I would like to know if there is anyone who would recognize this guy in the photo. If it is who I think it is, he went by the name of Andy Strom.—C. Peterson, Box 450, Hythe, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Sir:

In the Summer 1967 issue of OLD WEST was a most interesting and authentic article about Garry Owen, the horse.

I am almost sure that Sgt. Lewis retired after thirty years as the "First Soldier" of E or F Troop of the Seventh (then Horse) Cavalry. He was known as "Caliche" Lewis when he was a stable boss (caliche is the Spanish word for the clay used to make flooring for the stalls).

The horse "Rising Star" belonged to B Troop and was ridden by Captain Johnson, B Troop Commander. That horse was trained by "First Soldier" Walter Stanley Witaski of B Troop. Sgt. Witaski was the hero of the post then, a real man and a real First Soldier. And the First Sergeant of the Machine Gun Troop, 7th Cavalry, Ambrose Shrout, was not exactly an amateur. He could make a horse change leads on every jump.

And would you believe this? I retired out of the Navy in 1959 and at my final review, sort of in my honor, the U. S. Navy band played for me the gallop march of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry "Garry Owen." I saluted that music and stood tall like the horse troopers of old. It was a surprise that made the eyes get misty.—William H. Irwin, 3046 21st Street, North Chicago, Illinois 60064.

Dear Joe:

I love your magazines from the front cover to the back cover, and especially the letters. We moved from Ohio, where I was born, to Kansas around 1900. My father bought a ranch and raised hay, shipping same to Kansas City by the railroad. We got our mail and supplies at Colony, although there was rural delivery to boxes along the country roads. The real treat was when we went to Colony for our supplies and everyone stopped in the feed lots to visit with people traveling through with teams.

It was miles between farms. Our nearest were McFarland's and Moses Brickhizen's, who had a sorghum mill. We used to buy our molasses from him.

In 1902 we moved to Hobart, Oklahoma, which was in Kiowa County. The Frisco and the Rock Island both went through town; one went north and south and the other east and west, and both used the same depot.

The Indians came in at times and put up their tepees and used to roam around Hobart. They camped on the meadows outside town and had many horses. We were not afraid of them at that time and used to visit the Indian camp and the boys there.

Several very interesting things happened in Hobart during the period 1902-05 that I remember quite well. One concerns a couple of men in partnership. Both of these men left one morning in a buckboard and drove across to the Wichita Mountains. One came back a few days later alone, and it became a worry for the people what became of the other man. The sheriff and deputies of Kiowa County began to investigate and could find no trace of him. About fifteen days later the sheriff and others were looking around the mountains fifteen or twenty miles away and saw some buzzards circling. On investigation, the remains were found under a pile of rocks and brought back to town. The partner was found guilty and was executed for the crime. It surely was a tragedy.

I also remember when three horse thieves were caught out beyond Elk Creek near Hobart, with a bunch of stolen horses. They were stopped by the county sheriff's men, and in the melee two of the outlaws were killed. A bunch of us boys went in to see them in the county morgue. Both were very nice looking young men. The one who was captured was tried and convicted.

There were many poor people living in Hobart during that period and my mother used to bake bread and other things and give to families all around us. I do not know exactly why this was so, but it was a tough period. My father had a second-hand store at the time and we always got along very good.

Nearly everyone in town had cows, and about one and one-half miles away was a community pasture. Each morning the people would turn out their cows, and different boys would gather them up in the alleys, drive them out to graze and drive them in at night. The cows would go to their own barns along the alleys. This was repeated each day; I used to be one of the herders.—Walter S. Young, Box 74, Genoa, Nevada 89411.

Dear Joe:

Been reading the magazines since the No. 1 of each, and mighty fine doings, my friend, mighty fine. Incidentally, a neighbor across the street, Pete Daly, has also. Well, anyhow, thought I'd say something about Oregon as it was about sixty or sixty-five years ago. Being raised in the Willamette Valley, west of the Cascade Mountains, I went to a one-room school. Fired up a stove with two-foot chunks of fir and oak. One day, school let out early and sudden-like when one of the big boys, detailed as fireman, chucked a dynamite cap in with the wood. Blew the lid plumb to the ceiling, and the door open. Fire and ashes all over the place.

Well, Joe, my preacher Pappy took that prime deterrent to juvenile delinquency to me—his old-fashioned razor strop. So I took off for Portland, and after going mighty hungry, got a job as "mess punk" on one of the numerous riverboats plying the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. Got $20 a month and found, for anywhere from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Mighty rough gang, those "deckaroos." Many were broken-down, deep-water sailors, or sourdoughs from the Alaska gold rush days. The boat stopped any place where it could nudge up to the bank to let off freight or passengers, or take on some.

One time, during a railroad strike, we had as passengers a sheriff and his deputy, taking a murderer to the State Pen at Salem. They had one of those infamous "Oregon Boots" on him, and I didn't like the looks of *that*. Real honest, I didn't like the looks of those cops much better. We had a Chinese cook, a wizened old man with a big grin for everybody. I was polite to him, he being my boss, and didn't call him "that damn Chink" like many did. It sure paid off one time during the Tong Wars the Chinese had on the West Coast.

Mike, a fireman, paid me $2.50 a month to get the cook back to the boat the nights we laid over in Portland. One rainy midnight, going through Chinatown, the toughest part of town, I saw a Chinaman step out of an alley and clobber another Chinaman with a ceremonial hatchet. Split his skull. I took off fast. Both Tongs and the police heard that a young white feller had seen it, and all three were looking for me. I stuck to the boat for a few days, until "Charlie" asked me, "Pronto, you no see nothing?"

"No, sir. I didn't see a dang thing."

"Me fix, Pronto, me fix." That was the last I heard of that. Found out later that Charlie was a top man in one of the Tongs. Pays to be polite, no matter to whom.—T. A. Kennedy, 707 Ottilie Drive, Kerrville, Texas.

Gentlemen:

I had to go to Vietnam to "discover" your three magazines. I want to thank you for your story of Pierce, Idaho. In 1942, as a green seventeen-year-old, I went to work for the U. S. Forest Service and was headquartered in Pierce. To a sheltered Michigan boy like me, those months proved to be quite an education. We joked at the time that the only stores that didn't have a saloon were the Post Office and the barber shop. And as long as you could reach over the counter, you would be served in any of the saloons. I was six-feet tall so had no trouble. And the hotel which you say has burned then housed (according to the stories, for I never personally checked) Pascal Rose, who only had one leg but pleased the lumberjacks.

And I have been to Moose City. Our Forest Service camp was in a valley four miles south of the site. One Sunday half-a-dozen of us walked up there. Among the brush we finally found the outlines of streets and the tent foundations. The "city" must have been quite well populated as it covered quite an area.

Last year in Bolivia I purchased a metal detecting device. It would detect a flatiron on the kitchen table quite easily but would not detect a screwdriver one inch below ground. I was rather put out. Has any group ever thought to rate metal detectors? Readers of your magazine might well appreciate such a rating. Anyway, I would like to buy a good one next time.

I love your magazine. Every class in American history should take it. Nothing I have read has breathed the breath of life into history as well as your three magazines.—Jack Down, USAID R 4 T 52, APO 96357.

Dear Joe:

I am particularly interested in articles dealing with lost or buried treasure. I would like to offer your readers a couple of tips to the location of a cache of gold.

Secure a copy of the book *Lewis and Clark, Partners in Discovery*, by John Bakeless. Read and note carefully the contents of Chapter Twenty-six captioned "Tragedy in Tennessee" with particular reference to a man named Robert Grinder.

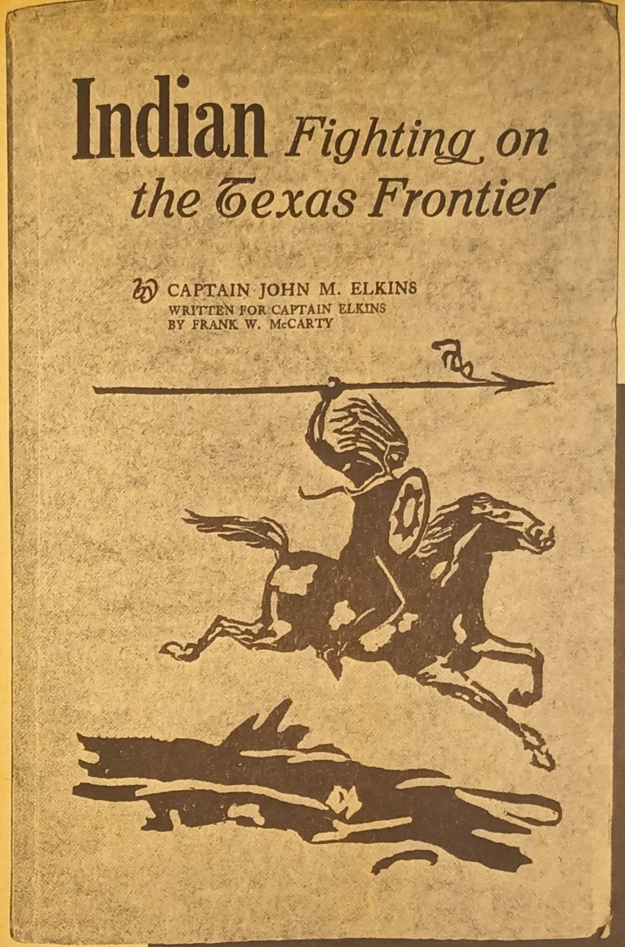
Thousands of people have read this book but how many know of the startling discovery made 141 years later?

In 1950 a man engaged in digging postholes near the old Natchez Trace may have found this treasure on the property occupied by Robert Grinder at the time of the murder and robbery of Meriwether Lewis. It is a matter of public record that this man died within forty-eight hours after reporting that he'd found the treasure. I am firmly convinced that local residents pass within a few feet of this loot in the village of Hampshire, Tennessee, without knowing it.

I would like very much to look for this treasure myself but I am so old and decrepit that all I can do is sit around and read your terrible rags.—C. N. Brown, 4011 N.E. 80th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97213.

Dear Sir:

I have been in Mexico for four years now and I have the Mexican-Indians reading English in TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. The whole community where I am likes your magazines.—A. R. Gamache, Rio Yangtze #13, Colonia Cuauhtemoc, Z.P. 5, Mexico, D.F., Mexico.


Indian Fighting on the Texas Frontier
By CAPTAIN JOHN M. ELKINS
WRITTEN FOR CAPTAIN ELKINS
BY FRANK W. McCARTY

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INDIAN FIGHTING on the TEXAS FRONTIER

By Captain John M. Elkins
Written for Captain Elkins
by Frank W. McCarty

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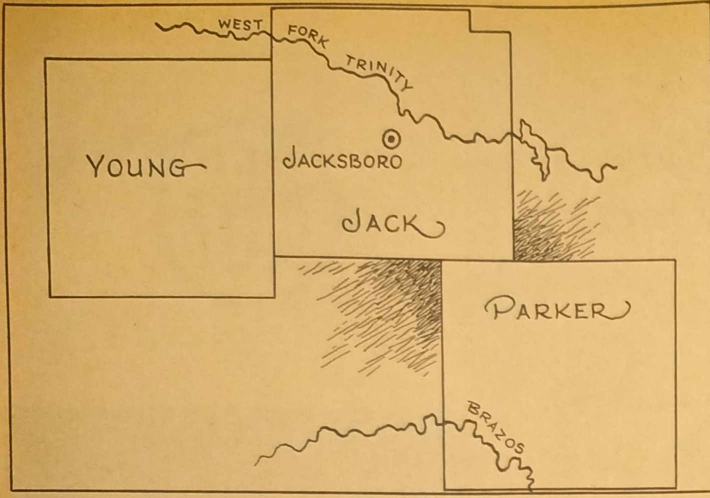
WHEN I pause to take a retrospective view of my life, the active years of which were mostly spent in fighting Indians and rounding up outlaw bands, I feel that I have many things of paramount interest to say to the present rising and coming generations. Fully realizing the solemn fact that my shadows have lengthened almost to the approaching end causes me to know that if ever I tell this story of my life's experiences I must of necessity tell it now. Therefore, I have presented this volume to the public in my feeble days with no attempt to gain praise of myself for the present nor for the future, but I do so for the sole purpose of planting the true history of The Texas Frontier to which I was an eye-witness or closely related; and, so far as is within my power to do, to perpetuate it in the minds and memories of the ones coming after me, so that they may have a clear understanding of the hardships and suffering endured not only by us men of the frontier but also by the women and children whose lives were constantly in danger of an attack from the massacring Red Man.

In my eighty-eighth year, I now live in Coleman County, West Texas, within two miles of old Fort Colorado. The little house in which I am spending my last days is built from the first lumber ever freighted into this county. When Coleman County was first organized in 1871, I had been passing through and fighting Indians across this section of the country for about eighteen years. I am proud of the fact that the honor was bestowed upon me to be the one to drive the stob to locate the county site, which I did and that is the spot where it is now situated.

I was the first Sheriff and Tax Collector of Coleman County, Texas, resigning that office soon, when Governor Davis appointed me Captain of this county's Ranger Company to range from the Red River to the Rio Grande. I have lived to see this section of the country developed from its virginal wilds to its present prosperity.

In the year 1853, my father came to



what is now Parker County, Texas, which was yet organized but under the jurisdiction of Tarrant County. I was at this time a stripling boy of twelve years. However proud I may now be of the sacrificing hardships I endured and the services I rendered during my former life, likely, in my youthful innocence, could I have looked out down the future and have seen what was in store for me, I would not now be engaged in writing this.

At this time all of the wild tribes of Indians, except the northern Comanches, were under a treaty with the United States Government and were supposed to be confined to their respective reservations in Young County, near where the town of Graham is now located. The Tonkaway Tribe was allowed the privileges of citizens because they were harmless and had always been the true friends of the white man. They were once a powerful tribe but because of the fact that they refused to join the other tribes in fighting against the white people they were constantly at war with the other Indians; the tribe was now killed out until they were but few in number.

The Government had stationed troops in these reservations to protect the reserve tribes from the hostile attacks of the powerful northern Comanches who outnumbered any other tribe of that time. And at the same time it was the duty of these troops to keep the Indians within the bounds of the reserve, except that occasionally they could apply for and be granted a furlough permitting them, while accompanied by guards, to hunt off their reservations on territory away from the settlements. But the restrictions of these furloughs were not adhered to and these reserve Indians, without being accompanied by guards, were allowed to roam at will over West Texas wherever they cared to go. They preferred to visit the settlements on these supposed hunting trips, and constantly did.

ALTHOUGH Parker County was at this time a frontier or border county, peace and amity prevailed throughout the land. It seemed that at last the pioneers had accomplished the one great thing for which they had fought, bled and died—"peace from the attacks of the savage red man." The people were happy and prosperous. With no Indian depredations, they were tilling the soil of the rich valleys and planting their crops. On rainy days they would search the hills for bee trees and take the honey to store for future use; cut wood from the post oak, blackjack and cedar trees, which clothed the hills beautifully, to burn in the big fireplaces to give comfort to their little log cabins and cook their meals. Life for them was all it should have been. Though perhaps without the slightest realization, they were in fact laying the foundation upon which was to rest the great prosperity that West Texas is now witnessing. They thought that their dreams had at last come true; that the red man had been permanently driven from them and that they were now free from his savage attacks.

But in 1854 the settlers were surprised when they learned that Major Stemm, a United States officer, and his associate had been killed by the Kickapoo Indians. They knew that this signified the beginning of another bloody disturbance.

For some months it was generally believed that the crimes committed so continuously were traceable to the northern Comanches who had refused to treat with the United States Government. But after having found the reservation Indians in possession of the propertv which had been stolen from where families had been murdered upon several different occasions, the people learned that the combined tribes of the reserve Indians were, in fact, doing more harm than the free tribe.

Having no restraint in the reservations, the Indians continually were causing trouble. The settlers fought them as best they could to protect their property. To avenge the lives of those of their tribes who had been killed by the pioneers, the Indians began massacring whole families.

Governor Houston realized the tragic condition of the affairs of the settlers and the awfulness of the proposition that confronted them. He authorized several counties to organize ranging companies consisting of twenty men each for frontier protection.

After their organizations were complete these few Rangers were not sufficient to check the mass of red warriors who were attacking settlements as they rode on toward Jacksboro with the intention of laying waste to that small town. Messengers or couriers were riding in haste from house to house through the thinly settled country around Weatherford and elsewhere, asking for help. It was then that the settlers threw their plows aside, and took up their guns with a permanent grip once more. They realized that they must earnestly fight, and now, if ever they expected to build the new, beautiful country into the land they had hoped for. With their accomplishments left to waste and temporarily forgotten until the invading Indians were subdued or permanently driven from them, the settlers told their families farewell with no assurance that they could return, then hurried to Jacksboro.

DURING this time I was a student in the literary school at Weatherford. Learning of the Indian trouble at Jacksboro, the adventuresome spirit within me was aroused. I wanted to go—why I wanted to go I cannot say—whether it was for a thrill or to help the ones who were suffering at the hands of the merciless savages, I do not know; perhaps both—being only a boy of fourteen years of age, you can imagine my attitude toward the matter. I saddled my horse and hastened to my father's house, some twelve miles distant. There I supplied myself with arms and other necessary equipage then returned to Weatherford where men were coming from all directions on their way to Jacksboro. I joined the crowd and we lost no time in making our way to assist the settlers who were being attacked there at that small village.

Upon arriving, my first duty was performed as Picket Guard, when Captain H. A. Hammer detailed Rice Derrit and me to patrol and watch from a certain point to where he had taken and stationed us which was out on the trail about two miles. When the Captain had looked carefully over the surrounding country and decided that he had stationed us at the proper place he said:

"Boys, you are not placed here for the purpose of fighting. Keep your horses well in hand and if you hear anything that sounds like the Indians approaching, safely seat yourselves in the saddle and satisfy yourself as to whether or not it is the enemy, and if you learn that it is, fire off your guns to give us the signal, then dash back to the camp."

These words spoken by the Captain were very consoling to both Derrit and me because there in that dark road we felt that we could not nor did not even propose to stop the hundreds of Indians that were roaming the country somewhere near that night, looking for scalps of just such fellows as we.

We were frightened. What two boys of our ages would not be? We held to the bridle reins with a certain grip as we sat on the ground in front of our ponies and listened to any sound that might reach our ears. Every gust of wind that would rattle leaves or make a noise similar to any noise a band of Indians might make was detected by us. We would crouch lower and listen, only to learn that the wind blowing through the tree's branches had again deceived us.

About eleven o'clock we heard a clattering noise which sounded very much like hoofs of horses moving over rocks. We knew this time that it wasn't the wind. We at once mounted our horses and safely seated ourselves in the saddle. I said to Rice:

"Let's shoot and ride."

"No, let us wait and be certain," he replied.

We waited about fifteen minutes, then we could hear the noise no longer. I was trembling from fear. I have never wanted to see a town nearly so much as I wanted to see Jacksboro just then. Rice dismounted—apparently he was over his spell of fright while I was just at the worst stage of it all. I had heard the noise and it sounded like horses' hoofs beating over rocks. If it were, I knew there were Indians riding them. Now, noise had ceased. If it were Indians they had espied us and were perhaps crouched low, sneaking onto us.

I saw Rice holding out the bridle reins for me to take. I wondered what he meant by such action. Then he said: "Hold my horse while I crawl down the road a short distance to see what all that racket was."

I said nothing, but imagine my thoughts while I sat there and watched my companion depart into the darkness. He was absent about fifteen minutes—which seemed to me an hour—then suddenly he arose from his crawling position and walked to me taking the bridle reins.

"Just a couple of old bulls testin' their strength," he said, which information greatly relieved me.

Then from the opposite direction we heard the pounding of horses' hoofs. This time we knew it was horseback riders. We started, not knowing what to do as they were riding onto us from the opposite direction from which we had expected to hear them. We crouched low for a moment; then we heard the signal of two of the frontiersmen who had come to relieve us. Glad we were to see them.

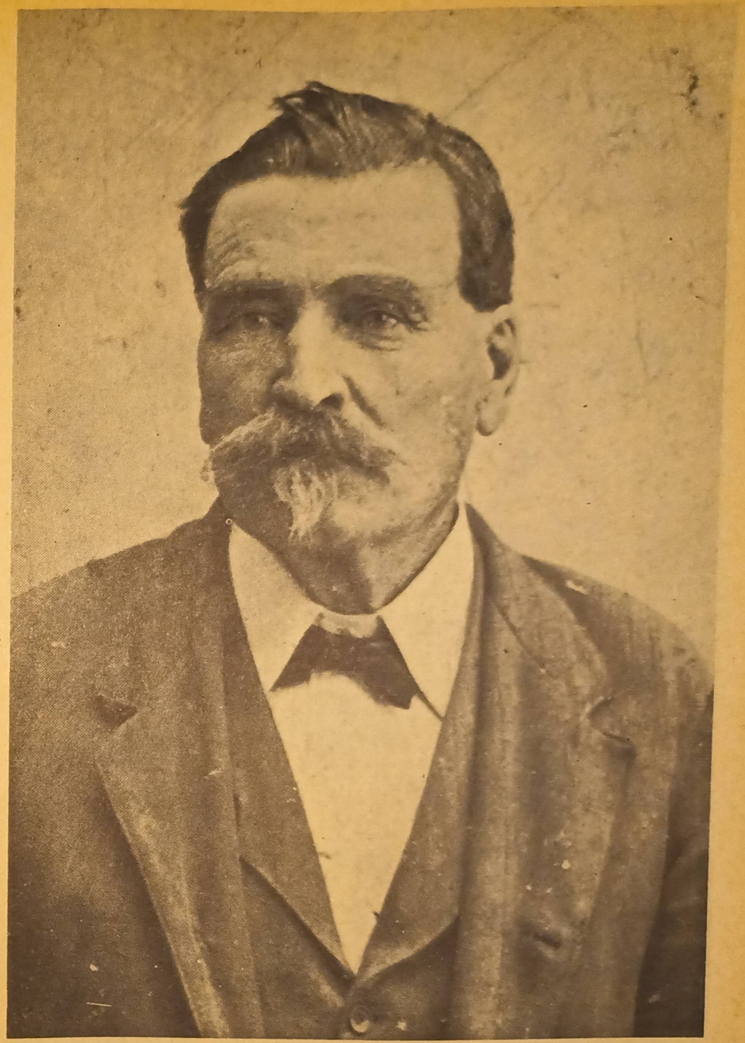
As we rode back to camp at Jacksboro we felt proud of ourselves even though we had done nothing of note other than to stand guard without anything of interest happening, except a bull fight. But, in fact, we had rendered our first service and received our first frightening experience which would better qualify us for future use against the Indians.

IN THE TOWN of Jacksboro there stood a very large stone building which was used as sleeping quarters for the women and children, while the men would sleep in some deserted building or spread a blanket down on the hard ground or the street. After our number had increased considerably, the women felt that they would be well protected in sleeping in their homes or wherever they cared to sleep; so now for the first night in many, the strong old stone building had no one sleeping in it.

On this very night after all had retired, a shot broke the silence; then the picket guards fired their guns and rushed into town. The women and children were alarmed and soon were running from every direction, like sheeted ghosts, to the old building for protection. A thoughtless guard had shot at a cat, and that had started all the commotion.

Though this was a comical incident it is a true example of the constant fear these women and children of the frontier lived through. At night, while the men were away following the Indian trail that led them for days, these brave women underwent many anxieties; their lives were in danger the entire time, which they thoroughly realized.

Our forces increased to four or five hundred men and we moved out to within six miles of the Indian reservation, leaving a strong guard in Jacksboro to where the settlers from miles around had moved, making this a rendezvous for the protection of their families during this unusual disturbance.


Captain John M. Elkins of Coleman County, Texas, noted Indian fighter and survivor of the company of frontiersmen who participated in the recapture of Cynthia Ann Parker in 1860

Within one week after we had made camp near the reservation, our forces had increased to six hundred men who were willing to fight and give their lives if necessary, to free this country from the terrible raids that had caused them such grief.

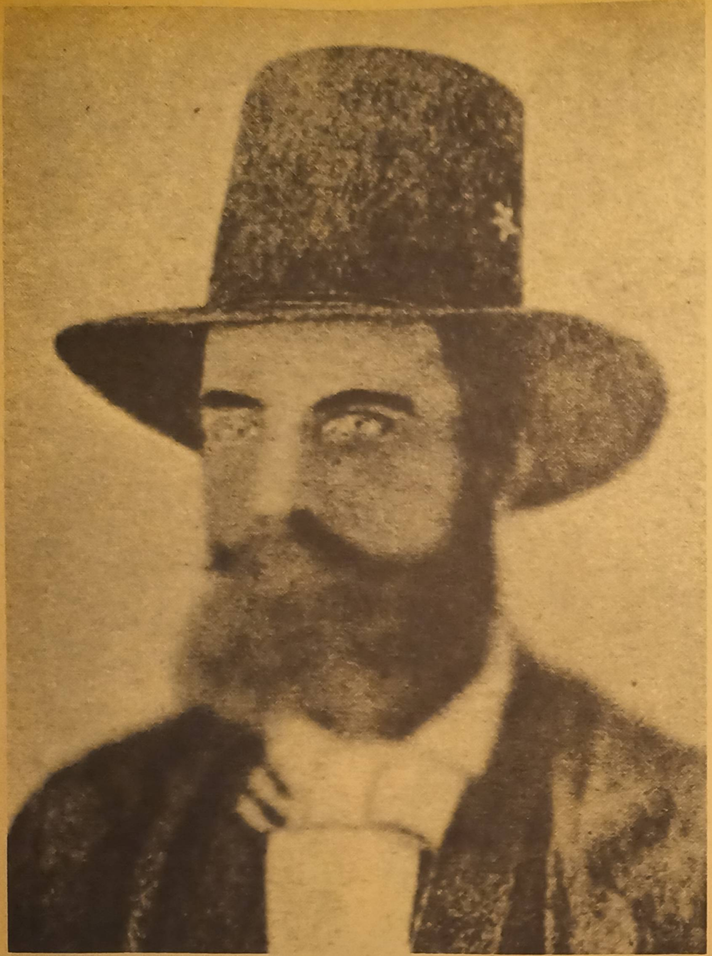
Then the patriotic women of Weatherford prepared a large, costly flag of silk which had the forcible words, "Necessity Knows No Law," inscribed across its fold. They had Israel Mulkins to carry it the long distance unfurled, and present it to us in our camp. This thoughtful encouragement from the women of Weatherford inspired the men in camp, and the flag made them more anxious for the fray.

We had organized by election John R. Baylor, Colonel, and H. A. Hammer, Captain, but a question immediately arose: What were we to do?

So long as we stayed there the Indians were content in staying on their reservation; yes we knew that the moment we disbanded the redskins would return to Jacksboro to take our property and lives. For some reason we were not receiving the protection from the United States Government that we should have received.

We were thinking, planning constantly. Speeches were made by some of the prominent men of the state who were with us: Judge Lewyllin of Collin County, Judge Bledsoe, John R. Baylor and several other men of prominence, whose names I have forgotten.

Reverend Byars, a pioneer Baptist minister, who had fought under the command of Governor Houston through all of his battles and was his life-long friend, rose to speak. Before he had said a word his influence seemed to dominate every man around him. The old man who was, perhaps, as well experienced in Indian fighting as any among us, said with striking gestures:



Courtesy Library, University of Oklahoma

Colonel Baylor

"Men, as the Government has failed to give us protection, the only thing that we can do is to march upon these bloodthirsty savages and kill or drive them from the country."

The minister's solemn and emphatic words were endorsed and sanctioned by every man of the camp and hats were hurling into the air.

We then moved up into the rough country near the Caddo Village and camped. In the fort there, among the Government soldiers, we had trusted and reliable friends who kept our officials posted as to all matters concerning our welfare and the safety of our lives. We were informed by these friends that the United States troops had taken the Indians from their wigwams of Caddo and Waco villages into the fort with them, and that the fort was strongly fortified with artillery.

Again: "What should we do?" We knew that we had to fight the Indians and it was our choice and to our advantage to fight them near their reservations where they could harm only us, the ones who were fighting against them, instead of our mothers, sisters, elderly fathers and young brothers. But these red rascals were wise; they would not meet us there; they reported to the United States troops and were taken into their forts for protection.

This act of the troops in protecting the Indians would have been proper had they also justly rendered their duty in the past by keeping the Indians away from our settlements where they had been continually raiding. The Government had placed these soldiers and was paying them to keep the Indians under control and away from our settlements, in harmony with their treaty. Doubtless, none of the high officials at Washington ever knew of the negligence on the part of the stationed troops, and truly our trusted friends among the troops, who seemingly had betrayed the confidence of their commanding officers by assisting us, were doing a greater deed toward building up the Government under which they were serving than the ones responsible for such action. Of the United States Government which was paying these soldiers, we and West Texas were a part.

We considered disbanding but after discussing the subject freely among ourselves, we unanimously arrived at the decision to continue our fight. We knew that if we returned to our homes the Indians would follow us back and soon it would be necessary for us to reorganize. This would cause a total loss of our efforts; the money we had expended to thus far sustain our organization would be lost; and the sacrifices of ourselves and families while undergoing the hardships resulting from our absence from our home duties which we had so earnestly strived to perform well, all would profit us nothing.

Our friends had informed us that the United States soldiers in the fort would fight for the Indians, and without a piece of artillery at our command we knew that it would be the height of foolishness to attempt taking the fort. There was artillery at Houston, however, which we could procure from the citizens but that was a distance of nearly four hundred miles and our transporting facilities were such that it was impossible for us to obtain it.

Upon learning that there was sufficient artillery for our use at Camp Cooper and that there were only forty soldiers stationed at that fort, we decided to capture that artillery to turn against the walls of the fort near the Caddo and Waco villages, which was shielding the Indians which we were seeking.

Captain Peter Garland was selected as the one to capture the artillery at Camp Cooper and immediately after it was dark he began his ride with two hundred and fifty men to perform his duties. Captain Garland had instructions to bring the captured artillery to Fort Belknap to where Colonel Baylor with his command would meet him.

THE FOLLOWING morning we broke camp for the purpose of meeting Captain Garland in Fort Belknap. The road necessary for us to follow led through the reservation, within one-half mile of the fort which we intended to attack later; but the view from the fort was so obstructed by the ledge of growing timber that we could not be espied until we had traveled some distance.

We began riding, passing on through the Waco and Caddo villages which we could see were deserted and, in obedience to the Colonel's strict orders, nothing that the Indians had left in the villages was disturbed by us.

When we had reached a point within a mile of the fort, we saw a couple of Indians who were sitting on their horses, apparently just watching us in an unconcerned manner. Just before we had ridden within an unsafe distance from them, they whirled their horses around and rode rapidly towards the fort, pretending that they had just at that instant seen us.

I and four or five of the men broke ranks and dashed in pursuit of the two Indian riders. But quickly we were halted by Colonel Baylor who administered a severe reprimand to us, informing us that when he wanted a charge made upon the Indians, he would let us know through regular orders. The experienced old Colonel had thought faster than we and he briefly explained to us that the Indians were merely trying to entrap us by leading us into an ambuscade—this, indeed, was a good lesson for me, a mere boy.

When we emerged from the timber into the open, we discovered the United States troops forming into a line between us and the fort. The Indians were mounted in the rear of the formation, dressed in Indian war dress, painted and fully prepared for battle. We could hear their warwhoops as they dashed in every direction, anxious for the fight to begin.

Colonel Baylor immediately threw his men into battle line, facing the Government troops, then waited for their attack if that was what they intended to do. The Colonel's intentions were to make his way through the reservation to Fort Belknap, and at this time he would not put his men into battle except to ward off an attack. While we stood in battle formation, trying to ascertain what the intentions of the troops might be, the Post Adjutant came out and advanced to a point close in front of us. Colonel Baylor sent an officer to meet him.

"I want to know what your intentions are by coming onto this reservation?" was the question the Post Adjutant propounded to the Colonel through the officer sent out.

To which the Colonel answered, "I've come to whip the blasted Indians, and I want to know if the United States troops here will fight for them?"

"I will fight for the Indians as long as I have a button on my coat," the Post Adjutant answered and walked back.

Without battle, then, we continued our march on to Salt Creek. I was one of the rear guard which consisted of twenty-five men under the command of Jack Bailey. The troops had turned back and had given their Minie rifles into the possession of the Indians.

WHEN our company was crossing the creek the Indians fired down upon us from the high cliff. Not one of our number was hit. Fortunately, the Indians were not accustomed to the use of the Minie rifles which, if not properly aimed at such a short distance, would shoot two or three feet too high—this caused their poor markmanship. About fifty shots were fired at us from this short range without damage, therefore we did not return the fire because we knew that it would be accidental if ever the Indians hit one of us from where they were now shooting.

Under fire, we continued our march. On the right-hand side of the trail over which we were marching, ran a chain of lofty hills or mountains with precipitous and fearful declivity. On the left of us was dense timber, covered over with tangling, running vines and thorny briars. Therefore we were reduced to the necessity of confining ourselves to the trail. We traveled in this narrow passage for some distance.

The Indians were still firing upon us without cessation but their actions were shown but a slight portion of our attention, because the Minie balls were still singing high over our heads without doing us harm. Of the many shots that had been fired at us, the only damage thus far was a slight wounding of Captain Hammer's horse which occurred while the Captain was making a reconnoiter of the foot of the mountain ahead of us to ascertain if there was a passageway by which we could reach the summit. From that point we could charge and dislodge the tormenting Indians who were following with their continual shooting.

As we rode along there with the vine and briar-covered trees running high on either side of the trail, we saw an Indian ride from the entanglements close in front of us, making motions that he was a friend.

"Howdy do. Howdy do," he brokenly spoke as the head of the line reached him. This he spoke, we knew, as a means of asking us not to shoot him.

We could see that the Indian was old; that his eyes were too red to give him but little sight; and that he was riding an old, worn-out pony. That is why we did not kill him instantly. He offered his hand in friendship. Colonel Baylor rode to him and took his hand.

"Him Captain?" the old Indian inquired as he pointed to Captain Hammer.

"Yes," the Colonel nodded his head as he ordered the Indian to ride on beside the Captain.

The Indian began raising his gun to shoot Captain Hammer but he was too slow; the Captain's hand clasped it. A scuffle for the gun ensued. When the Captain saw that the gun was going to fall to the ground, he called out for us to "watch out" because the gun was loaded. The Indian's gun finally fell and in a second's time the Captain's gun cracked. The bullet went through the Indian's neck and blood squirted from both sides into the air. The old Indian stared at Captain Hammer for a moment while a blank expression showed upon his face, then he fell to the ground.

Doubtless this useless, old Indian had thus prepared himself at the suggestion of his clan, to kill Colonel Baylor but mistook the Captain for him. The destruction of Colonel Baylor was strongly sought by the Indians because he had formerly been their agent and they believed that he was responsible for the present expedition against them. This opinion the Indians were entertaining was entirely wrong, because Colonel Baylor was no more responsible for our present invasion than the humblest citizen of the frontier.

We had continued our march for several miles through this rough country, when we saw ahead of us a point of land thickly covered with blackjack trees extending from the top of the mountain across the trail over which we were marching. Colonel Baylor, believing that we would be ambushed at this point if an attempt were made to cross, sent the front guard through the brush to circle around so as to come back to the trail on the opposite side of the danger point. When sufficient time had passed for the men to make their way around, the Colonel ordered the rear guard to charge the point on the side that the Indians would evidently be expecting us to enter.

When the head of the column reached the timber, the Indians fired rapidly from ambush, as the Colonel had expected, then attempted to retreat into the mountain. Both guards charged and shot into them on either side. Every one of us emptied our double-barrelled shotguns—I emptied mine and then got in three shots with my six-shooter before they were out of range. We pursued them to the top of the mountain without succeeding in unsaddling an Indian, though the evidence of blood justified us in the belief that we had done some damage. Our casualties were a man by the name of Milton who was mortally wounded and several horses which were slightly shot—my horse being one that received wounds.

AFTER we had given the Indians a battle there in the black timber, they fled, giving us no more trouble as we marched on. We camped at Marlin Ranch, a distance of five or six miles from the site where we had skirmished. There we found a clear spring of water with good grass growing all around for our horses to graze over.

Our company was divided into four

Old trough at Texas ranch site reflects the mood and character of days when Colonel Baylor and his men rode through the rough country.

Photo by Jerry Lackey

squads of an equal number and each squad was placed one hundred and fifty yards distant from any one of the others. In this position, for the protection of the company, we were ordered to spend the night; too, strict orders were issued from the Colonel instructing us to stake our horses close to the camp where it would be difficult for Indians to take possession of them without disturbing us.

But we were tired, very tired, and hungry, just having finished the most strenuous day of our expedition. The Colonel's orders were not well obeyed. I and many of the other men turned our horses loose with the lariats dragging. I set my gun up against the trunk of a large tree nearby, spread my blanket and lay down, falling to sleep immediately.

Within a few minutes I was awakened by the yell of the Indians and the cry of the officers, "To arms!" On being aroused, I saw the Indians dashing up to camp, firing upon us as they came. I sprang to the tree for my gun but it was gone. Seeing my horse some two hundred yards away, I leaped toward him but the Indians were too numerous in that direction to attempt running through.

I halted, hesitating a moment to think, then took my six-shooter from its scabbard with the intention of risking my way through to my horse, when a man came up and handed me my gun which he had mistakenly grabbed up for his own. After regaining my gun, I followed the ravine that led to my horse.

By this time the majority of the Indians had been repulsed with heavy loss, but I saw one approaching me from a cluster of trees. My horse led slow, as all horses do when one is in a hurry, and I tugged impatiently as any boy would do who had only a shotgun and a pistol of short range when there was an Indian with a long range rifle after him. The distance between us was entirely too far to think of reaching him with a shotgun, and he was advancing hurriedly.

I saw him level his long range rifle on me with a deadly aim, but fortunately a gun banged and the Indian grabbed his side as he crumpled to the ground to die. The shot was fired by a sixteen-year-old boy by the name of Hawkins who had concealed himself in a cluster of weeds nearby.

The Indians had been driven from camp but they were still firing upon us with their long-range guns from the mountain. An Indian chief, dressed in the finest garb obtainable, who was riding a beautiful white horse, undertook to ride through our camp. As he dashed through our midst he was firing to right and left, yelling wildly as he rode. Under the fire of the straight-shooting frontiersmen, the chief and the horse were riddled with bullets.

I was with the rear guard which was stationed up in a post oak ridge to prevent the Indians from coming down that convenient and safe area into camp again. Orders came from two men of our guard to report to a certain point where the force was weak and under heavy fire. It was generally known that Dick Huff, a boy of Weatherford of my age, and I were well equipped with good arms, so we were selected by Captain Jack Bailey as the two to reinforce.

Dick had been telling me all that day, while the fight was in progress, that we would both be killed—he knew we would—that the buzzards would have an opportunity to pick our bones—then that would be the last of us—we would soon be forgotten—that we were too young and should have never come.

As we were passing along from the point where the rear guard was stationed, making our way to where we had been ordered to report, there was an open prairie. It was necessary for us to cross it before reaching our objective. We hesitated a moment when we saw what danger our lives would be in when we passed out into the glade. We had begun our journey across the open, when we met Colonel Baylor before we reached the timber on the opposite side. The bullets were flying very thick.

"They're making it pretty hot for us, Colonel," I said.

"Yes, boys, they are shooting at me. Hurry on past me or you might get hurt."

Colonel Baylor was more concerned for our safety than his own.

WE HAD hardly passed the Colonel, when a Minie ball struck the butt of Dick's gun, knocking it from his hand and several feet farther on. Frightened, Dick scrambled nervously for his gun which at such a moment was a "best friend."

"I–I told you, John, that we would be killed," Dick whined as he quickly drew his gun to position.

My sides almost burst from the comicality of Dick's actions but, being in somewhat of a hurry myself, I had no time for laughing so I postponed that until the next day.

Cautiously, we had struggled to within shooting distance of the little log cabin there at the foot of the mountains, into which we were supposed to go to reinforce the few who were under heavy fire from the Indians. We crouched low at the edge of the woods to watch for a moment and plan our way further before attempting to cross the open between us and the cabin.

As we viewed the surroundings, we saw a man who had likewise been detained to reinforce the little cabin. The man also hesitated at the edge of the timber, apparently wondering just how he might cross to his destination. Almost immediately after his arrival the Indians espied him and began sending bullets at him. He crouched, then fell behind the trunk of a big tree for protection. But he could not stay there under the spray of bullets that were constantly flying by his ears. Figuring that it was his only chance, he sprang from behind the tree, out into the open and dashed with all his might for the cabin.

He had made but a few strenuous strides when we saw his hands open claw-like from the grip of his gun; then staggering a moment, his body thudded upon the ground. We boys looked at each other. We had seen what had been the fate of one of our number who had been espied by the red warriors.

We believed that if we would go immediately, before the Indians detected us, we could make our way to the door unharmed.

We darted out into the open space and, with all our fleetness which at this moment increased to the maximum, charged for the cabin. When we had passed over about half of the distance, bullets were flying, dozens of them, over our heads, on every side and some striking the ground at our feet. Although our lives had had a close call, we made our way into the cabin to where we felt comparatively safe.

We looked over the place inside and saw about twelve men who were too busy to notice anything around them. They were fighting the bloodthirsty Indians who were shooting steadily from ambush against the logs of the cabin. Dick and I stationed ourselves beside a crack or loophole so that whenever an Indian came into our view we could send a message to him from our guns. We wanted to help those few who had been fighting so long under the heavy fire which seemed gradually to grow worse.

But our Colonel's mind was working, as it always did when the lives of his men were in danger. He sent the reliable old fighter, Captain Hammer, with a Jack County company of men out to tear down the stronghold of the enemy which they had planted there at the foot of the mountain. The first charge, Captain Hammer and his men rushed into the midst of the band, which caused their retreat into the mountains, a distance sufficient to relieve us from danger. Even with Captain Hammer throwing the bloody charges against them, the Indians did not make their permanent retreat until darkness had covered the hills.

With the mountainside stained with blood, we were fortunate in losing only six men and twenty head of horses.

We buried the body of one of our company about one hundred yards from the spring there on the Marlin Ranch and marked his grave with a slab which had his named carved upon it. Sometime later I learned that some person had written upon the slab "Damn Horse Thief." A depraved wretch that person was to desecrate a soldier's grave.

We paid the Marlin Ranch a short visit, because of the friendship that existed between the family and some of our men—which visit, when I met with Mr. Marlin some five or six years later, was referred to by him when he said he wanted to thank Captain Baylor and his men for treating his family and ranch with such courtesy and good conduct while there. Then we continued our march the next morning at sunrise.

WE ARRIVED at Fort Belknap that afternoon and camped on the Brazos River. Up to this time nothing had been heard from Captain Garland since he began his journey to Camp Cooper to capture the artillery, with the intention of returning to this fort to meet Captain Baylor and his men.

All our wounded had died except one man, a Mr. Cook from Denton County, who was in a dying condition when we reached Fort Belknap. I heard him tell his brother-in-law that as soon as he was buried, for him to "go home"; that one of a family was enough to sacrifice, as he did not believe anything could be done with the Indians; and the people would have to move back to larger settlements and leave this country to them.

How little this dying man realized that within less than three years from that very time, the county in which his family then lived would be as often a prey to the Indians as the one in which he was dying.

As Colonel Baylor had stated that it was his intention to remain in Fort Belknap for a couple of days, to give the men in Young and Stephens Counties time to come in and join us, I decided to visit a friend down on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. I left soon, accompanied by two others of our company.

When I returned from my visit the following evening just at dark, I met a man at the edge of Belknap who informed me that Colonel Baylor had returned to his old camp in Jack County, only leaving a small guard there at the Fisher Hotel to bury Cook. This stranger cautioned me to be quiet as I entered the hotel because there were Indians and friends of Indians there in the fort who might kill us all if they learned that there were so few of us left.

I learned after entering the hotel that the Colonel had returned to Jack County because Captain Garland had failed to capture the artillery at Camp Cooper. Captain Garland received the blame for his failure which had thrown a bomb into the Colonel's plans.

We left Fort Belknap to join Colonel Baylor in Jack County and arrived there about twelve o'clock at night. On our arrival we found that reinforcements were coming in from every part of the state while others of the organization, becoming discouraged, were returning to their homes.

During the six days that we had been camped there in Jack County on Dillingham's Ranch, we were undecided the whole time which course might be best for us to pursue. Not having artillery at our command, to return to the Waco and Caddo villages and assault the fort of Indians who were assisted by the United States troops would be too great a sacrifice of life.

After thoroughly discussing the matter among ourselves, we finally arrived at a decision. We made temporary arrangements to protect the exposed counties by organizing a Jack County Company of twenty men to range at all times, of which H. A. Hammer was made captain; a company of men from Weatherford, I being one among them, to aid the Jack County Company upon short notice with Captain C. L. Hordan in command; and other companies which we thought necessary for protection. We then disbanded our immediate, strongly organized band of frontier fighters.

Soon after our disbandment, the Government moved all the reserve Indians, except the Tonkaways, to Fort Sill. There was great rejoicing among the people when they learned this.

But it proved that this act on the part of the Government had not helped; that it put Texas under worse conditions against the Indians than it had been before their removal. A treaty had been made with the northern Comanche Indians and they had been placed on the reservation with the other reserve Indians; this increased the number greatly. This reservation was infested with consciousless traders who furnished guns and ammunition to the Indians; then traded for stolen property brought back to the reservation. There, at Fort Sill, all the Indians were furnished with the best of guns, and supplied plentifully with ammunition. Under the pretense of hunting buffalo and other game, large bands would leave the reservation, ride down into Texas, depredating from settlement to settlement, massacring white families, and carrying off large herds of stock. The counties seventy-five or one hundred miles farther east, which had before been exempt from their depredations, were now a prey.

EARLY in the winter of 1860 one of the severest raids of our frontier, through Young, Jack and the west part of Parker Counties, was made. The Indians killed almost all of five families and stripped the country of horses wherever they went. The number of Indians in this raid was so great that a sufficient strength could not be organized to check them.

Four generations: Captain Elkins, his son, grandson and great-grandson, in front of the Elkins home built from the first lumber ever freighted into Coleman County

John Brown, a ranchman, was making a desperate ride for his home to elude a part of this band who were pursuing him, when his mare crashed into the protruding limbs of a fallen tree which was fatal to her rider. Mr. Brown was killed and scalped there where the accident occurred.

These same Indians then went on to Mr. Brown's house which was a two-story, newly painted, white building. This was the only painted house in all the country—perhaps the first of its kind that the Indians had ever seen. They surrounded the house at a respectable distance, kneeling and performing many antics. The fourteen-year-old daughter of the man who had just been scalped was the only person in the house. She ran up the stairway to the upper story—put on a man's hat; shouldered a gun and began walking to and fro across the floor so that the Indians could see her through the open window.

The Indians saw the girl as she paraded there in the building. She had not misled them; they knew that it was merely a girl.

The Indians finally hollered, "Bully for little squaw—Bully for little squaw," then turned around, leaving without having done her any harm.

During this raid Mrs. Sherman was wounded, then scalped alive. Not satisfied with this cruelty, the Indians picked up a paper of pins which they used on the person of this woman by driving each pin into her back. Mrs. Sherman received horrifying personal abuses. I talked with her just before she died. These are only a few of the many gruesome murders of this tragic raid. It was at this time that the citizens again decided to follow them into their camps wherever they might be.

William Brown and I, horseback and leading a pack mule, went to Weatherford—a distance of ten miles. There we packed our mule with flour, coffee, ammunition and other articles necessary for our campaign—these supplies were furnished us graciously by the merchants of that town. Then we headed for Loving's Valley on the border of Parker and Jack Counties, which we were told would be the rendezvous.

On completing our journey to this place we met with about twenty-five men. We moved our camp to the north of Palo Pinto County; here we were reinforced with about thirty other recruits from Palo Pinto. Among these recruits were some noted Indian fighters: Captain Ross Pollard, his son Tom Pollard, Captain Jack Currington, Lum Slaughter—in fact all were very experienced in Indian warfare.

Then we moved our camp into Young County, near Fort Belknap. There we were again reinforced until there were ninety-six of us, which made it necessary to elect officers and regularly organize. Jack Currington was elected Captain and Ross Pollard First Lieutenant—two as brave and cautious men, to our knowledge, as there were in the State of Texas.

Not nearly as many men volunteered for the service as had always before volunteered, because of the many failures of expeditions in the past and the present rainy, disagreeable weather.

Some might wonder if these ninety-six men would have actually followed an Indian trail which would lead them into a thousand or fifteen hundred warriors. I can answer that very emphatically, "Yes, they would have followed any number where there was the slightest chance." The majority of these men had lost some of their families or a friend, either killed or carried away. Or they had looked upon the mangled corpse, the scalped and bloody forms of whole families who were the victims of the ones they hoped to meet. Yes, these ninety-six men, if they could get no others to go, would have gone fearlessly into the midst of the many.

In our need for more, it was proposed by some of the party that we invite young Captain Sul Ross to accompany us on our expedition, which proposal was resented by a great number of our company. They believed that Captain Ross was a sympathizer of the Indians because his father had served as their agent for a number of years. But a letter was written and signed by Captain Currington and Lieutenant Pollard, asking him to join us.

Captain Ross, who was now stationed at Camp Cooper commanding a small ranging company commissioned by Governor Houston, answered our letter by stating that he would meet us the next day at a certain point on the Indian trail—and he did, accompanied by Sergeant Spangler with seven United States soldiers.

WE FOLLOWED the trail on in a westerly direction for about six days, traveling on an average of about twenty-five miles each day. We crossed the Pease River and camped on its west bank. In spite of all that we could do, our guns were soaked from the heavy rain that fell that night which caused us to lose considerable time by having to draw the loads and get them in order next morning before our chase could be continued further. Some of our horses had strayed and were lost.

Captain Ross suggested that he and Sergeant Spangler go on ahead and for us to overtake them down the trail, which was agreeable with our officers.

We resumed our journey and before we had gone far we recognized the fresh trail of Indians. We found a hackberry tree which they had cut down to get the berries and saw tracks around the hot ashes left from the campfire. When we had traveled farther we had failed to overtake Captain Ross and Sergeant Spangler whom we should have joined some minutes before. Captain Currington grew anxious over this, and thinking that perhaps Captain Ross and the others were mistakingly traveling the old trail which bore south, he detailed me to gallop my horse to the peak of a hill that stood to the south of us to scan over the country around. If I espied our missing band, I was to signal them, by waving the blanket which was tied to my saddle, that we had picked up a fresh trail of the Indians. I dashed immediately on my errand.

When I reached the peak of the hill, I saw our command going at a full run. I whirled my horse around, riding speedily after them. I overtook the rear guard and inquired what the excitement might be. They informed me that they had heard gunfire some distance ahead.

We knew in reason that it was Captain Ross and Sergeant Spangler who had met in battle with the Indians. We hurried on to aid them but were too late.

About a mile farther on, we met Captain Ross who told us that he had suddenly ridden onto a hunting party, fortunately killing every one of them except a white woman and her half-breed baby.

All of the band had been killed except one whom Sergeant Spangler was riding close to. He pulled the trigger to shoot this only surviving one, when the cartridge failed to fire. On hearing the plea, "Me 'Merican," he noticed that the one who was fleeing from him in an effort to evade death was a woman—a white woman with an infant wrapped in buffalo skin, in her arms.

This white woman was, in fact, Cynthia Ann Parker who had been taken captive by the Indians twenty-one years previous to this time, at the massacre of Parker's Fort. We were indeed glad that Sergeant Spangler did not kill her.

On being questioned, she stated that her father was killed at the battle of some fort many years ago and that she and her brother were taken prisoners by the Indians; that her brother had died. She said that the recent raid had been headed by her husband who was Chief Nocona; that on their return he had stopped by to join the hunting party when he was killed with the others by the men of Captain Ross and Sergeant Spangler.

This white woman also told us that she and the then deceased Chief Nocona had a son with the Indians. This son whom she spoke of was no less a personage than Quanah Parker who later became the noted chief of the Comanche Indians.

By stating that her brother had died, Cynthia Ann had been misinformed. Her brother, Boone Parker, had not died. In the year of 1861, he was found in Old Mexico by Colonel John R. Baylor who brought him to San Antonio, Texas, and afterwards he was stationed at Camp Colorado in Coleman County, acting as guide for Captain John Sowers.

Previous to this time Boone Parker was chief of a war band. While murdering on a ranch he bade his warriors not to harm a beautiful Spanish girl whom they found there because he told them he wanted her for his wife. He married this girl. Some years later he was taken with smallpox and, according to custom of all tribes when one of their number is stricken with a contagious disease, the Indians abandoned their chief. His wife stayed with him and after nursing him back to health, persuaded him to return to Mexico with her, where he was found by Colonel Baylor.

We all camped together that night after the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker. Next morning Captain Ross and Sergeant Spangler turned back, taking Cynthia Ann, her child and two of our men who were sick.

Captain Currington was determined to follow the trail of the ones who had done the frontier so much damage, and who he believed were not far away. He sent Tom Stockton with five men to spy, in an effort to ascertain the locality of the Indian camp.

Stockton was gone several days—entirely too long, we thought, to still remain alive. But when we were making preparations to journey on he reported back to the officers, telling that the camp was fifty or sixty miles farther on; that there were many of them—ten to our one.

We considered the proposition that confronted us. Our horses were in a run-down, jaded condition on account of having endured the wet weather. We had hurried them under heavy loads over the rough, muddy roads and grass was scarce. Impossible it was, we concluded, to make such a long trip at this time, and have any fighting strength in store to meet the Indians in battle. There were too many odds against us and we were weak.

The next morning we started our journey homeward, dividing our company into four parties. John Porter, Sheriff of Parker County was placed in command of the party with which I was to travel. We walked, leading our horses, as they could not hold our weight under their present condition.

Our immediate band met with no conflict with the Indians on our return; though Captain Currington and his band participated in a chase for some miles, there being only two horses in the Captain's company which were able to overtake the Indians. They were the horses of Tom Pollard and a man by the name of Gage. When these two men rode onto the Indians, Pollard was shot from his horse just after he had fired into them. Gage's gun snapped, failing to do damage to the enemy, but by his continual snapping of the trigger the Indians were delayed from attacking until the others of the party came to assist.

THEN CAME additional trouble—the Civil War. In April, 1861, I joined Captain Hammer's Company, which was the first company organized in Parker County for the Confederate service. We were taken to San Antonio, Texas, and when mustered in we became members of Ford's Regiment, Second Texas Cavalry.

This regiment was divided. Ford took part going to the Coast with them while Lieutenant Colonel Baylor took the remainder of the regiment, distributing them from Fort Clark to El Paso. Then with three companies left to his command he went into New Mexico.

The Apache Indians were then depredating on overland mail routes and on the line of posts. These were the bravest, most daring warriors of any against whom I ever battled.

Colonel Baylor, on his way to New Mexico, met with Old Nicholas, Chief of the Apache Tribe there, making a treaty with him. The conditions of this treaty were that Nicholas and the small portion of his tribe who were with him were to be allowed to stay near the camp of Baylor's men at peace, and receive rations for himself and his people.

For a while all went well. Nicholas lived near Baylor's men, receiving the promised rations—peacefully they lived there together. But Nicholas seemed dissatisfied. Finally in his discontented mood, he approached the commanding officer, stating that he would like to go to El Paso to talk with Colonel Baylor who at that time was stationed there. The officer to whom Nicholas had made his wants known, procured a seat on the stage for the chief to make the trip. The stage left at ten o'clock that night.

They had ridden about a mile across a mountain, when Nicholas quickly snatched the stage driver's pistol and the conductor's gun, then jumped off the stage into the darkness.

Nothing was known of this action until the second day after its occurrence. On visiting the Indians' camp, it was learned that the camp was deserted and that all the loose horses of the fort were gone, plus all the beef steers to the number of fifty.

At this time the fort from which the Indians had been receiving their rations was garrisoned by about thirty-five men from Captain Walker's Company. With a Mexican guide fourteen of these men under the command of Lieutenant Mayse left in pursuit of the Indians who had so broken the vows of their treaty.

For days no word was received from the Lieutenant or his men; not until the Mexican guide returned did we learn the story.

Lieutenant Mayse with his fourteen men and the Mexican guide had followed the trail in an easterly direction for a number of days until the evidence of the trail told them they had come to within a dangerous distance of the Indians. This caused them to be cautious as they moved on.

Late in the evening, in passing through a valley between two high mountains, they discovered a large rock which would afford a strong fortification in case of an attack. This ranging rock, behind which the Lieutenant stationed his men to camp for the night, stood four feet above the surface of the ground and was about twenty-five feet in length. Back of the rock stood a high cliff.

About midnight the Indians' stock, without guard, grazed into the camp. Lieutenant Mayse ordered his men to rise. When their belongings were all in their respective places, the order came for them to round up the herd of stock. After the stock had been driven about three miles farther from where they thought the Indians were camping, they returned in search of the camp and succeeding in learning the exact location. They waited for daybreak.

Before sunrise they opened heavy fire into the midst of the Indian camp. They could see that their bullets were all well sent by the number of Indians who staggered and fell. As the others grabbed their guns to charge, Lieutenant Mayse began a retreat, continually firing the long-range Mississippi rifles. But, in retreating, the small company was driven into a big group of mounted Indians.

A retreat was ordered to the rock fortification where they had begun their camp. They hurried there seeking shelter. The Indians followed to wage battle.

The company succeeded in stopping the red warriors from crossing the open space which lay just in front of the rock breastworks.

Lieutenant Mayse's arm was broken so he handed his gun to the Mexican guide with instructions to use it; then took his pistol from its scabbard and began firing. The Mexican made his escape by climbing up the cliff, through a crevice, and on out into the heavy timber.

The story of the Mexican guide was all that was known of Lieutenant Mayse and his men. Under the command of Lieutenant Jett, fifty men of whom I was one, were detailed to ascertain if possible the fate of the small company. Led by the Mexican guide, we started on our journey.

Across the country, we made our way to the rock fortification. Around it there had been a bloody battle. They had fought like brave men, long and well. The rock was strewn around with dead horses, and bloodstains on the ground showed where many Indians had been killed. Evidently the white soldiers had shot up all their ammunition—we saw tin clips from the cartridge boxes lying empty on the ground. Then, as a last chance for their lives, they had sped their horses down the valley. The Indians had flanked them from both sides, as we could see from the pool of dried blood on the ground where each had tumbled from his horse. But not a body was to be found.

We continued a search for the bodies of the men who had fought so well. We searched in ravines and at waterholes without results. The only belongings of the brave company which we could find were their underclothes which had been torn into rags and used by the Indians in dressing their own wounds. The only parcel of these clothes which could be identified was the waist of Lieutenant Mayse.

We followed the trail on to the Rio Grande River, seeing where the cruel band had crossed into the wilds of Old Mexico. Where the remains of these daring men rest, will never be known.

Walker's company of which these fourteen victims were a part was organized in East Texas and had little knowledge of Indian warfare, or they never would have attempted the pursuit with so few men.

In the fall of 1862 I returned to San Antonio. There I received a commission in Baylor's partisan Ranger Brigade, went east, and did not return to the frontier of Texas until the close of the Civil War in 1865.

IN 1864 while I was away, the Indians attacked the ranch owned by Mrs. Twiggs, a widow and, after killing her daughter, they captured Mrs. Twiggs, her grandchild and a colored woman, wife of a Negro called "Old Brit." Taking their three prisoners, they then started up Elm Creek in the direction of Doctor O'Neal's house with the intention of committing more cruel crimes.

But the Doctor espied them long before they were within a dangerous distance and, after securely hiding his family in the mountains, he rushed to the Bragg Ranch to warn the family of the attack that would soon be made against them. Very soon after the Doctor entered the door, the Indians charged. Besides the Doctor, there were five men in the ranch house and several women who could use a gun as well as the men.

The Doctor was shot to death and Mrs. Bragg was seriously wounded. The fight was fierce and continued for hours while the Indians repeatedly tried to push through the open to the house. But they failed.

They could not face the bullets from the straight-shooting ranchman's rifle. Many had fallen dead as they sprang into the open; others were bleeding seriously. The Indians retreated, knowing that there were other ranch houses into which they could enter and get scalps with much less bloodshed to their band than would be necessary to take this particular one.

In the year 1866, I went to Kansas with a herd of cattle. There Old Brit, with a Mexican interpreter, accidentally met me, telling me that he had purchased his wife and Mrs. Twiggs from the Indians but for some reason, which I have forgotten, he had failed to get the grandchild free.

IN THE year 1867, T. C. Derrett and myself purchased a stock of cattle known as the C. T. Brand and ranged near the mouth of Gonzales Creek, near where the town of Breckenridge now stands. The Indians who were depredating in that section stole quite a number of these cattle, and many horses from the settlers. Colonel Buster from Weatherford and myself were at that time in possession of a little market at Picketsville, a small settlement near our ranch where people often forted up for protection. I was then also engaged in trading for beef cattle.

One morning William Hentzlewood, boss of the Pollard Ranch, accompanied by two white men and a Negro named John Pollard, started to make a round-up of some beef cattle with the intention, perhaps, of trading with me. That afternoon the two white men rushed back to Picketsville, wounded and bleeding, stating that a band of Indians had come onto them; that William Hentzlewood had been shot down from a volley of arrows; and that Pollard had stayed with the ranch foreman. What the fate of the two who were at the mercy of the Indians might now be, the two who had just fled did not know.

Just at that time William Hitson, a brave old Indian fighter, was in my store. Hearing the stammering words of the two suffering men, he leaped for his horse. I yelled for him to wait until I got a gun so we could go together. Some difficulty, at this pressing moment, arose in securing a gun. I had several but had loaned them out to parties who had started from there on the trail. Finally though, I ran to Mr. Currents' house and borrowed the old man's long range rifle. Then I jumped on the first saddle horse I saw. Joining Hitson, we dashed to the rescue of Hentzlewood and the brave Negro.

We arrived near the scene where the two wounded men had told us the shooting had taken place, where Hentzlewood was likely to be found. He hollered and Pollard answered. An Indian who heard the voices began running across the valley. Thinking that he had not time to reach the mountains to join his band, he turned up the valley and crawled into a bushy knoll in the valley, midway between the two ranges of mountains. We watched the Indian as we hurried on. We found Hentzlewood lying on the ground with three severe wounds, while

Pollard had charge of his pistol and was sitting over his suffering friend in a protecting manner.

We were informed on our arrival that the Indian whom we saw disappear into the knoll had been watching them; that several times he had made attempts to come near the wounded man, but was shot at and repulsed by Pollard; and that when we came up, there were but two cartridges left in their possession.

We started toward the knoll to find the Indian who was still concealed there —but Hentzlewood's hand raised anxiously to halt us.

"Don't go, men! He shoots an arrow straighter than anyone I have ever seen. Don't risk your lives for this one Indian," pleaded Hentzlewood.

In respect to his request, we hesitated to continue our march into the knoll and instead we sent shots from our rifles in that direction which failed to penetrate through the roots and dirt of a large tree, which the wind had blown down, with enough force to do damage to the Indian who was crouching somewhere behind it.

We held council. We noticed that the sun was falling low—soon it would grow dark. In reason, we knew that the Indian there in the knoll of brush was the identical one who had wounded Hentzlewood by causing three arrows to lodge in his flesh. We decided we were determined to get that Indian who had fatally wounded our friend and who might sneak around and kill some of us before we were safely out of the valley.

With our guns held in readiness, we crept toward the knoll. Hitson hurried on ahead, making a circle so as to come up onto the opposite side of the knoll. I lingered, that we both might walk onto him at the same time. We knew that the Indian would have to straighten up from his crouched position before he could send an arrow at us over the low matted brush.

When we were near where the Indian was hiding, evidently he was not yet aware of our presence and we could not see him. To arouse him into view, Hitson hollered. I saw the bow and arrow slowly point toward Hitson; then the bow drawn to shoot. I could not fire at the Indian as he was still shielded by the tree roots. I yelled, warning my companion of his danger.

Hearing my cry, the Indian turned on me. I caught a glance of his naked breast through the branches and fired. He made a leap, jumping clear of his breastworks, then fell. I dropped my gun and grabbed my pistol, when he picked up his bow and arrow and laid them out toward me. I called to Hitson that he had given up, so both of us started to him. When we were within a few feet of him I could see that my bullet had struck him in the chest, just below the windpipe.

Before we could get closer to him, he suddenly grabbed for his bow and arrows. Hitson caught him by the hair of his head, jerking him to his feet. I rushed up and, pointing my pistol close to the side of his head, I fired.

We then turned our attention to the wounded man. The most severe wound, and the one that eventually caused Hentzlewood's death, was in the groin. The arrow had entered the groin and had come up almost to the surface of the fleshy part of the hip. In pulling out the arrow, the spike was left in.

Old San Antonio, Texas

Helen Reynolds Collection

Hentzlewood insisted on our trying to remove the spike which was causing him such pain, and that could stay there but a short while without infection setting up. We had no instruments other than pocket knives and they were dull. I sharpened one on the barrel of my gun and we attempted the surgery which only made the situation worse.

The next proposition that confronted us was in securing a means by which we might convey our wounded friend to Picketsville. We solved the problem by making a litter which was dragged between two horses, on which we safely carried our patient.

On our arrival there I was almost in as bad condition as the wounded man, having walked all the way through the dark over cactus, thorns and rocks. After the arrow spike had been removed and sometime later when other infections resulting from the wound set up, Hentzlewood died. His last words were in praise of Pollard who had defended him so heroically.

WHILE in business at Picketsville, I was freighting a load of goods to that place. I camped at a remote place in one of the many hollows near, so my hungry and tired horses might have grass which grew there in abundance. I could have driven on into the small village, but I preferred to stay out there in the hills where the horse-thief Indians were not likely to raid; if I continued my journey on into Picketsville my starving horses could not be allowed to graze because if there was a raid in that section it would be most certain that the little settlement would be one of the selected points of prey.

When I had made preparations to complete my journey next morning, I had spent a peaceful and pleasant night there in the hills alone. My horses had eaten sufficiently from the green grass; all seemed well. But the little village was all astir when I arrived. The Indians had raided there that night, taking away with them all of the horses, which caused the usual excitement.

Mr. Current proposed that we saddle my two work animals, a mule and a horse, and follow the trail a distance to ascertain the approximate number of the band. That we did. We had followed the trail about nine miles when we determined that there were about fifty Indians who were driving the herd of horses. A sandstorm began blowing. We could see but a few feet ahead through the whirlwinds of dust and, the country around there being level, we had no place to seek shelter. As we turned back we heard a gunshot. Just how far the shot was we could not tell. Soon after our arrival back in Picketsville, we learned that the shot was fired by the Indians who were but a short distance from where we turned back and that the shot killed George Hazlewood, a brave old frontiersman who had walked out from his ranch house to satisfy himself as to whether or not his stock were safe.

It was told that after Hazlewood had looked after his cattle, he then walked over the hill toward his herd of horses which were grazing in the valley. At this distance the Indians were in the act of taking them. They saw Hazelwood and, abandoning the herd of horses for a moment, they killed and scalped the ranchman who, armed with a Spencer rifle, had killed several of their number before they could reach him.

The Hazlewood ranch crew, becoming uneasy because the ranch owner had failed to return promptly, sent Jim Carter, Valentine Symonds and William Cane to look for their boss. The three men entered the valley where the horses usually grazed, and they rode onto the Indians before either party knew of the proximity of the other. Each espied the other almost at the same instant.

A big Negro among the Indian band, who appeared to be their chief, ordered a charge against the three ranch hands. Seeing the odds against them, the three men retreated to the ranch house, upon which the Indians did not offer an attack.

Main Plaza, San Antonio, Texas

The next morning the ranch crew returned to the spot where the body of the ranch owner was lying. After caring for the body they made an inspection of the place. He had fought well. Six shots had been fired from his rifle and they could count the places where four Indians had fallen to their death. There on the ground could be seen where they had been dragged away on litters.

THE DAY before the killing of Hazlewood, this same band of Indians came to a Mexican train which was camped near Greer's ranch carrying Government supplies from San Antonio to Fort Griffin, and appeared to be friendly. The Mexicans said that among this band of Indian warriors were two Negroes and three Mexicans—one of the Negroes was unusually large, they said—this large Negro who was in command told them that he would not harm them but if they told the white people that he, who had recently been freed, was now fighting with the Indians, God Almighty would come down upon them and eat them all up alive. They left the Mexican camp without doing any harm.

Then, for some reason, while the Mexicans were watching them travel on down the trail, they suddenly stopped and turned back as if they had decided to return and kill them. The Mexicans became frightened and went to Greer's ranch for protection. The Indian band then turned in a western direction, within four or five miles of Fort Griffin. From the Greer ranch the three men hastened to Fort Griffin to notify the commander, who, after taking up much time in preparing, started a company with ten or twelve Tonkaway Indians as guides.

The trail was easy to follow on account of the trail of the litters and on and on they followed it, until they found a wounded Indian whose condition was such that it had so retarded the progress of the band they were forced to abandon him. A Mexican whom they had left to care for the suffering Indian was found and captured there also. The Tonkaways killed the wounded Indian and took the Mexican prisoner. The soldiers then decided to turn back, but the citizens insisted on following the Indians as they were traveling slow and a forced march of five or six hours would have overtaken them. However without the assistance of the soldiers, it was necessary that all turn back.

When they had returned to Fort Griffin the Mexican was put in the custody of the Tonkaway Indians until it could be decided as to what disposition to make of him. Though soon, the question was settled by the actions of the Tonkaways—they had killed the Mexican and had his scalp hanging on a post.

IN 1868, I moved to Camp Colorado, in Coleman County, Texas. My business was buying cattle which I drove to Shreveport and shipped to New Orleans. When I moved, I had no intention of making Coleman County my permanent home, as I only moved there to better my trading business. (But at the time of writing this book I am still here and have been for the past sixty years.)

On February 13, 1870, I drove a shipment of cattle to Shreveport where I met Miss Emma Johnson, a girl raised on the frontier of Texas, who later became my life-long companion through marriage.

I cannot express with words the courage of my dear wife who passed on before me. Like many other women, her numerous hardships of the frontier were endured with bravery unexcelled. While I followed Indian trails which led me for days and even months, the care of the six children which were born to us, rested upon my wife's shoulders.

The greater part of the hardships were not endured by us men; the women of the frontier bore a load, heavy and wearisome, but faithfully and well. It was for the existence and through the inspiration of these courageous women that we men so constantly fought to rid the country of the enemies who prohibited the reign of peace.

The nights these women stayed alone far out on the frontier, hovering over their children; the fleeing at alarms; the fright they experienced; the sacrifices of their lives and their efforts—their work was well done.

I will give you one incident which happened at my home at Camp Colorado in the summer of 1871, which, I believe, proves how accustomed these women became to the really exciting and dangerous moments of their daily experiences.

I was living in one of the old Government buildings which was built in an ell shape, and, for the safekeeping of my fine horse, I had tied him in the wing of the building. Soon after retiring, my wife told me that she knew she heard an Indian's signaling whistle. I grabbed up my Winchester and started through the hall. I saw an object which I thought to be my dog walking away from my horse. Satisfying myself but without certainty, I returned to lie down.

In a moment I heard my horse snort as if something was disturbing him. Again, picking up my revolver this time, I rushed outside. As I neared my horse I saw something, which appeared to be the form of a man, run from behind and crouch behind a stalk by the gate. I fired through the leaves where I had seen the person hide. The bullet struck; it was an Indian. I heard him scrambling on the gravel. I then walked back to my wife who, through all of the excitement, had fallen into deep sleep. I did not arouse her.

The next morning I walked out to the gravel bed where I had shot the Indian. There was blood showing around on the gravel where he had rolled, and a trail leading from it where he had dragged his crippled body until other Indians had found and carried him away. He was buried about a mile from my house. The bullet had entered his breast and was embedded somewhere in his back, as it failed to go through him.

RICHARD COFFEE, generally known as "Uncle Rich," lived forty miles southwest of Camp Colorado on a ranch which was situated at the mouth of the Concho River in what is now Concho County and in the year of 1871 this was the extreme ranch of this section on the frontier. Uncle Rich and his wife, Aunt Sallie, by a lifetime of industry and management, had accumulated a large herd of cattle, and horses enough to serve as saddle animals in caring for the stock. These two persons were well and favorably known throughout the frontier because of their friendliness and kindness of heart toward everyone who came within their sphere. Theirs was the true and supreme example of western hospitality.

In this year Uncle Rich had rounded up his entire herd of one thousand or more cattle to drive them to the high-price market in New Mexico where there was a great demand for just such cattle as his were. But the Indians were not sleeping. From their hiding places they had watched Uncle Rich and his hands get the herd under proper control to drive; then they rushed onto the ranchmen, killing one of the herders and seriously wounding Uncle Rich's son. The men were overpowered and forced to leave the herd which the Indians began driving away, together with fifty of the ranch horses which they had run in. As it was such a distance to any other ranch or settlement, it was impossible to rally a force large enough to pursue the Indian thieves.

This left Uncle Rich practically no property at all. In one day this ranchman lost the savings of a lifetime which was in no way any fault of his own.

Uncle Rich Coffee possessed the indomitable spirit which characterized the Old Texan. He lost no time in useless repining, but again set in to build up his fallen fortunes—I am glad that I can state here, that in a measure he succeeded. In the year, 1897, he was again in comfortable circumstances.

During this same year that the Indians had succeeded in carrying away the valuable herd of cattle and horses, they made a raid on Jim Ned Creek, on the bank of which my house now stands, and stole a number of horses. Sam Gholson raised a party of men for the chase.

After Sam and his band had followed the Indian trail for about one hundred miles, they saw a herd of horses being driven by the Indians. The Indians mistook the white men for another band of Indians and rode toward them. When within a short distance of the pursuers, the Indians discovered their mistake and fled for the rough country.

Sam and his men ran in between them and the cedar brakes, forcing them to retreat across the open prairie. A running fight ensued for a distance of six or seven miles. Sam, Henry Sisk, Dudley Johnson, James Manning and Ben Cooper, who were riding extra fast horses, rode on ahead of the other men and pressed the Indians until they abandoned their horses to take refuge in a branch or washout where they completely concealed themselves.

Hundreds of shots were sent from the frontiersman's guns into the woven thickets with no means of telling whether or not they were to any effect. Because of the number of stolen horses which were taken from the Indians this long chase was profitable.

A year later while I was following an Indian trail with my Minute Company, we passed near where the fight had been staged. Sam and I examined the place and found the skeletons of three Indians—likely many had been seriously injured.

DURING the Civil War most of the western cowmen had to go into the army or join the Frontier Rangers; this left the ranches and cattle to take care of themselves. Such was the case all along the edge of Texas settlement. The cattle were allowed to drift at will and mix from neighboring herd to neighboring herd until they roamed far from their respective ranges. At the close of the war in 1865 there were thousands of unbranded cattle which had grown up on the range from the Red River to the Rio Grande without a mark on them to identify whose they might be.

For several years after the war there was no market for cattle but the cattlemen divided the herds as best they could. They agreed among themselves that it would be a violation of no law to handle each other's cattle all along the frontier. These herds were divided according to the number of cattle each cowman could brand—the man who possessed the best horse and could rope the most cattle was the man who got into his possession the most cattle.

This "mavericking" began in December each year and when it was completed along about Christmas, all the cattlemen would come together and have a settlement. Each would have a book containing a record of the different brands he had sold and cared for; this was the only evidence necessary to establish his claim against any other of the cowmen for services rendered in caring for their estrayed cattle; and it was considered sufficient proof of the number of cattle sold that should be paid for to their owners according to the brands.

This continued eight or nine years and so far as was ever known to me, it was satisfactory to all persons concerned and gradually the herds were restored to and were brought under the direct management of their respective owners.

One of the maverick hunts which I went on was in December, 1870. Five other boys and myself rigged up a good wagon and team, with corn and grub enough to last us two weeks, and with two horses each we started out.

When we had journeyed some distance from the ranch we began branding the mavericks. We branded 100 head or more each day for several days. On the ninth day we landed in the little village of Menardville, situated on the south bank of the San Saba River. There we penned our herd of mavericks which we had gathered that day.

Not long after we had the gates all closed and our mavericks well under control in the pen, several men came to our camp where the cattle were being held. These men asked us our mission and we showed them the mavericks we were gathering, when they told us that they thought it rather early yet, that they had not begun branding the range cattle. We didn't get angry at that, we just threw the gates open and let our seventy-five or a hundred mavericks which now wore flesh brands again dash to their freedom out onto the broad range. Some of these cattle were three and four years old and ours were the first branding irons they had ever felt.

While our mavericks roamed free, back to the prairies, we went down to Menardville. I had my old fiddle with me and such a dance as we had I have never witnessed since. We danced the week out and it was certainly one enjoyable Christmas.

After our pleasant stay in the little village we began our ride across the country back to the ranch. It was a long, lonesome trip; not a house along the way and the Indians were crossing through the section of the country continuously. Every light of the moon they would do their stealing and murdering.

We crossed the Brady Mountains and there were droves of mustang ponies roaming all through them. There were hundreds of them and they were the prettiest mustangs I ever saw. They had been dropped in there by the Indians when passing through and they were gentle enough so that they could easily have been corralled and roped. Not only were those mountains covered with mustangs (though in my opinion they were the most beautiful), but deer, antelope, lobo wolves, turkey and many other kinds of wild game.

The night we arrived back at the ranch there were about fifteen boys there and we immediately planned to have what we called a stag dance. Everyone took part and we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent because in those days there was nothing we enjoyed more than a real stag dance.

While we were duty free and so entertaining ourselves, the Indians had to spoil it all. They sneaked up and stole every one of our saddle horses. They tore one side of the corral down and drove them out that way rather than to drive them through the gate. We slipped into our fighting clothes immediately but didn't have a horse to mount.

However, after hunting around, we mustered up enough horses to carry seven men, and work horses and mules enough to pull two wagons loaded with corn and grub enough to feed eighteen men and our stock for a period of two or three weeks. With sweet recollections of our good time which had been interrupted in such a surprising manner, we began our journey for a bloody fight.

A COMPANY of State Rangers was camped in two or three miles of us and we were joined by Captain Swisher and nine of his men. This made a total of eighteen men going on the hunt.

We followed the trail through Coleman County passing to the right of Buffalo Gap. When we had traveled about sixty miles, we found ourselves in the roughest country of Taylor County.

Knowing that we were mounted on sluggish animals and that our enemies were speeding on ahead, we were not trying to overtake the Indians but instead were riding at our leisure with the intention of killing a fat buffalo, deer or bear. We were enjoying the chase but we were not fooling ourselves—we knew that the Indians could keep well away from us if they knew we were following because our mounts could not compete against theirs.

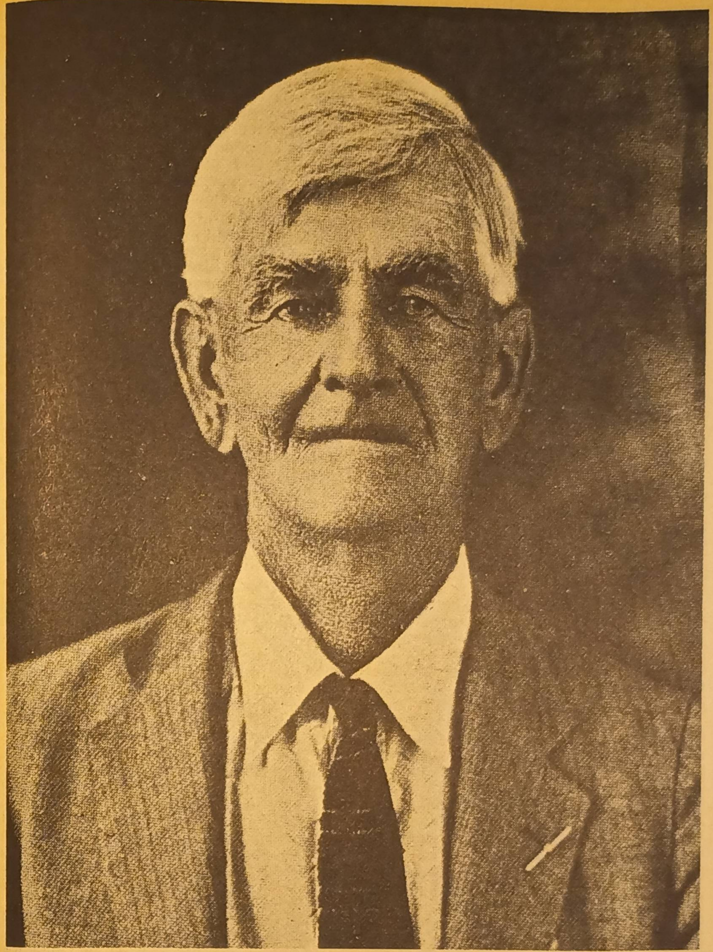
In this leisurely manner we traveled until we were in Mulberry Canyon near two sharp peaks which sprang up near a military road which passed nearby. With four men left to guard our wagons, the remainder of our band scouted up Clear Fork to look over the situation.

It was a beautiful morning and we were enjoying the atmosphere of the country. It happened that I and two other men had started off a little ahead of the rest. Captain Swisher and his men had mounted and Sam Gholson was just riding away from them.

I saw a herd of buffalo running as if they had been disturbed. I knew in reason that we had not caused them to plunge in such a wild rush. Before calling the attention of the others or expressing my opinion, I watched the stampeded herd for a moment. Then I saw about six horses trot out into the open, then a band of Indians who were driving them following after them.

To all who had not seen the thieving band I yelled the alarm. It seemed that the Indians had suddenly ridden into the herd with a surprising dash, because buffalo, horses and Indians were so mixing and scrambling that from our view we could not determine one from the other. The Indians were about a mile from us and they had not seen us.

We quietly made our way to within 300 yards of the band, and just when we had stopped to plan an attack on them, we noticed two of the Indians skinning a buffalo within a short distance of us. Two of the boys gave chase but the Indians' fast horses soon carried them to safety.



Above photo of Herman Lehman was taken while he was visiting the author of this book during its publication. Mr. Lehman was captured by the Indians in 1870 at Mason, Texas, and lived with them for nine years. He lived with both the Apaches and Comanches and became the second chief of the Apache Tribe. The Comanche Indians called him "Montichema." He was the last wild Comanche to be captured and brought into the reservation at Fort Sill. To induce him to stay in the reservation, Quanah Parker adopted him as his own child so that he would receive the same allotment as a full-blood Indian. Old warriors remembered him as the wildest, bravest, and best among them. He once hated the white men and continually waged battle against them.

Our men joined us and we charged the main gang. Musket balls were flying thick while we were engaged in a running fight. The first mile we sprinkled those redskins too and they were wanting to be farther from us than they were getting.

We chased them for about ten miles and they crossed two cedar brakes. They attempted to fight us from there but they could not stand our spray of lead. Our horses with the exception of one were very tired from the long run. This was a dun mare carrying Joe Franks who led the crowd from start to finish. Joe fought those Indians singlehanded when he was far in the lead of us. Several times an Indian who was riding a large bay horse dropped back in an attempt to shoot Joe from the little dun mare. He would shoot once or twice then take on more speed to get away from that Indian fighter.

The Indians disposed of all of their unnecessary luggage and continued traveling directly against the strong wind which was blowing from the northwest, thinking perhaps that their horses could push farther against the torrent of wind than ours.

Finally they halted in the cedar brakes of a canyon on the north side of a range of mountains which lay south of the Texas and Pacific Railroad in Taylor County, and south of the town of Merkel. There we fought the redskins all day.

We surrounded the cedar brakes but could not locate the spot where they were hiding. Gholson and Swisher called all of us to the top of the mountain, from where we could see their horses. We saw six Indians, riding five horses, enter there. We had shot a horse from under one of them and another had picked the rider up.

SAM GHOLSON, the old Indian fighter, knew what was necessary to be done. He looked over his and Swisher's men.

"Well," he said firmly, "we want six men to see after those Indians."

He looked at us again. "Now, boys, we've got them bottled up and I want to see how many cowboys will volunteer to go into those brakes after them."

Stepping out to one side, I said, "Here I am!"

My friend, Joe Franks, stepped out, followed by Wade Hampton, making half of the required number.

Our leader requested Captain Swisher to select three from among his men, which he did. Then we formulated our plans and I was placed in command of the six men because I was mighty well aware of all the tricks of those red fellows. Some of the ones who were to accompany me were never before in a battle against Indians.

We began our adventure into the thick cedar brake. I ordered the other boys to get down on their knees and begin crawling like I was doing. We entered a small ravine and followed it down, knowing that it would lead us in the direction where we had espied the Indians' horses while we were standing on the mountaintop. In double file we continued to travel the ravine; Wade Hampton was in front. I warned the boys that the first report we would have, warning us of the Indians, would be a shot from their guns.

I had no more than spoken the words until a gun banged. The bullet hit a rock between Hampton and me and the shattered rock flew in my eye. Seeing only a glimpse of one Indian, Hampton fired back. I told the boys to get out of range of the Indian's gun. We crawled out into a gully, a tributary of the ravine. There we were, right in front of two Indians who were concealed in a hole in the bank of the ravine, ten feet above its bed.

We six men sent bullets flying against the shields of those two Indians. Our repeaters were firing fast and those Indians were using those shields too. We would knock the shields down but they would have them in position over the entrance to the hole in which they were hiding by the time another bullet arrived. We had advanced toward them until we were within sixteen feet of the cliff. It was too warm for them.

One of them concluded that he could not stay so he dashed out from the hole and under our shower of bullets leaped down the cliff ten feet, falling behind a cluster of cedar where the rest of the Indian band was hiding. We had ceased firing for the moment when we noticed the other Indian making preparations to leave the hole in the cliff. I leveled my gun and waited.

He came out in plain view with his shield down. As he started his dive down to where the other Indian had descended, I fired. I hit him right between the eyes and he tumbled helplessly to the bed of the ravine. All the hollering, yelling and groaning you can imagine came off when I shot that Indian, and all of the men in the canyon came in to the fight.

The older men who were our superiors would not let us charge the band immediately after I had shot the Indian, for soon as they arrived they took charge. We could have rushed onto them and killed every one of them. Finally though, the Indians sneaked out into the cedars again.

We went to the body of the Indian I had shot. I believe that he had bled a tub full. I scalped him and my conscience didn't hurt me. Perhaps you would think it cruel but if you had known and dealt with these red rascals like I had and had seen the bodies of innocent women and children lying scalped before you, you would be like I was. I knew nothing but to fight them and seek vengeance so far as I had power to do so.

As a result of not having charged and killed those Indians while they were excited, we had to fight them all day. We saw them at least a half dozen times while they were crawling through that cedar.

My cousin, Richard Brown, and some others were curious to see the redskins and watch them fight for a while, so they climbed up onto the top of a small hill. By this time the Indians had grown more reconciled. They were using their bows and arrows. As a surprise to Richard and the others a shower of arrows flew at them. They certainly didn't lose any time in getting back to us.

While they were laughing at each other about the wild dash they had just made down the hillside, I asked Richard what he was doing with that dogwood hanging on him. He looked around and said, "Well, I hadn't felt it." Richard had got an arrow slipped in his thigh but hadn't taken time to notice it.

IN 1871, the citizens of this section desired to organize Coleman County and sent Malcolm Hunter and L. D. Graves to Austin with a petition. This was favorable with Governor Davis. He appointed Malcolm Hunter, Judge; L. D. Graves, County and District Clerk; L. C. Williamson, Surveyor; and I, J. M. Elkins, Sheriff and Tax Collector. I declined to accept the appointment of Governor Davis because the year before, for political reasons, he had refused to commission me as captain of a ranger company which I organized at the request of the leading citizens for frontier service which was very much needed at this time.

Being urged bv Judge Hunter for some time to accept the appointment of the Governor, I still refused. But finally I told the Judge that if he would call an election and leave it to the vote of the people I would accept the office if elected. My opponent's name was Williams. The election was called and the citizens turned out generally. Judge Hunter represented me as I could not attend, having sickness in my family. All voted for me except one man, therefore I was elected and my duties as Sheriff and Tax Collector were begun.

My bond of office was returned to me from the capital at Austin, with instructions that the sureties should be owners in fee simple of unencumbered real estate. A difficulty arose. I was the only man who owned any land in Coleman County at that time and I only owned one acre, that being at Camp Colorado upon which the Vandorn building stood. I notified the Comptroller of this fact when he wrote me that he would take sureties from those who owned stock if they would write thereon their brands.

I put off the tax collecting by making one excuse and then another for eighteen months; I did not want to collect taxes from the pioneers who had been struggling for existence; neither did they want to pay them. Why should it be right for us to pay taxes when we were receiving no protection from the State or Federal Government? The amount of money expended by us for the protection of the frontier was considerably larger than the amount assessed against us as taxes. We would have gladly paid the taxes had we received the protection we should have had, and had this tax money been used in our behalf to protect our families and property.

The State Legislature passed a bill authorizing several frontier counties to raise companies of Minute Men. Each county was allowed twenty men, who were required to scout at least twenty days each month at a salary of two dollars for each day's service. Coleman Countv organized its companv and I was elected its commander. To attend to both offices, too much of my time was required. I offered my resignation to District Judge Turner who was then holding court at Brownwood. He accepted it and appointed R. C. Morgan to fill my unexpired term.

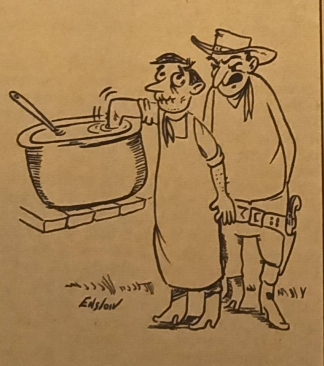
The Indians were depredating and kept our company busy all the time that we were allowed to scout. Then after we had served for twelve months the Governor sent Captain Ware, a mustering officer, to reorganize the companv and muster it in. I was again elected its commander.

IN 1873 William Williams and his family settled on a piece of land on Sand Creek in Brown County. His family consisted of a wife, one son almost grown, a little girl seven years old, and an infant of a few months. They were camping and, at this time, Mr. Williams and his son had gone into the woods to get logs with which to build a cabin and set up their permanent home.

That evening the son returned to camp before his father had finished his day's work. There he found his mother lying on the bed in a dying condition. She told him that the Indians had raided; that they had shot her; then she died. The son found the body of the little baby lying on the ground near the campfire. The evidence showed that the cruel Indians had shoveled coals of fire onto its body which burned it to death. And the ground around it was wet with water which the mother had poured on the parched baby in an attempt to lessen its suffering. The little girl was missing. They had kidnapped her.

The news spread until it reached the town of Brownwood. The Brown County Minute Men, joined by a number of citizens, went in pursuit. I being absent at that time, they were joined in the west part of Coleman County by a part of my company under the command of Sam Gholson. For miles they followed the trail but were never able to overtake the cruel band.

Sometime later, we saw in a Houston paper a letter written by Mr. Convers, a surveyor of Houston, in which he stated that he had found the body of a child hanging by the split girth of a saddle, to a tree. It was the mother's saddle from which the Indian had taken the girth to hang the little girl. The evidence showed that they had scalped the child alive and left her suspended there because her hand was placed on her scalped head and was stuck there by the blood. Mr. Convers took the body down and buried it near a chinaberry tree.


"Lose something, Charlie?"

Mr. Williams, who was anxious to locate his child's grave, joined my company a short time after the murder of his family. I decided to make a twenty days' scout in search of the child's grave. After setting the day for starting, I wrote the Brown and Comanche companies to join me but when the time arrived to begin our search the two companies failed to be among the ones who went.

But Captain Coney, who was commanding United States troops and camped on Hord's Creek, and Lieutenant Cusick and Lieutenant Stedman from Fort Concho, commanding about twenty men each, joined me in making the search.

We reached the described place in about six days, and found the chinaberry tree. But though we made a diligent search, we could not find the grave.

ON OUR RETURN we traveled west for two days, hoping to meet a band of Indians who were coming down into the settlements. Water was scarce and we had suffered some. Becoming uneasy that we might want for water, Captain Coney proposed that we turn back. In the meantime I had become dissatisfied myself, as the Captain persisted in keeping up his military custom of blowing the bugle several times each day which was entirely an advantage to our sneaking enemies. In further attempting to agree on a route back to Coleman County, we could not mutually arrive at a decision. I wanted to follow the divide between the Colorado and Brazos Rivers which the Indians from Fort Sill were likely to travel in coming down into the settlements to raid.

Captain Coney said he was afraid we could find no water on the divide. When I told him we could find water wherever the Indians could find it, he told me that he feared my forces, which were only seventeen in number, were too few to meet the attack of the Indians.

One morning we separated. He crossed over to follow the Colorado River and I started back over the divide. On the second day of our journey, we were looking for a spring which had been located by two of my men in a former scout, one where the Indians frequently rested while riding through that section. After our failure to find the spring, we found water in a little creek near there, around which mesquite beans were plentiful for our hungry horses. We made camp there for the night.

While picketing my horse out that night, I noticed a turkey which was roosting in a tree which stood directly on the guard line. When returning to the camp I inquired of the Sergeant as to what guard he had stationed Dripps on. When the Sergeant informed that he had scheduled him for the last guard of that night, I requested the Sergeant to let me know when Dripps went on guard because I knew that he would shoot at that turkey, as he had never failed to shoot at anything like that unless I was around to prohibit him from doing so.

After posting Dripps in the morning, the Sergeant called me. Just as I was pulling my boots on, I heard a shot; it was Dripps who had shot at the turkey. I rushed down the guard line to meet the man, who for a few moment's sport would lay our lives in danger. While I was reprimanding Dripps I heard a shot somewhere up the creek a distance of about two miles. I ordered my men to saddle their horses and mount. Sending Sam Brooks a short distance on ahead to spy out from high places, we began riding in the direction where we heard the report from the gun.

When we had so trailed about a mile, Sam motioned for me to come forth. When I rode to him he notified me that he had found the spring which we had been looking for; that it was there beneath a grove of trees to which he pointed. I divided my men into two separate bands and we made a run into the spring from different directions but there were no Indians there. We could tell that they had been there the day before. They were hunting and, perhaps failing to find any buffalo at this watering place, had gone on to the next. Believing that our horses could stand a two hours' run, I ordered my men to leave their mules without even unpacking them and follow me on the trail.

After about twelve miles, when we were on high ground, we saw a large herd of buffalo running at full speed across the country. We saw the herd widen out on either side which was in our favor in pursuing the Indians. Then the buffalo slackened their pace.

One of my men said that he saw a white object descend the bank of a hollow which lay about two miles on ahead of us. I took my spyglasses to look but they were so filled with the dust that had blown up from the trail, I could not see through them. I told my men that we could circle to the right and come up on the opposite side of the hill from where the object had been, to spy over all the country around from the peak of the hill. In the meantime the Indians had likewise spied us and with their chief in the lead they were also in the act of climbing to the peak of the hill to locate where we were. As we rode up the long hillside, I was about twenty steps in advance of my company, pressing my horse to his fastest gait.

JUST as my horse's front feet were well placed on level ground at the top of the hill, the chief of the Indians who was riding in ahead of his warriors had also attained such position of the opposite side of the peak from me. There he was—resplendent in a suit of red flannel—presenting a dazzling appearance. I was face to face with the chief, within a few yards of him. We were both surprised, and in our excitement exchanged shots at each other. Both his arrow and my bullet went astray.

The Indians whirled around crashing down the hill over the ground that they traveled up.

I yelled to my men, "Here they are, boys!"

We gave warm chase, gradually gaining ground on them. Some distance on I noticed that one of the Indians was riding a horse, "Old Spanish," which was the property of my brother, Kin Elkins.

"Kill Old Spanish," I ordered, "for if he gets to running. the devil himself can't catch him."

One of my men jumped off his horse and fired with a needle gun. The horse fell from the bullet, and the foot of the Indian who was riding him was caught under the helpless animal. Some of the men rushed onto the entrapped Indian who shot at them with a Spencer rifle, and attempted to shoot again but the shell became fastened in the barrel of his gun. Ben Kirkendoll finally killed him.

The Indians were familiar with that country and crossed a hollow which had banks at a trail—the only place where a trail led across it. We, not knowing of this fact, lost them in crossing which gave the Indians several hundred yards the lead on us. When they learned that we had crossed and were continuing our chase, they commenced scattering. We fired many shots at them.

Two of the band who turned to the left were riding two of my brother's fine horses which had been stolen. William Lawrence and James Paulk gave chase to these two Indians, seriously wounding one of them.

I noticed an Indian who had been riding a long distance in the lead of the others, who, making a circle, was now riding around us. Sergeant Best was making his first scout on this trip. He charged the Indian who rode swiftly from him. As they got nearer me, I dismounted and shot at the Indian who dashed on.

I then tried to stop Sergeant Best from giving further chase of the Indian by telling him that the Indian was riding Jim Jackson's race horse, "Old Brownie," and was merely trying to lead us into a large band somewhere there in the hills. The Sergeant was heedless of my warning. He continued to ride after the Indian.

When he passed out of our view over the hill I said to my men, "Let us follow him. That Indian will surely lead him into another gang."

We followed two or three miles, seeing him on a level plain still pursuing and now gaining. I looked through my spyglasses and could see now and then the smoke curl from his shots. Then I saw the Indian rider surrender to Best, and they came riding back side by side.

When he was within a short distance of us he yelled out, "Captain, it's a squaw."

Best had shot his last shell. At the beginning of the fight the squaw had a revolver and a spear and after emptying the revolver she had thrown both away. Had she kept the spear, Best could never have captured her.

Taking our prisoner, we then went where we had first located the Indian camp. There we found about thirty-five head of my brother's horses which had been stolen from his ranch three nights previous. This gang of Indians were the best equipped of any I had seen in my experience. We found two United States tents, a number of new army blankets and two Lancaster guns. There, too, with some pecans tied up in it was an apron which poor Bill Williams recognized as that of his murdered wife's. The squaw began eating the pecans as if she were not in the least excited.

There was a man with us by the name of Ray who conversed with the squaw in the Indian language. The conversation could not be understood by the rest of us. It was generally believed that he had been with the Indians at one time and was now leading them to believe that he was in sympathy with them.

This man, Ray, drew his gun saying, "I'm goin' to kill this squaw," and his gun was pointed in readiness.

I jerked out my gun and held it on him, warning, "If you shoot that squaw, I'll shoot you."

This was a principle which I had adopted, never to kill a squaw unless she had a gun and was in the act of fighting against the white people. Those squaws acted under the direction of the heartless bucks and suffered almost as cruel treatment as the people of the frontier.

BILL WILLIAMS began crying, saying that it was hard for anyone who had had his family murdered to have to help guard an Indian that had helped to murder them. I told Williams that if he wanted to kill this squaw, to fire; that I would not try to prevent him from doing so because I knew his attitude in the matter but that I would not allow Ray, who had no just reason for doing so, to kill her.

We started back to the spring where we had left our pack animals and one of the men who was riding ahead came back and informed me that he had seen tracks of shod horses leading in the direction we were traveling. Previous to this we had seen two signal smokes of the Indians in the nearby hills. Despite the fact that a band of Indians were somewhere near around watching us, some of my men still insisted that we kill the squaw. I was not in favor of such action—it was against an adopted principle of mine.

Just at this moment learning of the shod horses tracks, I realized that any minute we might run into the enemy. I became disgusted at my men who were thinking more of the trifling matter than the danger which our lives might be in at any moment now. As I dashed off to the head of my company to perform my duty, I yelled in disgust, "Shoot the squaw if you want to—I don't give a damn," and I left them.

Soon I heard the report from a gun. I knew that the shot had killed the squaw. Williams intended to be the one to shoot her but his nerve failed him—Ray finished the job, they told me. They brought her horse and rig up to me at the head of the company. Her bridle and saddle were of fine Mexican make. The bridle alone had fifteen dollars worth of silver ornament on it. Ray said that this Indian squaw told him that the first Indian which we had killed in the fight that day was her brother; that they were the son and daughter of a prominent chief on the reservation. The name of the chief was given but I cannot now recall it.

We arrived at the spring and found our pack animals had not been molested during our absence. There we saw that the two Indians, riding shod horses ahead of us, had watered there and gone on in an easterly direction. This might be evidence that they were gathering into a strong band to give us battle. We had no means of arriving at an accurate estimate of the number of Indians we had killed that day but their loss was a considerable number—perhaps enough to arouse them into fury, seeking immediate vengeance upon us. Also we had recaptured many horses from them.

After camping at the spring for the night, I feared an attack at daybreak the next morning. Feeling that my number of men were not sufficient to fight a large band which might be raised against us, I decided that we would journey to the mountains on the south prong of the Clear Fork River. After we had eaten a meal of broiled meat, I went out onto a high place and picked a star to be guided by, then led off the drove of horses behind which my men followed. Pushing them on, I began riding through the darkness.

We had a tiresome night's ride, as the horses were fagged and drove sluggishly. I could hear the men complaining frequently; they thought I was leading them wrong. Once, far into the night, one of the men rode up to the head of the drove of horses where I was leading the way, and asked if I weren't bearing too much to the south. I told him to get back and keep the horses pressed on; that I felt confident that I could lead them through to the rough country.

When daylight came, the mountains on Clear Fork loomed up before us but a short distance. We crossed the river into a canyon which afforded shelter where water and wood were plentiful for our use. We felt safe here in the natural fortification of cliffs and ravines which were thickly strewn with heavy timber. We killed a buffalo which gave us sufficient meat for our needs but we had been without bread for several days.

WHILE in this camp, abiding by a certain act regarding the distribution of property acquired by Minute Men from the Indians whereby all stolen horses captured must be returned to their respective owners and all other property taken divided among the men of the company capturing same, share and share alike, I decided that we would there sell all the property, with the exception of the horses, to the ones of the company who desired to purchase same. There was no article in our possession but what would be bought by some man of our company; then the purchase money would be so divided among us, share and share alike. By so doing, each man could carry his own property without feeling that he was being in any way unjustly burdened. This we did by selling the plunder which we had captured for $112.

The next day we were within twelve miles of Buffalo Gap in Coleman County. We were out of provisions and game was very scarce. Many of our horses were completely exhausted when we camped that night. We sent William Lawrence and Ben Cooper mounted on good horses on to Clay Mann's Ranch to get bread for our company and meet us at Buffalo Gap the next day.

The next morning Lawrence and Cooper met us and began handing out biscuits as they passed from the head of the line to the rear. Then soon after the distribution of biscuits my brother Kin, with a number of bottles tied to his saddle, further stimulated us with some kind of medicine contained in the bottles. It was what Colonel Pool always called "Stump Water."

Of course, the people of today, since the Volstead Act, know nothing of the wonderful effect of such medicine; therefore, I will give a brief description. It was a fluid of crystal red color which was usually sealed in a bottle commonly called a flask, which if taken internally would make a poor man feel rich, a tired man feel rested or a sick man feel well. In any case, after we had taken a big dose we soon forgot our troubles.

EARLY one morning, in the winter of 1873, I received notice from Wallis Brown that the Indians had stolen all the horses from his ranch the night before. I at once called my company together and sent a man to the soldier's camp at Herets Creek, to ask Captain Parker to meet me at Mann's Ranch to reinforce my small company. That Captain Parker did by sending Lieutenant Gasman with nine men.

We picked up the trail, which led within three miles of Mann's Ranch. Snow was falling and already the ground was covered. Only stopping occasionally to make coffee, we followed the trail all night which led us in a westerly direction. While following them up Sweetwater Creek we saw where they had stopped to get water from the spring which had been carved out many years before by use of a tomahawk. We were now close to the rough country.

One of Lieutenant Gasman's men was thrown by his horse which got loose there in the canyon. I suggested that we go on while the Lieutenant and his men got the horse, but it was not satisfactory with Lieutenant Gasman; he said he wanted to be in the fight when we caught the Indians. We stayed and assisted the soldiers in catching the horse.

We followed the trail through the mountains along a creek that bore in an easterly direction, then into a deep canyon, which we surrounded. We rode down into the canyon learning that the Indians had gone into a settlement to raid. They always hid their saddles, riding bareback when making a raid. We followed the trail that led up out of the canyon and for about twelve miles farther on; then we camped on Mulberry Creek for the night. After stretching a long rope from tree to tree and tying our horses to it, we retired.

Between one and two o'clock that night a heavy storm of rain and sleet set in to blow. While it was at its worst stage something stampeded our horses, which aroused us all instantly. Some of the men said they saw a buffalo, which finally all of us concluded was the cause of the stampede. It was likely, we thought, that a drove of buffalo had followed the shelter from the bank of the creek which led them into our tied horses; too, a few hours earlier we had watched a herd of buffalo tramp across the creek near our camp. On account of the darkness and fierce wind, we could hardly see or hear.

NEXT MORNING we found the hobbles lying upon the ground where they had been cut from the horses' feet. It was not buffalo that had stampeded our horses. The Indians had slipped by the guards and, after untying and cutting the hobbles, had stampeded them. Fortunately though, they had not found the horses of Lieutenant Gasman and his men. They were tied some distance from my men's horses. The Lieutenant furnished me and one other with horses; then with him and seven of his men we hurried through the darkness in an attempt to overtake the Indians who had done us such damage.

We rode at half speed for about fifteen miles, until we met two men who were poisoning wolves. They informed us that they had seen the band from a distance and believed they were only an hour's ride ahead of us. This was encouraging. We rode fast until we reached Paint Springs where we felt sure we would find them, but they weren't there when we arrived. They had been there and gone.

We were now forty miles from Mulberry Creek where our horses had been stolen, and our mounts were completely exhausted. The storm again renewed its fury—so much so that we were forced to give up the chase and camp in a valley near there. Among us was no bedding other than saddle blankets; we were forced to seek the disagreeable shelter of the dogwood brush.

This band of Indians spent the night within one hundred yards of Colonel Buell's camp with neither party knowing the nearness of the other's camp. But at daybreak, a sentinel discovered the Indian camp and awoke Lieutenant Turner who quietly aroused forty of his men and some of the Tonkaway Indians and ordered a charge. The Indians were taken completely by surprise and all were killed, so our chase may not have been in vain.

Of the fate of these Indians or the disposition of our horses we did not know until some time later when we learned from passengers arriving on the stage from Fort Griffin that, if the night we spent in the dogwood brush we had gone on another mile, we would have heard the battle the next morning when Colonel Buell and his men killed the Indians and captured our horses, and we would have been saved from the long homeward march on foot.

Our horses had been turned over to the Tonkaway Indians and our mules turned into the Government corral, Colonel Buell informed Tres Underwood and George Griffin whom I had sent to investigate after having learned that the Colonel had captured them.

The Colonel informed my men that the Tonkaway Indians would require three dollars per head to redeem the horses but the Government would return our mules without charge. My men did not have the money to free the horses and had given up hope of redeeming them when Joseph Mathews, an old friend of mine, happened to enter the post. After learning the condition of affairs, he paid the amount required so that my men could return with the horses.

SOME of the United States Army Officers with whom I scouted were Lieutenant Gasman, Lieutenant Gasick, Lieutenant Steadmand and Lieutenant Valois. They were all good scouts and as anxious to give peace to the settlers of the Texas frontier as any pioneer who was trying to build a happy home. They offered their lives as a sacrifice in the protection of the pioneers—these brave men performed their duty well. If such men as they had commanded the action of the soldiers and officers at Government posts, instead of the ones who did, the frontier would have escaped much suffering and years of hindered progress.

During the year, 1874, General Sherman, Commander-in Chief of the United States Army at this time, made a tour of all of the Government posts which had been established on the Texas frontier. He was inspecting the posts and investigating alleged depredations. When he arrived at Fort Concho, he said to the officers in command of the post that from his partial investigation he was of the opinion that it was not Indians who were depredating upon the persons and property of the citizens, but instead, he believed that they were white people in the disguise of Indians.

General Sherman had thus far been in the dark as to the true condition of the frontier; the ones responsible for the depredations of the Indians had well deceived the Commander-in-Chief.

The General continued his investigation until he reached Fort Richardson. While he was there the Indians made a raid there near the fort, attacking a train of wagons laden with Government supplies; they had tied the teamsters to the wagon wheels and burned them alive and taken the teams and other property away with them.

Sherman learned of this fact and immediately mounting his horse, he rode to the scene of death and destruction, viewing the surroundings and observing the trail made by the cruel band. He quickly ordered troops to follow until they learned for certain whether or not it was Indians who committed this horrible crime. In the meantime he caught the stage and hurried to the reservation at Fort Sill.

Russel Jones Photo

Jacksboro, Texas, looking north, 1880s

Immediately upon his arrival there, he ordered the agent to bring forth all Indians on the reservation for his inspection, to determine whether any were absent. On investigation, General Sherman learned that many of the Indians were absent from the reservation among whom were three of prominent chiefs: Satani, Satank and Big Tree.

Within a few days these three chiefs roamed back to the reservation and were forced to appear before the General who at once had them placed in confinement. The troops had followed the trail across the country, until it led them onto the reservation; the teams and other property which had been stolen near Fort Richardson by the murdering band was found in the possession of the Indians who had been trailed onto the reservation. This was sufficient proof to Sherman that the accusations of the pioneers against the Indians were true and that their continual pleas for protection were just.

He ordered the three chiefs to be sent to Jacksboro in irons to be tried by the civil authorities there where they had committed the majority of their crimes.

Before reaching Jacksboro, one of the chiefs committed suicide. The other two were sentenced to be hanged. Against the will of the people of Jacksboro, for some reason which I can not now recall, Governor Davis commuted the two chiefs' death sentences to life imprisonment, which action of the governor was disapproved by General Sherman.

Previous to this investigation of the wise old General, when an investigation was appealed for and was ordered from Washington through regular procedure, by some means the agents on the reservations were notified, and when the time arrived to stand inspection all Indians were present. This being continuously repeated caused heedlessness to the pioneers' pleas. But the General's shrewd work exposed the trickery and deceit on the part of the reservation agents and established the truth.

General Sherman immediately instructed General Mackenzie who was stationed at Fort Concho to take command of several companies of United States soldiers, and make an expedition against all Indians found off of their reservations.

GENERAL MACKENZIE, with a strong force of troops, marched from Fort Concho into Coleman County and camped near my business house at Camp Colorado. He and Major Murray called at the door of my residence, and without introducing themselves the General informed me that it was his desire to talk with me inside my store building. When he had entered the store building, I then received an introduction to the two officers, learning their rank in the Army.

The General said, "Hearing that you are conversant with the western country, I want to ask you some questions."

He drew out a pocket map and questioned me regarding the topography of the country for two hundred miles west. As I informed him, he took notes until it grew too dark to continue. He invited me to meet him at the camp of Captain Parker the next morning, which I did, taking with me two other frontiersmen who had scouted the country over many times.

When we arrived there, we found the camp in the act of moving. There I gave General Mackenzie another hour of my time, for which he seemed very grateful. He invited me to accompany him with my company of Minute Men, but at this time I could not accept his invitation. Captain Parker insisted that some of us accompany them as it might be beneficial in the identification of stolen horses, to which request my brother and Willis Brown consented.

General Mackenzie proceeded from here to Fort Griffin after which I heard nothing more from the expedition until their return to that fort. I later received the particulars of all that had happened during the campaign through letters from two of their officers.

They came upon a large band of Indians on the Salt Prong of the Brazos River. Taking the Indians completely by surprise, General Mackenzie fought them on the style of the Texas frontiersmen—charged them, firing into them as long as they could see one they could call a buck.

They could arrive at no exact estimate of the number of Indians killed, but the number who fell before the soldiers' guns ranged into hundreds; many squaws were killed while fighting as warriors. General Mackenzie gathered up the surviving squaws and children, and they were taken to the reservation.

After the battle was over, a trader's wagon was found, loaded with trinkets; the trader was found dead, bogged in the mud. Two thousand head of stolen horses were recaptured by the General and his men.

After this battle there was only one depredation by the Indians in Coleman County, which occurred in February, 1875. However, as late as 1878, there were raids in Scurry and Kent Counties.

All raids made upon the pioneers of Texas after General Sherman's tour and General Mackenzie's bloody battle were made by the Indians who had escaped from the reservation and had sought the hills and mountains as their permanent home with no intention of ever reporting back to the reservation—these few Indians were soon all killed.

There is no doubt that General Mackenzie's scout terminated the trouble which the pioneers had been enduring and suffering under for twenty-five long years. If the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army had made this tour many years before, what heart-rending sorrows could have been averted; how many lives would have been saved; and how much more would the vast resources of Texas be developed now, had development not so long been retarded.

We frontiersmen could have whipped the Indians ourselves had these Indians not nestled themselves under the wing of the Government, guarded by soldiers and artillery, when they thought their lives were in danger. Honorable and loyal men such as General Sherman had been kept in the darkness by villainous men working for their own personal benefits.

OLD FORT PHANTOM HILL AND ITS TRAGEDIES

By Mrs. Emma Johnson Elkins

(Written in 1908)

THE RUINS of old frontier forts have given rise to many speculations and arguments as to their history and foundation, and statements have been made, interspersed with poetry and romance, from which erroneous conclusions have been drawn. Few are now living who can give accurate accounts of these forts and these few in the course of a few more years will have passed away.

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 23, 1848, and came with my parents to Texas when four years of age, and my earliest recollections are of Fort Phantom Hill. I came there with my parents in 1852, and remained until the abandonment of the post in 1854. My father was ordnance sergeant, having charge of the artillery and ammunitions. I was very young, but remember quite distinctly particulars pertaining to the establishment of the fort; and hearing my parents talk of it also helped to keep it fresh in my memory. Therefore I feel competent to give here a brief sketch of its history. I have read different statements as to how it came by its singular name, all of which were erroneous. Different names were suggested but all disapproved when it was finally settled upon around a campfire.

On a bright moonlight night a group of officers and a party of men were encamped a short distance from the new post when one of the party, seeing a tall white figure on the hill (probably an Indian with a white blanket around him), exclaimed, "A ghost!"

Another said, "A phantom on the hill!"

"This," said one of the officers, "suggests a name. We will call the fort Phantom Hill." This name was unanimously adopted.

The fort was built on the west side of the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. The first commander was Colonel Abercrombie, but only for a short time. Inheriting a large estate and peerage in England, he resigned and went to that country. Colonel Waite assumed and held command until the fort was abandoned. It has been alleged and many believe the statement that at one time Colonel Robert E. Lee commanded that post, some even to this day insisting that he did. Colonel Lee never commanded at that fort; of this I am quite certain.

The northern Comanches, being hostile toward the whites, made threats that no white person should settle west of Red River, threatening to sweep before them all attempting to do so. Seven companies of soldiers, five of infantry and two of cavalry, were stationed at the fort. Preparations at once began for the reception of the Indians in case an attempt was made for the execution of their threats. A trench eight feet wide was cut around the garrison; the artillery was placed on a parapet in the center ready to sweep the environments.

A few days after the completion of preparations, "To Arms!" was sounded early one morning. The soldiers were soon out in battle array. The whole tribe of northern Comanches was coming in sight; the head chief, Buffalo Hump, in the lead followed by his subordinates; then came the warriors, squaws and papooses, 2,500 in all. Seeing the preparations for their reception, it was too much for the noble red men and they passed on with scowls and angry looks, going in a westerly direction.

In a short time they began coming in, in small squads, with "Howdy-dos," handshaking and friendly demonstrations, begging for everything they could see and stealing everything they could lay hands on when not being watched, and murdering anyone they caught out. It was about this time they waylaid and killed Lieutenant Harrison at Hanging Rock Spring. He was traveling with an escort and when nearing the spring he left the party, riding ahead, and was supposed to have been drinking from the spring when killed. The party found him dead and scalped on their arrival. Lieutenant Harrison had been commissioned but a short time, and the sadness of this tragedy was rendered doubly sad from the fact that he was the only child of the widowed mother.

WHEN the gold fever was at its height, many immigrants passed through this country on their way to California, many of whom never reached their destination. Of these was one Mr. Wilson and his three sons, the eldest a married man accompanied by his wife, and the other two small boys, aged twelve and fourteen years. All went well until some distance had been traversed, then while in camp they were attacked by Indians. The two elder Wilsons were killed and scalped; the young wife and two boys carried off, together with the teams and such supplies as the Indians could use or take with them.

Perhaps among all captives taken by the Indians, few have lived to tell an experience so terrible as that of Mrs. Wilson. After the murder of her husband and father the Indians separated, going in different directions, one band taking the two boys, the other taking the young woman and going in the direction of New Mexico. The horrible treatment of this child-widow, for she was but fifteen years old, is perhaps without parallel in the history of Indian depredations. After stripping the shoes from her feet she was beaten with whips and thongs, goaded with spears, driven over rocky hills and prairies, through cactus-covered plains, until her feet were bruised, blistered, torn, bleeding and full of thorns. When no more could be endured, she sank fainting to the ground.

Leaving her apparently dead, the savages would go on a short distance and camp. An Indian would go back and finding her able to walk would drive her into camp. This was kept up for some time but at last, becoming careless, they left her to come up with them alone. In her terrible extremity she knew no other course to pursue. At last feeling that she could no longer endure her suffering, and giving up all hope of relief, she decided to escape, preferring death to longer captivity.

One evening when the Indians had gone on as usual, leaving her almost exhausted, she dragged herself to a tree and secreting herself in the foliage she resigned herself to her fate. Death she now looked to as her only source of relief. She had been in her place of concealment but a short time when she discovered a party of Mexicans passing. She hailed them; and one of them, riding under the tree, assisted her to a seat on his horse. She was taken to the little town of Ysleta where she was placed, more dead than alive, in the arms of the Mexican women. After the birth of her dead infant a long illness followed, and for many weeks she hovered on the brink of eternity, but was nursed back to health and strength by those kind and motherly Mexican women, and returned to her friends.

The two boys were purchased from the Indians a few months later. One of them was, for a while, at Fort Phantom Hill and was frequently at my father's house.

All this time those thieving, murdering wretches were coming in and camping around the fort—Comanches, Kiowas, Kickapoos and other tribes, and they became a nuisance, crowding into houses and prowling around until the commander would have to send a squad of men to drive them out of the garrison.

It was during this period that two soldiers disappeared from the fort. They told some parties they were going out for a hunt but they never returned, and were reported as deserters. Sometime after, a party of men found where a large fire had been made a few miles from the fort. In the ashes were charred human bones, some buckles and brass buttons. It was believed by all, then, that the men had been captured by Indians and burned at the stake.

FREIGHTERS hauling Government supplies to the frontier forts were frequently attacked by Indians, murdered, and their teams carried off. In the summer of 1853, a Tonkaway Indian found a Mexican whom the Indians had left for dead, having shot him several times and scalped him. Not a particle of his scalp was left. He was brought into the fort, placed in the hospital, and recovered in a remarkably short time. He resumed his work of freighting but died a year later, owing to cold settling in his wounds.

On the west banks of the Clear Fork was the village, or camping grounds, of the Delaware and Caddo Indians. Those tribes, for honesty, cleanliness and intelligence, were far superior to any other Indians in Texas, owning their own property and having no desire to get possession of that of others. Jim Shaw, the chief of the Delawares, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and tried to emulate the white man in dress and manners, taking great pride in the personal appearance of his family. Jim Logan was also an intelligent man, and kept his tribe under control; but I am told that after his death many of them went on the warpath.

It was a source of great amusement to the people of the fort to go to the Delaware camp and witness their games and councils. A small fire was built, around which the chief and braves took their seats on the ground in a circle. A tomahawk pipe, filled with tobacco, was brought to the chief by his squaw. Closing his eyes and with a solemn look on his face, he would take one draw from the pipe, then hand it to the next. When the pipe had gone around the circle, they were ready for business. Programs for the next hunting expedition were arranged.

Their principal and what seemed to be their favorite game was played with a moccasin and a leaden ball. As usual. taking their seats around a small fire, the moccasin was brought by a squaw and placed in the hand of the chief, who, putting his right hand in the moccasin, waved it in front of himself three times, uttering some kind of incantation. This was continued until the circuit was made. Then one brave would leap up with an unearthly yell and dart into the woods, keeping up a pandemonium of noises. The white people were always welcome to witness these plays and councils.

When Fort Phantom Hill was abandoned, my father was ordered to Fort Chadbourne, as it was his place to be stationed at headquarters. We were en route to that place when Major Stemm, the paymaster, was murdered by Kickapoo Indians. When within twelve miles of our destination, and encamped in a gorge of the mountains which forms the chain in which Mountain Pass is situated, and just as the sun was setting, a rider appeared coming toward our camp. It proved to be Jim Shaw, the Delaware chief, who brought us the tidings of the killing of Major Stemm.

On information of the murder reaching Phantom Hill, the old chief immediately mounted his horse, and, alone, started in pursuit of us to warn us of danger. The chief remained at our camp that night, never closing his eyes to sleep but sat up keeping watch. The next morning he bade us a kindly adieu and returned to his people.

Fort Phantom Hill was abandoned in February, 1853, the troops being ordered to the Rio Grande. The night following the departure of the troops, every house was burned to the ground. I have been told by persons traveling through the country that the old chimneys are still standing and evidence still exists of the trench around the garrison—and the springs, walled up with steps leading down to the water, are still in a good state of preservation. Fort Phantom is situated in what is now Jones County, Texas.

THE STORY OF OLD FORT CHADBOURNE

By Mrs. Emma Johnson Elkins

(Written in 1908)

FORT CHADBOURNE, at one time the extreme outpost on the frontier, was established in 1853. A fort was first established on the Concho and called Camp Johnson, but for some reason it was moved to Oak Creek in what is now Runnels County. The name Chadbourne was given the fort in honor of General Chadbourne whose death occurred a short time prior to its establishment. The first commander was Captain Patrick Calhoun, son of the statesman, John C. Calhoun. The fort was garrisoned by Dragoons, or mounted troops, but in the summer of 1854 they were sent to Kansas and replaced by two companies of infantry commanded by Captain Samuel Eastman.

Many historic characters have sojourned for a time at this fort—Robert E. Lee, Earl Van Dorn, Colonel Johnston and others. Fort Chadbourne was beautifully situated on the east side of Oak Creek, a stream of pure and healthful water, with blue mountains in the smoky distance, and altogether was a most desirable location for a fort, equaled by few and surpassed by none.

The Indians began coming in and camping around just as they did at Fort Phantom Hill, carrying out the same old role of begging, stealing and friendly demonstrations. They were kindly treated by the white people and every effort was made to conciliate and keep them on friendly terms. Those treacherous brutes, after being fed at the door in the daytime, would hang around houses at night and try to shoot arrows into any person stepping out of the door.

While encamped at the fort the Indians waylaid and shot a soldier as he was crossing a small bridge over the creek, putting nine arrows into his body, one of them penetrating the liver. He fell off the bridge into the water and the Indians, thinking they had killed him, went on to camp. The wounded man crawled to the house of an old man and his wife and they carried him to the hospital, where he recovered. There was no doubt that the Indians in camp were the guilty parties, but to find them was something not be accomplished.

It was with these camping Indians that we frequently saw Cynthia Ann Parker, the woman whose name has become so conspicuous in frontier history, although at that time her identity was unknown. Her light hair, blue or grey eyes, could not fail to attract attention; also her complexion was fair, but tanned by exposure to the wind and sun. On comments being made in her presence on the subject, she would grow very angry. She could understand enough English to know the subject under discussion and stamping her foot on the ground she would say, "No! No! Me Comanche!"

Finally deciding her hair was the cause of the curious looks and remarks, she made a bonnet out of a piece of canvas. On her begging expeditions she would come to my father's house and standing outside of the door hold the bonnet over her face with one hand while the other was held just inside of the door for bread. This woman was nine years of age when captured, but memory seemed to have forsaken her and she had no desire to be anything but an Indian.

There was also a little white girl, nine or ten years old, with the same band of Indians. It was not uncommon to see white women and children with the Indians. The United States Government was, or was supposed to be, keeping the Indians on the reservations, feeding them and furnishing them arms and ammunition for hunting purposes. There was no restraint placed upon them and they were allowed to go and come as the humor suited them. Their hunting expeditions were raids down into the settlements, killing men and women, carrying off children and stealing horses. How the Indians spent their time when off the reservation was plainly evident. Herds of fine horses in the bands of the men, and bloodstained clothing in the hands of the squaws was sufficient evidence to convince anyone willing to be convinced.

THE WRITER has often seen a Kiowa chief go prancing by, mounted on a fine bay horse carrying a lance or long spear which close to the point was ornamented with a white woman's scalp with beautiful long, brown, wavy hair. This scalp was stretched over a small hoop and painted on the inside with designs modeled after his own artistic taste. All such evidence came under the personal observation of the agents and officers at the reservation, but was totally ignored by them.

The Government was under enormous expense in providing the Indians with provisions and clothing, kept in large supplies for their use, but the Indians being gone on their murdering and robbing expeditions, very little was used by them. However, they were reported as used for that purpose; murders and robberies continued; the agent grew rich; and the crimson tide of blood flowed on.

Camping around the fort continued until the murder of the mail carriers between Fort Chadbourne and Fort McKavett occurred. The Indians at the reservation, being told that they were suspected by Captain Eastman, came into the fort, thirteen in number, for the purpose of denying and trying to lie out of it.

While engaged in conversation with the Captain through an interpreter, one of the Indians dropped his blanket, exposing to view one of the murdered men's guns whose name was engraved on a brass plate on the stock.

Another of the Indians in making a cigarette from a piece of paper, dropped a small portion on the floor. It was picked up and recognized as a piece of a letter sent off in the mail on that fatal trip. Captain Eastman then determined to arrest the Indians and take them as prisoners to the reservation, hoping when this undeniable evidence was produced against them, the Government would adopt measures to check their depredations. Captain Eastman dispatched an orderly with instructions for the soldiers to form a line to prevent their escape.

When the Indians saw the men forming in line, they at once made a break for liberty and nine of their number were killed by the soldiers. It was not the Captain's intention to kill the Indians. Captain Eastman was a good officer and a fine man, and was of the opinion that the reserve Indians were responsible for the atrocities almost daily being perpetrated. He was severely censured by the Government for the course he had pursued, and soon after resigned and returned disappointed and sorrowful to his northern home.

Open warfare now ensued. A man named Daily and his family were attacked in the night and an attempt was made to break down the door with an ax or hatchet. Daily fired through the door, wounding one of the Indians, after which his companions fled, carrying the wounded Indian with them, whose death occurred a few days later at the reservation.

Some time after this, a party of five men in a wagon were coming in from

Fort Belknap. Five miles east of the fort they were met in the road by an Indian man and squaw. The Indian shot and killed one of the men and turned and rode coolly away. Not a shot was fired at them.

Murders followed in rapid succession yet no effort was made to check them. Nothing could be done. The forts on the extreme frontier were garrisoned by infantry and what could a party of men possibly hope to accomplish on foot in pursuit of a band of well-mounted Indians? They could do nothing but stay in the forts and protect themselves.

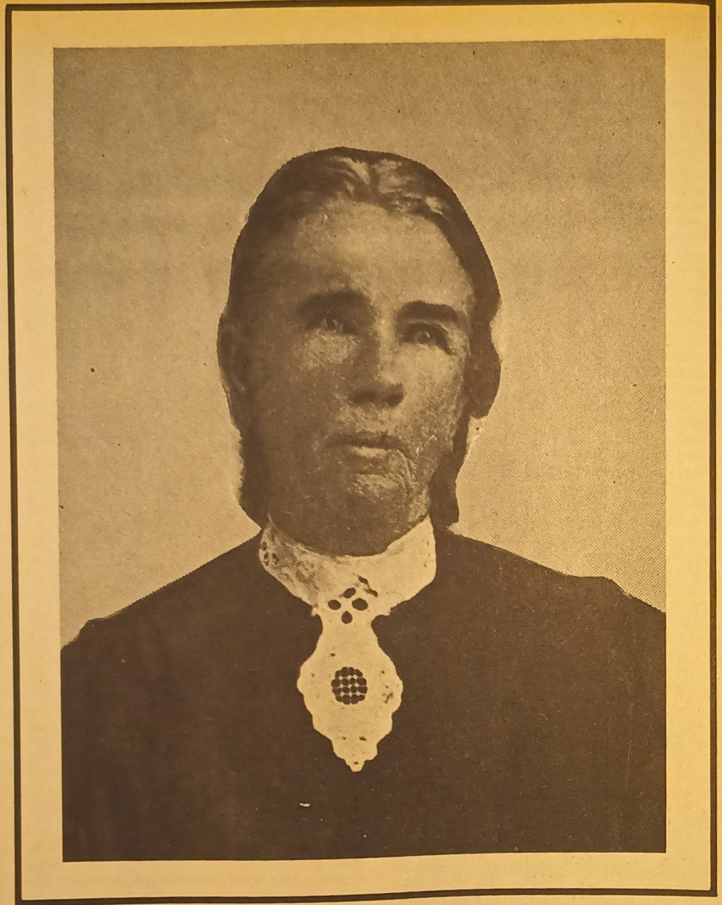
Major Van Dorn, while stationed at Fort Chadbourne, made a few scouts and was really the only officer stationed there who ever went on a scout. His company was cavalry, but he was not kept there long. Some scouting was done by two companies of State Rangers commanded by Major Fitzhugh and Captain Boggs, but little was accomplished. The Indians, learning of the scouts, would either go onto the reservations or change their course of operations. Occasionally, there were skirmishes.

IN THE SPRING of 1860 a Ranger scout had a fight with some Comanches and killed several. One of the Rangers was mortally wounded. He died in the fort hospital. The Overland mail route was terribly harassed. The station at Mountain Pass was attacked one evening just at sunset and the keeper and two of his employees killed and scalped, the horses turned out of the corral and driven away. A Mexican sheepherder was also killed.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, the fort was abandoned by the U. S. troops, and was then garrisoned by the First Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Henry E. McCulloch, who remained there only a short time and left the fort in command of Captain Davidson, a brave and efficient officer. He kept scouts out constantly and was later killed in a fight with Indians in August, 1861. Captain Davidson had a family in Bell County, Texas. I regret very much that I do not know the Captain's full name as I would like to see it in the annals of frontier history, as one of those heroes who gave his life in defense of the frontier.

W. N. Alexander, now residing in Coleman County, was an eye-witness to the killing of Captain Davidson. Mr. Alexander was at that time doing Ranger service on the frontier, but later went into the Confederate Army and served all through the Civil War.

In the spring of 1861, the Overland mail station on Grape Creek, sixteen miles west of Fort Chadbourne, was besieged one morning by a band of thirty Comanches who captured all the horses and mules. Not being satisfied with the quality of the stock on hand, the chief went into the house and informed the station keeper and his employees, as well as he could in broken English that the stock was of inferior quality and said that he would return in one month and if they were not prepared to furnish him with better stock he would kill all of them. He then went into the station keeper's room, selected the best blanket from his bed and hanging it across his arm, turned at the door, repeated his instructions and bowed himself out.



Mrs. Emma Johnson Elkins, deceased wife of Captain Elkins. Mrs. Elkins' interesting write-ups of the old Government posts of the Texas Frontier appeared in many leading publications.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Overland mail route was abandoned and all employees went to their respective homes except the ones at Grape Creek Station. These were on the eve of departure when, true to his threat, the chief returned with his thirty braves. Seeing there was nothing left for him but the wagon team and one or two ponies he proceeded in an effort to execute his threats.

The inmates of the house were Joel Pennington; his wife; his brother-in-law, Charles Cox; and Elijah Helms. The men wanted to open fire on the Indians, but were restrained by Mrs. Pennington. One fusillade after another was fired at the house without serious results. The house was built of split logs and therefore bullet-proof, and the premises enclosed by a picket fence five feet high. The inmates of the house felt comparatively safe, but their illusion was soon dispelled by the discovery that the house was afire. The Indians had set fire to it to drive the occupants out. There was no alternative but to leave and fight their way out.

As they ran around the house, Pennington, who was rather tall ran too close to the fence and an Indian fired on him with a shotgun loaded with slugs, tearing away a part of his face. Helms and Cox opened fire on the Indians and soon repulsed them. He was carried several miles from the scene and hidden in some bushes and left with his wife and Cox on guard, while Helms made his way into the fort. Captain Davidson sent an ambulance and escort to bring Pennington in and he was placed in the hospital and attended by Dr. Jesse Denson, the post surgeon. Contrary to the expectations of all who saw him, this man recovered and was sent under escort to his home at Fort Mason. I visited Pennington in the hospital and must say this was the most horrible sight I ever witnessed.

A FEW DAYS after the burning of Grape Creek Station, my two brothers, Jesse and Dudley Johnson, aged twenty-two and eighteen years respectively, went out by Church Mountain near where the town of Wingate now stands. to drive in some oxen. One of them killed a deer and while engaged in dressing it, their horses standing near, their attention was attracted by a slight noise. Looking up, they saw they were being surrounded by a band of about forty Indians. They heard the chief directing his warriors to cut them off from the fork, but they mounted and started on their race for life, the Indians in pursuit shooting at them as they ran.

They reached home unhurt, but badly frightened.

In 1862 the fort was abandoned by the First Texas Cavalry and for years silence reigned supreme where once strains of martial music awoke the echoes in the old hills. Two years after the close of the Civil War, it was again garrisoned by United States troops, but only for a short time. It was then abandoned, never to be occupied by troops again.

After Indian depredations ceased, Runnels County began settling up, the buildings in the fort being occupied by several families. I visited that county again in 1900. What changes time has wrought! Beautiful little towns every few miles along the road, school houses, churches, Masonic halls, stores and cotton gins. Evidences of an intelligent and industrious people were visible on all sides, and where once were the haunts of the prowling savages are now beautiful and well cultivated farms. Yet all this might have been accomplished sooner. Many men and women, with that never-ceasing longing which every intelligent man and woman must possess to win a home of their own, went to their graves never realizing such hopes, while these many thousands of acres of land, rich in undeveloped resources, have lain idle.

OLD CAMP COLORADO

By Mrs. Emma Johnson Elkins

(Written in 1908)

CAMP COLORADO, although of little importance now, was the first place settled in Coleman County, a temporary encampment on the Colorado River. The troops remained there only a short time and moved to Jim Ned Creek, where the fort was established in 1857 on the east side of the creek, and still retained the name given it while on the river. The houses were principally adobe walls, covered with shingles and floored with pine lumber. This lumber, doors and windows, were hauled from the east on wagons drawn by oxen. The first commander was Major Earl Van Dorn; later on, E. Kirby Smith, who held command until the fort was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War.

Many historic and distinguished characters were visitors at the fort, among whom were General Robert E. Lee and Fitzhugh Lee. After the departure of the U. S. troops, Captain W. Pitts, with a company of State troops, commanded for a few months and was relieved by Captain J. M. Holmsley. This company remained at the fort until the spring of 1862, when it was ordered to the south part of the state. The fort was then unoccupied until the following fall.

Captain J. J. Callan with a company of Rangers was in an encampment at Pecan Bayou, some eight or ten miles from the fort, which later he occupied as winter quarters. Captain Callan's company remained at Camp Colorado until the summer of 1864 and was ordered to the south part of the state. Two companies were commanded by Captain Henry Fossett and Captain George Cook. A part of Totten's Battalion was stationed at Camp Colorado, where they remained until the close of the Civil War.

The first family of citizens to settle at this fort was Mr. L. D. St. Clair, who, with his wife and six children, two sons and four daughters, settled on Jim Ned Creek two miles east of the fort. Mr. R. C. Morgan came to the country about the same time and had charge of the trains hauling the material for building purposes. . . .

Perhaps on all the Texas Frontier there was none better or more favorably known than Mr. John Sheen, one of the early pioneers of the West, who lived in several different counties on the extreme border and had seen much of the hardships and dangers of frontier life. For kindness and hospitality he and his good wife could not be excelled and all were welcome visitors to the peaceful and well ordered home of the pious couple.

Among the early pioneers came the Rev. Hugh M. Childress, an old Texan who had served in the war of the Republic and Mexico. He had a son accidentally killed by one of the guards at the Alamo just before the seige.

Uncle Johnnie Rhoads settled near Camp Colorado in an early day, coming from a few miles from Waco on the Brazos River, where he had located when Waco was but a village which had derived its name from a tribe of Indians who inhabited that section. Uncle Johnnie was in comfortable circumstances and was always ready to help the distressed or needy. He died at his home near Camp Colorado in 1880.

Malcom Hunter, known as Judge Hunter, came to Coleman County in an early day, settling a few miles from Camp Colorado. He was a prosperous farmer, raising corn, melons, and such produce as was raised in the West in those days. His farm was situated on the road between Camp Colorado, Brownwood and Comanche, and was a resting place for all weary travelers where a welcome was accorded man and beast without charge. The Judge was a great hunter and fisherman and kept his larder well supplied with game. It was through the untiring energy of Judge Hunter that Coleman County gained its first organization. He went to Austin, a distance of 160 miles, and through his influence with Governor Davis and the Legislature, the county was organized. Mr. Hunter was appointed Judge and was acting in that capacity at the time of his death, which occurred in 1871. He was an Indian fighter and had been wounded while fighting the hostiles.

AMONG the early arrivals on the frontier, there were few more widely known than Joe Byars, a native of Alabama who came to Texas with the troops and served as guide at Forts Mason and Chadbourne and Camp Colorado. Byars was an eccentric character, living hidden away in the hills near Camp Colorado. Byars was very baldheaded and wore a wig. I have often heard him make laughing remarks regarding the astonishment of an Indian attempting to scalp him. He was killed by the Kickapoos in the Dove Creek battle, January 8, 1865. The party going out to bury the dead on the battleground reported their failure to find Byar's head, and some time after, it was reported that the Kickapoos carried the head some distance. amusing themselves around the campfires at night by frightening little children with the head on the end of a spear. For some years search was made for Byar's money caves, and excavations were made in the hills, but so far without success.

My father, Dudley Johnson, came to Camp Colorado, June 12, 1861. He served forty-five years in the United States Army, and was a veteran of many wars. He was a soldier in the Black Hawk, Florida and Seminole Wars, and served all through the Mexican War, and was a participant in five of the hardest battles. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Colonel Morris, the commander at Fort Chadbourne, where my father was stationed, began making preparations for abandoning the fort. Father desired to follow the flag he had served from boyhood to old age.

Colonel Morris informed him that he had no authority to move him, as such orders came direct from the Secretary of War, where it concerned the Ordnance Department. Besides, he had no transportation for his family. The fort was surrendered to the Confederate Army. We were then left in an Indian country, without means of transportation. After three months had passed, Father succeeded in obtaining means for moving. Frank Vander Stucken, of Fredericksburg, purchased a wagon and team for us. We were furnished an escort by Captain Davidson and arrived safely at Camp Colorado. Father remained at Camp Colorado until his death in October, 1870. My mother survived him fourteen years. She had studied medicine in her youth and for many years was the only doctor in that part of the frontier in which she lived, and the success of her practice and her many good deeds of kindness and charity are still remembered by the old settlers and their descendants.

BORN UNDER THE LONE STAR FLAG

By W. N. Alexander

(Written in 1908)

I WAS BORN at Victoria, Texas, August 12, 1841, was thrown into the Confederate service in May, 1861, Bill Tobin's company. A few days after my enlistment, we were ordered to Powderhorn, to capture a number of U. S. Regulars that had assembled there, but before we reached that point they had surrendered. We were next ordered to San Antonio and from there we were sent to Fort Chadbourne, reaching there about the last of May. We found Captain Davidson and his company at Chadbourne; and Tobin's company being Company A gave Tobin priority as commander of the post.

We had not been there long until Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Frost arrived and took command. About the middle of June, Colonel Frost selected seventy-five men out of the ten companies then present, and sent them on a scout in the regions of the upper Colorado. Captain Davidson was placed in command of this company. Among others whom I recall, that went with this company, were Lieutenant Bob Carter of Tobin's Company and Lieutenant Matt Kuykendall, the latter being a brother-in-law of Captain Davidson.

Leaving Fort Chadbourne we traveled up the Colorado Valley—I think we followed the middle prong of the river. About the third day out, we struck an Indian trail and inspection revealed the fact that the Indians were driving a large herd of cattle. Pursuit was at once the order and after four days' hard riding we overtook seven of the Indians at the last waterhole at the head of that prong of the river.

Colonel Frost gave command to charge them, and a long chase began. Our horses were very much jaded and after a race of six or seven miles, only about a dozen of our men were able to come up with the Indians. While covering this distance, two of the enemy's horses had given out and had to be abandoned. The riders sprang up behind others and the fight continued until they were overtaken and brought to bay.

In this chase, Colonel Frost's horse became wounded and as a consequence fell. Captain Davidson, being better mounted, led the chase and was the first to overtake and attack the savages. The Indians closed up and with defiant yells rushed upon their antagonists.

Captain Davidson charged right into their midst, shooting right and left. While thus engaged, the supposition is that his horse became unmanageable and two of the Indians who were riding one horse, dismounted. As Davidson dashed toward them, they stepped aside allowing him to pass between them, and as he did so, each of these two drove, at close range, an arrow through his body, which killed him instantly. We were in about seventy yards of Captain Davidson when he fell.

When Davidson rolled off his horse, dead, the two Indians were close enough to seize the now riderless steed, mount him, and with three others who were well mounted, make their escape.

During the fight, we killed one of the Indians and shot the horse from under another, after breaking the arm of the rider. When the other Indians broke, this Indian, now afoot, began probably the most remarkable race ever witnessed on the Texas frontier, and considering its tragic ending, it has no parallel in border warfare.

When he broke away, several of the boys took in after him but owing to the exhausted condition of their horses and the fleetness and powers of endurance of the Indian, the chase was continued several miles before they came up with him sufficiently near to force him to run into a thicket. The boys immediately surrounded the thicket and tried to get a shot at the fugitive but could not get even a glimpse of him.

In the group of pursuers was a brave, daring Ranger by the name of Mike McCarty. Despairing of inducing the Indian to come out from under cover, and knowing that he was somewhere in that thicket, McCarty called out to his comrades saying, "Boys, there is but one way to get him and that is to go in after him."

The Indian must have understood English, for no sooner had McCarty uttered these words than the savage darted out of the thicket and rushed upon McCarty. One arm being broken, the Indian had the use of only one hand and in that hand held only an arrow. McCarty opened fire and shot at the swiftly advancing savage six times without apparent effect, although it was believed that every shot went to its mark, as the ranger was an excellent marksman and endowed with wonderful nerve. He fired his last shot when the Indian was in a few feet of him, and with a mighty effort hurled his pistol at the Indian's head. The Indian never halted but seized the Ranger and with the frenzy of a dying savage, drove the arrow, his only weapon, through the heart of brave Mike McCarty, and fell dead at his side.

IT HAS BEEN asked what the other boys were doing all this time. The truth is, all this occurred in a very brief space of time, and the boys although within close range were deterred from firing on the Indian through fear of killing their comrade, McCarty.

The main command carried Captain Davidson's body back to the watering place, of which I have made mention as being the last on that prong of the Colorado. There we went into camp and buried the brave Captain, comrade and friend, the best we could. We had only a hatchet with which to dig the grave. We wrapped him in a blanket and tenderly laid him to rest, and the only mark we could place as a memorial to the brave fighter, was a heap of rude stones we piled about his grave.

In the afternoon, Colonel Frost became uneasy about the boys who had given chase to the Indian on foot, fearing they had been led into an ambush, or had probably run into the main body of the Indians. He selected ten men, I being of the number, and with Jim Mulkey as guide we retraced our steps to where Captain Davidson was killed. There we took the boys' trail and followed it until we came to the thicket where they had overtaken the Indian. Here we found the dead savage and from further search we discovered a pile of rocks over what appeared to be a hastily made grave. We removed sufficient of these rocks to enable us to see that the body was that of our comrade McCarty, after which we replaced the stones and returned to camp, where the boys we sought had arrived during our absence.

It was late in the evening when we reached camp, just a short while before sunset, and we had barely set about unsaddling our horses when it was discovered that the main body of Indians were returning and were passing along in a little valley beyond the ridge which lay between us and obscured them from our view. Some of them came up on the crest of this ridge and fired on us, but without effect. Colonel Frost decided to get a closer view of the band, and with that purpose in view, he selected three men, including myself, to accompany him to a higher point, two or three hundred yards from our camp. When we reached this point the Indians were in full view, and we estimated their number at seventy-five.

While looking at them, they discovered us and one of them, apparently a chief, rode out toward us. Reaching the top of a ridge where he could be seen and heard from the camp, he gave us an all-round cussing in Spanish. He was mounted on Captain Davidson's horse, and the sight of that splendid animal, so lately ridden by our brave leader, only intensified our thirst for revenge. I carried a Minie rifle, the only long-range gun in the party, and I asked permission of Colonel Frost to take one shot at the painted scoundrel. The request being granted, I asked him to estimate the distance and his guess was about 700 yards. I dismounted, raised my gunsight to 500 yards, took good aim and cut down on him. The shot knocked up the dust almost under his horse, and Mr. Big Indian heap lost no time in getting away.

By this time the sun was setting and the Colonel decided that it was too late to make an attack, as our horses were run down. We kept our stock saddled and our mules packed, with a strong guard around the camp all night; those on guard were instructed to shoot at anything they saw moving around camp. Between midnight and dawn the report of a gun brought every man to his feet and there was a general hustling around, but it proved a false alarm. The worn-out, sleepy sentinel had probably mistaken a wolf for an Indian and fired on him.

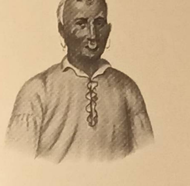
The next morning we left the pack mules under guard in camp and spent the day scouting. We found the trail of the Indians leading westward, but could not follow them. We had started out with only ten days rations; we had been out six days and it would take us four days to get back to Fort Chadbourne; hence, we were forced to give up the chase.

We remained at Chadbourne the rest of the year, and had no more trouble with Indians during our stay. The following April we went to Fredericksburg where we were discharged from the Ranger service. I reached home about the middle of May, 1862, and joined Willis' Cavalry, Battalion Texas Legion, Captain Roland's Company.

TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
WE NEED RAIN BADLY... HOW ABOUT DRUMMING US UP SOME?
©1965 LEW LITTLE SYND.
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED
MEDICINE MAN
11-4
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT AND, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, WE WILL DEFINITELY HAVE RAIN IN EXACTLY TEN DAYS!
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED
MEDICINE MAN
OR LESS
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED
MEDICINE MAN
TK RYAN

Biographical sketch prepared under auspices of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



KISHKALWA

KISHKALWA is nominally and legally the head chief of the Shawanoe nation, but is too far advanced in life to take an active part in its affairs. He is believed to be between eighty-six and ninety years of age, and is living with a daughter upon the Kansas River, although his band has settled in the neighborhood of Sabine. The family of this chief is numerous and very distinguished; he is one of seven brothers, all renowned warriors, one of whom was the celebrated Black Hoof, who died in 1831 at the advanced age of from ninety-five to one hundred years.

This chief was about seventeen years of age when he engaged for the first time in a war-party; and on that occasion he made himself conspicuous for his bravery. The expedition was of a character which strikingly illustrates the history of savage life. The Shawanoes were a warlike tribe that roved through the whole of the territory northwest of the Ohio, and were continually engaged in hostilities, at first with the English, and subsequently with their descendants, while they maintained friendly relations with the French.

The latter occupied Fort Massac, a military station, on the northern shore of the Ohio, not far above its junction with the Mississippi, and were at variance with the Chickasaws, who lost no opportunity to do them an injury. Among other stratagems which were practised by these Indians, was one that was frequently adopted by all the tribes, and in which the savages were very successful. A party of warriors, disguised in the skins of deer, or of bears, would appear creeping upon the shore of the river opposite the fort. The width of the stream was so great as to render it quite possible to practice the deception with good effect, even if the imitation of the animals had been less perfect than it really was. But the Indians, accustomed to notice the habits of the brute creation, and versed in all the strategy of sylvan sport and border war, played their parts with admirable fidelity to nature.

Sometimes the French saw a number of bears issuing from the forest which clothed the bank, and walking sluggishly over the narrow margin of sand that fringed the river; and sometimes a herd of deer was seen, half disclosed among the bushes, as if reclining in the shade and gazing upon the placid stream. The ardent Frenchmen, unsuspicious of danger, would cross the river hastily in pursuit of the supposed game, and fall into an ambuscade prepared by the Chickasaws.

The Shawanoes heard of several massacres which occurred in this manner, and determined to avenge their friends. A war-party proceeded secretly to the neighborhood of the fort, and waited for the appearance of the counterfeit game, which they knew could not impose upon them even if it had deceived the Europeans. It was not long before the trick, which had often proved successful, was again attempted. The mimic animals appeared upon the shore; the French soldiers, apprised of the plan of their allies, busied themselves in preparing a boat as if to cross the river, while the Shawanoes, having made a circuit through the woods and passed the river at a distant point, threw themselves into the rear of the enemy. The Chickasaws were surprised and defeated with great loss.

On such expeditions, the medicine bag, supposed to possess supernatural virtues, is carried during the march from home by the leader of the enterprise, whose station is in the van of the party. On the return this mysterious bag is borne by the warrior who has acquired the greatest distinction during that expedition or, in some cases, by him who killed the first enemy. The person thus honored marches foremost. The young Kishkalwa, on this occasion, returned in the proud station of bearer of the medicine bag.

ANOTHER adventure occurred a year or two afterwards, the recital of which will serve to throw some light on the character of Kishkalwa as well as on the peculiarities of the Indian. The beautiful and fertile country which now forms the State of Kentucky, was not, previous to its occupation by the whites, inhabited by any tribe of Indians but was a common hunting-ground and battlefield for the various surrounding tribes. These fierce conflicts gave to this lovely region the name of "the dark and bloody ground." The Indian who ventured among those forests, was prepared alike for the chase and for war.

The daring spirit of the young Kishkalwa led him into Kentucky to hunt the buffalo, then abundant on the southern shore of the Ohio; but before he had succeeded in getting any game, he was discovered and pursued by a party of hostile Indians. Being alone, resistance would have been unavailing and his only hope of escape was in flight.

While running with great speed through the woods, a vestment which constituted his only article of clothing became entangled in the bushes, and was torn off. But as the pursuit was very hot, he had not time to recover it. Having reached the river opposite Fort Massac, he tied his gun to his head with his long hair and swam across. Among the Shawanoes it is highly disreputable in a warrior to throw away his arms or clothing when in flight from an enemy, as the act indicates cowardice and supplies a trophy to the pursuer.

"None," they say, "but an Osage will thus disencumber himself that he may run the faster from his foes."

When Kishkalwa, therefore, arrived in safety among his friends, who had seen his pursuers following him to the water's edge, they no sooner noticed the absence of the garment than a number of jokes were passed at his expense. He explained the manner of the loss and the urgency of the case, but his companions, perceiving that he was annoyed, affected not to be satisfied, and deplored with mock gravity that so fine a young man should be so destitute of activity as to be obliged to throw away his clothes in order to outrun his enemies.

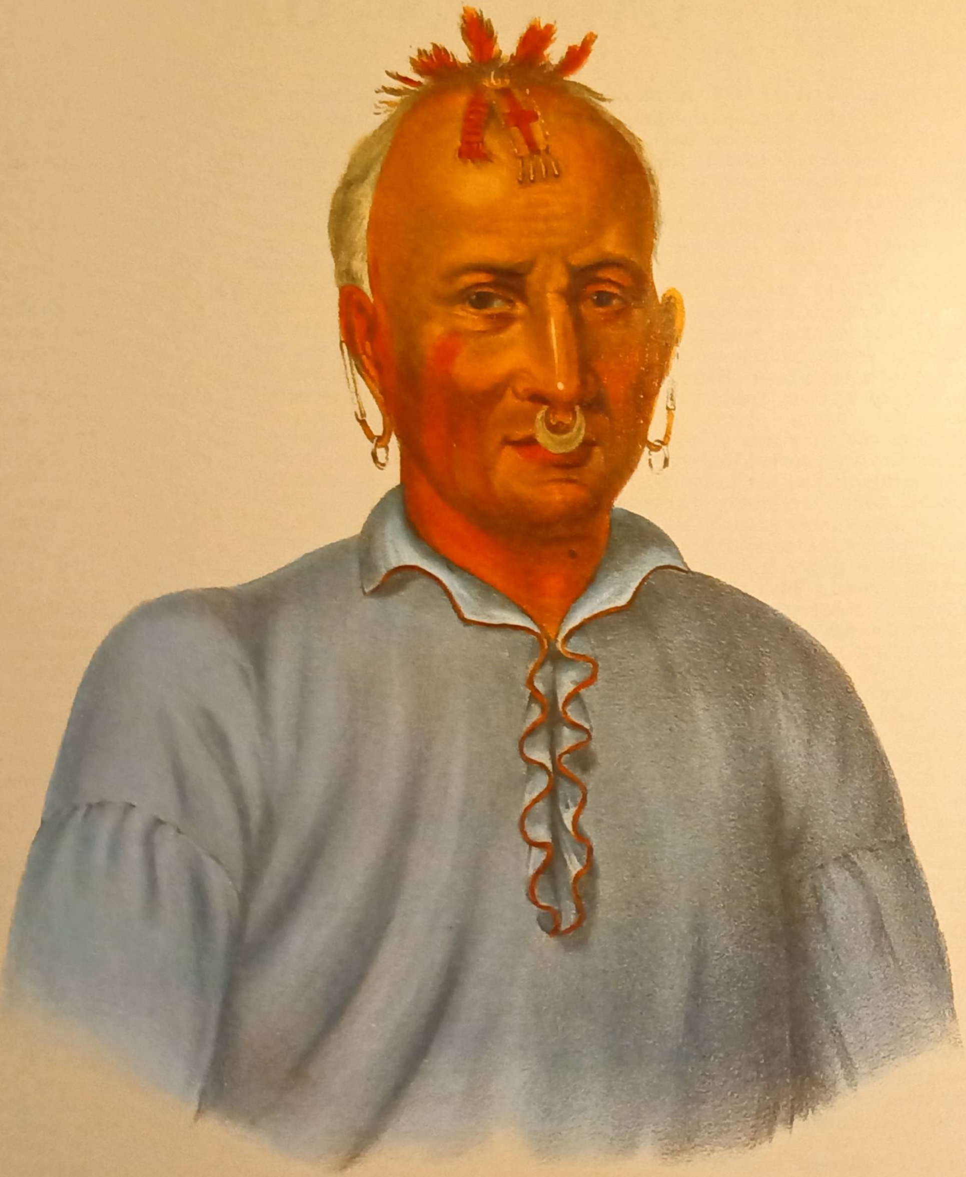
As the accusation implied a want of courage, Kishkalwa said that he would show that he was no coward. Accordingly he set off a few days afterwards, alone, in search of some enemy on whom he could prove his prowess. In the forest of Kentucky, late in the night, he discovered a fire by which slept two Indians who were easily distinguished as belonging to a hostile tribe. He approached near to them with a stealthy tread, then, crouching like the panther, waited according to the custom of the Indian until the first indications of the approaching dawn of day.

Then, taking a deliberate aim, he shot one of his foemen and, rushing upon the other, dispatched him instantly with the tomahawk. This exploit gained him great credit. Although it would seem characterized only by the lowest species of cunning and to be destitute of all the higher attributes of warfare, it was, according to the notions of the savage, not only in exceedingly good taste but a fine example of courage and military talent. For the Indian awards the highest honor to the success which is gained at the least expense, and considers every stratagem meritorious which leads to the desired result.

Still his companions continued to jeer him upon the loss of a garment in the former adventure. Nettled by these jokes and determined to retrieve his reputation, he secretly raised a party of four or five young men, whom he led on another expedition. They were successful and returned with seventeen scalps.

Those who imagine that the apparent apathy of the Indian character indicates the entire absence of a propensity for mirth, will be surprised to learn that the remarkable success which attended the arms of Kishkalwa, failed to blunt the point of that unhappy jest which had become a source of serious inconvenience to this great warrior. The tenacity

(Continued on page 60)



KISH-KAL-WA,

A SHAWANOE CHIEF.